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THE

AMARANTH;

OR,

TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT

FOR

1851.

BOSTON:

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY.

1851.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE high position which the Amaranth has attained, in the four years of its publication, has encouraged its proprietors to incur a much larger expense than heretofore in getting up the present volume of the series.

This will be readily perceived by reference to the illustrations,—all of which are new, and procured expressly for this work. To remunerate the publishers in this, will require an increased patronage; in the anticipation of which, they hope they have not been mistaken.

Much was promised, in the last volume of the series, in view of literary and artistic aid for this; and it is hoped the critic will exonerate the publishers in them all.

Should the patronage of an approving public encourage them in this, their aim will be to give a further advance in style for its successor.

BOSTON, August, 1850.



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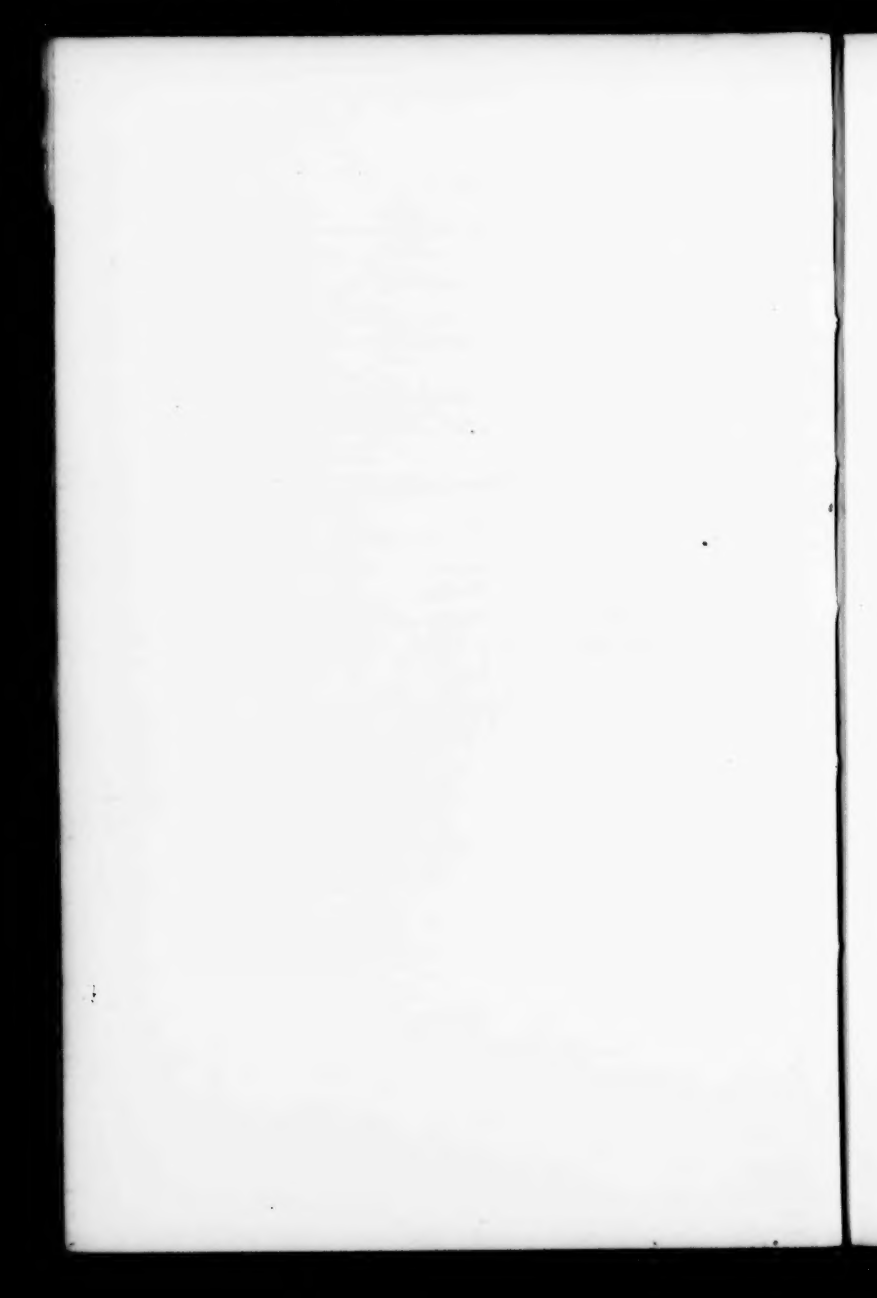
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THE AMARANTH.

THE FOREST MAID.

I LOVE to see the forest maid
Go, in the pleasant day,
And jump to break an idle bough,
To drive the flies away.

Her face is brown with open air,
And like the lily blooming ;
But beauty, whether brown or fair,
Is always found with women !

She stooped to get the foxglove bells
That grew among the bushes,
And, careless, set her basket down,
And tied them up with rushes.

Her face was ever in a smile,
And brown, and softly blooming ;—
I often meet the scorn of man,
But welcome lives with women !

A DREAM.

ISLES clustering in an azure sea,
Soft woods and cities fair,
And purple mountains shining far,
Clear skies and fragrant air.

White marble quarries, and the vine,
A green and silent plain,
A lonely pillar rising there,
A tomb, or sacred fane.

A mellow tint, that gleaming lies
O'er all the pensive land,
A peerless sparkle on the waves,
A slumber on the strand.

So shines a picture of my dream
When lies my soul at peace —
Am I not gazing far away
Upon thy clime, fair Greece ?

THE REFUGEE.

"NAY, my dear Isabelle, these forced pleasantries but add reproach to my misfortunes. I am too keenly sensible of the sacrifice, which you make to promote the happiness of one so unworthy"——

"Sacrifice! dearest Eugene, do not talk of sacrifice which procures such a compensation as your society."

"Would that this could repay the affection of such an angel; but how, sweet Isabelle, can one whose broken fortunes have rendered him a splenetic, expect to make this wilderness life a compensation for the society you have enjoyed in your better days."

"Do not recount to me, dear Eugene, the round of fashionable follies through which I have been led, till life was weary of itself," replied Isabelle. "I had rather enjoy one hour in this retirement than spend years in following the vain and deceitful fascinations of fashionable life. 'This wilderness,' indeed! you know that I am a lover of nature, and shall I here despise her virgin majesty arrayed in robes of her

own native royalty? She has not, here, yielded her dominion to the obtrusions of man, nor suffered her raiment to be marred, nor her beautiful forms to be distorted, by the conceits of his folly. See how beautifully the morning breeze plays with the waving grass and wild flowers of that time-honored prairie—these mighty oaks and lofty pines that overshadow our humble habitation are the pillars of a more magnificent temple than is possessed by the highest sacerdotal dignitary of the old world; and witness also those bounding deer, flying through yonder valley, as if to amuse us with their feats of agility, while the feathered tribe are descanting their amorous songs, or chanting their more solemn *Te Deums* to the Lord of nature. And then the sweet pensive evening hour—how delightfully it passes when I am permitted to stand in the embrace of my dear Eugene, upon this wild shore, and listen to the music of these dark, rippling waters. Surely this wild lake has the soul of melody in its moving waves, to cheer the desponding spirits of my dearest companion. And more: the spectres of war, of blood and political persecution will never find, over the bosom of the proud Michigan, the facilities to approach this peaceful spot. The spectres that bear upon her waters the remembrance of dark and bloody conflicts which transpired upon her borders in the days of Indian chivalry, have nearly vanished from the shadows of evening, and, as the setting sun goes down from her vision, she is left to a solitude that is quiet and peaceful. Such scenes, such beauties, enjoyed with my

dear Eugene, shall remind me of obligation rather than sacrifice."

"Indeed they might," replied Eugene, "if my beloved Isabelle should not discover that the reveries of romance had painted merely the poetry of this wild region. The dragging cares of life, in this scene of destitution and want, will, I fear, scathe that image of loveliness, and over the heart that is illumined with hope, spread the blight of ruin and despair. O, the bitterness of such an anticipation! If some fairy goddess might take charge of so lovely an angel and suffer her to live and range as the nymph of this forest-curtained shore, sustained by nectar sipped from the smiles of nature, your unworthy Eugene would find this retreat the paradise of his heart"—

"I am not," interrupted Isabelle, "insensible to the *duties* of life as the foundation of our mutual happiness; but I had thought the smiles of this beautiful scenery should repress repining and inculcate sentiments of gratitude. Yes, I trust that I shall find my highest pleasure in sustaining the cares and burdens of life, and that prosperity will yet be the lot of our happy home."

In such conversation, expressive of the genuine sensibilities of connubial affection, passed the hour of a morning's ramble, with the tenants of a rude abode, situated near a secluded bay, on the western shore of Lake Michigan. They had but recently come to the country, and its associations, as might be expected, to persons accustomed to other scenes, and other society, than the few rude settlers in the

neighborhood, would be unwelcome and dreary. But, the lovely Isabelle had a soul that burned with those sentiments which virtue has chosen as the elements of human enjoyment. Not on time and place did she depend for happiness, but breathing the enchantments of loveliness, the wilderness truly smiled in her presence.

It is not uncommon for travellers at the West to meet with those whose conversation and manners indicate that they have seen better days, who have been compelled to come down to the life and rude habits of back-woods settlers. While such circumstances try the spirits of human hearts, it is to the credit of female virtue, that so many wives and daughters have shown, that a polished education did not unfit them for any station in life, but qualified them to comfort man amidst the trials and fluctuations of this uncertain world. It is an occasion for blessing the good providence of God, that through the vicissitudes of human fortune, is bringing such characters to western wilds as the earnest of their future greatness.

But our pen is moving at random in this sketch; we should have taken the reader to a different part of the world.

De Corneille prided himself in being one of the richest merchants in Paris. He was possessed of those qualities of mind which fitted him for accumulation; but these were combined with excessive van-

ity and a sort of childish ambition to secure the favor of people of rank and family.

As money makes friends, over the poorer classes of the nobility he found the means to establish his influence, and of procuring from them obsequiousness, if not respect. He in turn played the fool with himself in giving attention to many who, aside from their titles, had neither credit nor character to recommend them.

He had an amiable wife, whose principles and examples in her intercourse with society were the contrast of his. Madame De Corneile was the friend and benefactor of the poor, and instead of that stiff *hauteur* which was manifested towards them by her purse-proud companion, she kindly condescended to take an interest in their misfortunes and sorrows, and to administer to their relief. She even rebuked everything like sneering at the beggarly appearance which marked the condition of multitudes who constantly thronged the streets of Paris, by observing that "we knew not how soon misfortune or insanity might reduce us to a much lower condition." De Corneile often made splendid entertainments, to which he invited such people of rank as he could persuade to attend. Though his lady behaved herself with great dignity and propriety on the occasion of these levees, she was by no means gratified with them. She had known so many that her soul abhorred, in the character of many of this class, and as her criterion of human excellence was not founded in rank or station,

she often felt her politeness severely taxed in the attentions required to be bestowed on titled villainy.

But she apprehended other designs on the part of De Corneile, than merely to ingratiate himself in the favor of the aristocracy. A lovely daughter had blessed their marriage, on whose care and education she had bestowed the greatest attention.

This daughter was now of suitable age for introduction to society. I need not say, that in addition to virtuous principles and a polished education, she possessed those accomplishments of manners, and beauty of person, that are in much higher reputation with men of the world.

As Mademoiselle De Corneile began to move in fashionable circles, it was the occasion of gratification to her father, but of deep anxiety to her mother, to hear her complimented as the most graceful and accomplished belle in all Paris. The expression of this compliment in the presence of her father by a young Count who held a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, led to the subsequent development of the different interests entertained by her father and mother in regard to her destination in life.

The apprehensions of Madame De Corneile were well founded. Her husband's foolish regard for title and official station had blinded his eyes to the true interests of his daughter. He seemed to be willing that she should pass off in the market to the person who could bid highest in what would gratify his vanity, without any reasonable provisions for her future happiness. "Do you not think," said he to Madame

De Corneile, "that this Count Le Mark is one of the brightest stars in the army?"

"I have little personal acquaintance with him," said she, "but I have understood him to be a person of profligate habits and dissolute morals. The wailings of heart-broken anguish has been heard from many a cottage in the suburbs of this great metropolis, occasioned by reflection on the ruin brought to their doors by this same gallant colonel. In my walks of charity among the poor his name is often referred to as the serpent, the delicate hues of whose coils was the subject of admiration; but the stings of deathless woe were in the words of his flatteries. 'O!' exclaimed one forlorn heart, 'I had thought my country's honor was committed to men of truth and virtue, but such confidence has cast a shade of infamy over these rural gardens, where I once plucked the flowers of innocence.'"

"Surely," said De Corneile, "this is but the gossip of slander you have picked up in the lanes of the city, in your unprofitable rambles of misplaced philanthropy. I am surprised that you speak to the disadvantage of a person of the standing of Col. Le Mark. You perhaps were not aware that in the event of the death of an elder brother, whose health is said to be very feeble, he is heir to his father's titles and estates: the attention which he has shown to our family, and the favor with which I am confident he regards our daughter, you are very ungrateful to requite with such scandal. I am sure it would be gratifying to your feelings, as it certainly would be to mine,

to hear our daughter saluted in the circles of her associations, as the Countess Le Mark. I hardly need to hint that present indications show a probability that such may be the case."

"What!" exclaimed Madame De Corneile, "shall we sacrifice, on the altar of our vanity, that dearest pledge of heaven's favor, to a libertine! This heart would sooner see her nameless and unhonored grave blotted out in oblivion from the knowledge of posterity."

"A libertine! a libertine!" hastily exclaimed De Corneile; "you surely would not designate an honorable military officer by such an epithet, nor take it for granted that any low intrigue, in which he may have been engaged with servant and peasant maids, is indicative of the treatment he would design towards people of respectability and standing? The customs of society require us to judge more leniently of the conduct of men of his standing and pursuits, than of others."

"Yes," said Madame De Corneile, "and in this, the customs of society are a violation of the fundamental principle of sound political economy, which teaches that an injury committed against the humblest individual, is an injury committed against the state. Men who are willing to ruin the weak and unprotected of human society, will be restrained from no outrage which they may have it in their power to commit."

"But, if an explanation must be had, you may as well know, that the affections of our daughter are

given to another; to one who is every way worthy of such a jewel."

"What," said De Corneile, "without my knowledge or counsel?"

"You certainly," replied his lady, "have had the best opportunity to understand about the matter, and for years, you might have given any counsels in relation to it, you thought proper."

"Who is it," said he, angrily, "that has presumed to calculate upon my estate?"

"It is none other," she replied, "than the young man who, for several years, as the chief clerk of your warehouse, has assiduously devoted himself to your interest; and who, during five years' residence in your family, has never been guilty of a marked impropriety."

"What," said De Corneile, "has that chimney-sweep which I picked up in the streets of Paris, and raised to manhood and respectability, conspired to rob me of my peace and property? Let him understand that from this day, he can no longer be permitted to enter my dwelling. And let it be understood as the injunction of my authority, that our daughter hold no more correspondence with him henceforth, on pain of my lasting displeasure."

Madame De Corneile, knowing that her husband was inexorable in regard to whatever interfered with his caprices, with tears and deep anxiety left his presence, without further reply.

She took the earliest opportunity to make known to her daughter the determination of her father and

embracing her tenderly, said, "I have loved you with the tenderness of a mother's love. In the years I have spent in your education, you will remember, that the precept, which first and most frequently, after obedience to God, I have enjoined on your attention, is obedience to your father's commands. And now in a matter which deeply concerns your interest, though I differ with him in opinion, I must still advise you to submit to his wishes.

"De Norval is to leave our house to night, to return no more. I need say no more, than that your father has thus commanded, and that it is on your account. On pain of your father's lasting displeasure, you are forbidden to encourage the addresses of De Norval. However tenderly he loves you, and notwithstanding all his little kind attentions to your pleasures since he has lived with us, there seems to be no alternative, and you must bid him an affectionate but final farewell."

De Norval's addresses to Mademoiselle De Corneille as he had been an inmate of her father's family were rather informal, but they were such as indicated the sincerity of his attachment, and gave the best warrant for his future constancy. It was when, from the hurry of business, he found a leisure hour, that it was spent in listening to her soothing conversation, which, like the refreshing smiles of a May-day morning, chased away the dull cares of life. Though she had long regarded him with feelings of partiality, she herself was not aware of the strength of her attachment. But when his dismissal from the family was so suddenly, presented to her consideration, the scene

of their former association came up in her memory, with all their life and with renewed endearment. The days she had spent in flirtations with beaux, strutting in their regimentals, to please the vanity of her father, were unwelcome subjects for reflection, but the smile of gratulation received on her return, from a young man whose assiduous attention to business left him no leisure for such follies, was laid up in memory, as the jewel that would one day purchase the consummation of her earthly felicity.

The thought of a final separation from one so dear, when fully realised, quite overcame her. She sunk into her mother's arms, while flowing tears indicated the deep wound with which her soul was pierced, by a father's cruelty. But sterner principles of virtue, in which she had been educated, triumphed for the time over her wounded sensibilities. She took her station in the parlor, as usual, with a retired and modest composure, to attend on such guests as might have appointments to visit the family that day, when De Norval entered, much agitated and confused. Remaining silent, he seated himself near her, and several times attempted to speak, but his heart was too full, and while tears on the part of each gave vent to their mutual grief, he put the following note into her hand.

"Monsieur De Norval:—I have to inform you, that the house of De Corneile & Co., have no further need of your services.—You will therefore present the enclosed draft to the banker therein named, for the balance of your wages, and consider yourself as discharged from our employment. In explanation, I will only say,

that we can no longer tolerate impudence and impertinence in those in our employ. You have abused the confidence of the family of your benefactor, in endeavoring to draw away the affections of a beloved daughter from persons of pretensions more suitable to her character and fortune, than one who had his birth in the cottage of a peasant. You will of course understand that your presence will hereafter be in the highest degree offensive to one to whom you owe your all."

Mademoiselle Corneile saw it bore the signature of her father. Collecting herself, she said, with a calm, mild tone, "it must be so, my dear De Norval, when this interview is passed you can see my face no more. I know that injustice is done you—I need not say you are still dear to me, but the command of my father, whom it is my duty to reverence and honor, requires me to make this decision. This last filial duty must be performed, though it may be to the sacrifice of my heart and my life."

De Norval arose—he uttered not a syllable,—and casting a despairing glance on his lost idol, with feelings far more intense, than the merchant experiences on beholding the ship in which he had adventured his all sink beneath the waves, withdrew, and found his way to the street. The magnificent edifices, the accustomed street where he had taken his morning walks, and in fine, everything, that had formerly suggested pleasing and grateful associations, presented to his eye a darker aspect than usual, and seemed to sympathise with his sinking heart. He sauntered about in a sort of quandary not knowing what course to pursue, till the shadows of evening began to settle around the spires of Paris.

As the human heart sympathises most readily with those who suffer unjustly, the interest of the reader will naturally pursue this youth and notice his course, though he has been made but incidentally acquainted with his character.

Night, so propitious to the gloomy reveries of such a heart, set in, yet De Norval was wandering up and down in different streets, without seeking or even thinking of a lodging. His baggage had been arranged by a servant at the warehouse, as for a journey; but he was yet without a purpose.

He had wandered to the banks of the Seine, and was standing pensively, gazing alternately at the moon sinking behind the western hills, like the departing hope of unpropitious love, and at the deep dark tide that responded to the murmuring sighs of his own darker soul, when the great bells from the towers of *Notre Dame*, to announce the midnight hour, broke with their stirring tones, the awful silence which brooded over the slumbering city.

De Norval was awakened from his reverie. He cast about him to determine what course to pursue, when he saw a sailor passing with wary step a few paces from him. The sailor's eye chanced to espy him. "Halloo, Monsieur," said Jack, "why here at this hour?" After a few words of conversation, De Norval learned, that the sailor belonged to an Irish brig, that was bound to Quebec, North America, and that she was ready to sail, on the following morning. He learned farther, that this vessel had advertised for freight or passage. In view of this opportunity

he quickly came to the decision to leave the scenes that would continually harrow up his feelings, in reminding him of the ungrateful treatment, that had required his faithfulness in the service of De Corneile. He determined at once, to accompany this sailor on board, and to "*turn in*" to such a birth as might be found vacant.

The next morning, he sent a servant with an order for his baggage at an early hour, and ere the sun had half ascended to the meridian, he was moving rapidly, with the ebbing tide and before the morning breeze, towards the wide Atlantic.

At the end of a month, he found himself a stranger seeking a situation in some mercantile establishment at Quebec. A convenient opening soon presented itself and he was presently fulfilling the duties of a salesman, to one of the largest houses of the city. There was here no one to reproach him in his reverses, nor to pour upon him the keen and bitter scorn, which is too often the portion of the unfortunate. But it would be a slander upon his character, to say that the object of his early affection was forgotten, or that the treatment of her ungenerous father did not recur to his memory, to draw forth bitter tears in his hours of solitude. He was too sincere, too generous-hearted, too virtuous, to suffer these things to pass from his memory, without leaving a lasting impression on his heart. He saw the shadow of the beautiful angel, who had as it were flown away from him forever, in his thoughts by day, and in his dreams by night.

But hope had departed—she lived to him only in the scenes of other days. He felt that all which this world had promised, was taken from him; and that he dragged out life, merely to set an example of virtuous submission to the pressure of evil fortune. But it is often in the depths of misfortune and wretchedness, that lofty designs and magnificent enterprises are conceived. Indeed, providence sometimes seems to cross the current of our hopes, to effect changes in our course of life. * *

During the two years that De Norval had now resided at Quebec, the spirit of political parties run high in both the Canadas; and though he was comparatively cool, and retiring, his heart began to find in these contentions an antidote for the miserable melancholy, that preyed upon his mind. And more; the story of oppressed Frenchmen awakened the sympathy and patriotism he had imbibed in his fatherland, and his interest in favor of the freedom of the Canadas. As he stood upon the Heights of Abraham and surveyed the valley of the St. Lawrence, he could not banish from his mind, that this was once the property of France, and that it was wrested from her, not by the honorable exercise of British power, but through fraud and treachery.* And then came

* The brave Wolfe, as he is usually styled, had an interview with Montcalm the French commander at Quebec, previous to the celebrated battle which decided the fate of the French power in North America; and made an agreement, that no artillery should by either party be introduced into the action. These commanders had been classmates and both were graduated at the same college;

down for his review in the record of past ages, the wrongs which France and her illustrious kings had suffered from the haughty arrogance of British power ; and the dust of the great Napoleon sent up its reproach from the prison isle ; and now here before him was the sight of his oppressed kindred struggling to retrieve the honor and independence, of which, as Frenchmen, they conceived they were unjustly deprived. The soul of De Norval took fire, he could not brook the faded glory of his dishonored country, that had never avenged the injuries inflicted on her ancient sons nor their descendants, the present victims of the petty tyranny of British Governors.

And then there were the proud prospects of a rising nation about to spread its power and influence from the great lakes to the northern sea, whose resources and liberal policy would change the bleak and dreary wilderness, to the seats of flourishing towns and villages, and secure a commerce and distinguished character among the nations of the earth.

De Norval had lived where the spirit of war had often surrounded him ; but he then had other attractions, and other interests to pursue. But now if he fell on the battle-field, there was none to grieve at his death, and if the contest were successful, and he survived, he could at last die with the consciousness

and they doubtless supposed they knew each other to be men of truth and integrity. Montcalm faithfully adhered to the compact, but by Wolfe it was treacherously broken. He kept his artillery concealed until he could bring it into the battle and not leave the French an opportunity to provide for opposing it.

of having made some little sacrifice, for the good of the world.

Rumors of risings among the radicals, as the reform party were called, in the vicinity of Montreal and in the upper province, had already reached Quebec. It was near night-fall when De Norval, having feigned business out of town, left his lodgings for the purpose of joining himself with them, in the neighbourhood of St. Dennis, where, he had been privately apprised, they were to rendezvous. He had previously held correspondence with the leaders of the radical party, and received the promise of a commission and a post attached to the staff of the commanding officer. He travelled on horseback, and rode leisurely on, till he supposed the night shielded him from observation, and then with forced speed he pressed on towards the place of expected rendezvous, with confident expectation of spending the following night with his companions-in-arms. He did so, but he lost a part in what the *patriots* reported as the great victory of St. Dennis; for on that day the battle had been fought, and the evening hour beheld the victors conversing earnestly of its incidents and its triumph.

But the field of St. Charles soon afforded De Norval an opportunity for displaying his zeal in the patriot cause. To say that he disgraced himself in that encounter, unused as he was to military life, would be a failure to appreciate the bravery that placed him in front of the battle, and procured honorable wounds in the contest. But this day and the night

following, into which the action continued, were the duration of his military career; for, the next morning he found himself a wounded prisoner in the custody of a British corporal, who was carrying him rapidly in a French dray towards Montreal.

An ill-provided hospital, or rather an old building which served as an apology for a hospital, to which he was conducted, afforded him a reasonable prospect of escaping the reproach of a trial for high-treason, and of a public execution. For fourteen days, he lay on a miserable straw sack in the corner of this old building, craving death almost, as a relief from the distress of his wounds. The surgeon of the establishment was absent with the regiment to which he was attached, and an old commissary made but a miserable substitute, to one like De Norval, with two balls in one of his legs and other wounds in his head and shoulders.

He was indebted to a French physician, who occasionally visited the establishment when requested as counselling physician, for the melioration of his condition. This gentleman, after giving suitable attention to his wounds, extracting the balls, &c., left him with the promise of seeing him on the following day.

But it was at his own house that he was to see him; for that very night, having obtained permission from the proper authorities, he sent a servant with an order for his removal there. De Norval, from the feverish habits to which neglect had sunk him, had already become somewhat delirious, and when he

was subjected to the fatigue of removal, he became entirely lost to himself, and continued so for several days after.

To follow the vague and uncertain wanderings of a delirious mind, is a task which, if not impracticable, is too painful. We therefore find De Norval, where his own recollections found him, after his removal from the hospital.

"I awakened," said he, "as it were, from the most profound insensibility to hurried and changing sympathies with light and shade, with beaming joy and gloomy and distracting horrors. And when impressions became more distinct, I thought if I were in some dark dungeon, and whether my execution for high treason was appointed at an early day? It is indeed so, I persuaded myself, and I am relieved from the sight of the dying struggles of my subjugated companions in the cause of liberty. But old De Corneile is rejoiced if he hears of this: these heavy chains but execute the office of his iron-hearted anger. Thank heaven there is no unlucky bird to bear such tidings, and that loved one lost, the old man's idol daughter is saved the heart-breaking grief I know she would feel, on witnessing the fate of her fallen lover.

"But a gentle soothing female voice fell on my ear, and quite awakened me from my long protracted reverie to all the sensibilities of real life. I found myself in a handsomely furnished chamber, at the house of my benefactor, the French physician, surrounded with everything that could contribute to the comfort of a sick room."

"Be quiet from your talking sleep," said the gentle voice; "the prison dungeon and the gibbet have not yet made you a prey; and I trust you will yet be secure from their grasp. And as to the anger of De Corneile, circumstances sometimes change the spirit of mens' hearts, and soften the arrogant tone of their selfish feelings."

"Have I then," said De Norval with an air of rationality, "been talking of matters during sleep, that should be known to none but myself this side of Paris?"

"Of matters which have long been known to one who can never betray you," replied his fair auditor.

"Who is this," hastily added De Norval, "that a kind Providence has disposed to care for a poor fugitive Frenchman?"

She approached his bed-side—his eye caught her's: "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is this the apparition or the reality of my dearest, my long lost Isabelle De Corneile?"

"The same," said she, "you left in Paris. Time and circumstances may have caused my features to fade, but the same heart exercises within me the emotions of benevolence and philanthropy, and cherishes the same pure affection for Eugene De Norval."

"But why here?" said De Norval.

"Be patient till your strength will bear, and you shall know all," said Mademoiselle De Corneile.

The explanation will need be but brief, of the occasion which brought Mademoiselle De Corneille to America.

Old De Corneile's business, when it was deprived of the faithful care of the experienced De Norval, fell into confusion. Heavy losses were sustained, till at length he began to reflect on the folly of discarding so faithful a servant. But the place of his retreat was unknown; inquiry was made in every part of Paris, but in vain; he could not be found.

De Corneile's turbulent and lordly disposition had constrained the beautiful Isabelle to contract marriage with Col. Le Mark, against the better judgment of her mother, but fortune interposed to prevent the calamity of its consummation.

Le Mark had obtained large sums from her father, which subsequent disclosures proved to have been spent at gaming houses. But such was De Corneile's infatuation, he would have given him half his fortune, had not events put it out of his power.

One week before the wedding day had been appointed, a leading item in the public papers announced that Col. Le Mark had been killed in a duel, or rather by assassination, by the commander of his regiment, whose sister he had shamefully seduced and ruined. By thus perishing, he escaped the vengeance of the law, that had prepared an indictment against him for the crime of highway robbery, punishable with death.

After all that had transpired, Isabelle De Corneile found herself still respected and beloved, and she might be said still to enjoy honorable prospects in Paris. But her uncle, who had resided for many years at Montreal as a practising physician, made a

visit to her father's, and on his return persuaded her to come to America, to spend a year at his residence. It was at his house that she was now residing, and this same uncle was the benefactor to whom De Norval doubtless owed his life. But this act of charity was occasioned by the influence of Isabelle, who, on hearing of the distressed condition of the wounded Frenchman, would not rest till he was sent for, and provided for at her uncle's house. Thus her generous benevolence and patriotism put it in her power to save the life of one dearer to her affections than any other person living, and restored to her a sincere and constant lover.

De Norval slowly recovered. But it began to be whispered abroad that a rebel was harbored at the house of the French doctor, and it became necessary that he should leave Montreal immediately for his personal safety.

A proposition on the part of De Norval to his beloved Isabelle, to consummate a union which they had in former years anticipated with such ardent hope, was listened to with all the interest which his trying circumstances were calculated to inspire.

The subject was referred to her uncle's advice, who, from the known change in his brother's feelings towards De Norval, was disposed to favor it.

True love never forsakes its object in the day of adversity. De Norval's prospects could not possibly have been darker, as a trial for treason and public execution seemed likely to be his fate. But Isabelle De Corneille had seen him in other days, and she had

loved him, and now she hesitated not to share the sorrows of his misfortunes.

A priest was sent for, and the marriage vows were taken; but scarcely was the ceremony gone through with, before a messenger came in, and whispered something in the doctor's ear. It appears that this was a spy which the doctor had set to watch the movements of the public authorities; and he immediately announced to De Norval, that the authorities having learned of his recovery from his wounds, were preparing an order for his removal to prison. No time could be lost, as, while suspicion and fear so filled the public mind, that he could not expect concealment in the town, from the vigilance of the police, his only alternative was to escape, if possible, to the United States. The priest who had officiated on the occasion, proposed that De Norval should take the habits of a friar for a disguise, and accompany him in a journey which he proposed to make through the upper province to lake Erie; while Isabelle should travel the same route by herself, in a carriage with a servant, in the character of a tourist.

Though this journey would leave them longer exposed to the contingencies of public suspicion than a nocturnal flight on the direct route to the States, yet as the *lines* were now thronged with troops, it was judged to be most safe.

But, not to prolong these details, I may merely observe, that this plan was successful, and a fortnight after, Eugene and Isabelle were at a public-house in Buffalo, deliberating on their future course. Their

inclination would doubtless have led them to return directly to Paris. But under all the circumstances, they did not feel prepared to do so, without an invitation from De Corneile ; or at least, Isabelle did not feel inclined to urge Eugene to visit the scenes where he had suffered so much injustice, until some reasonable concessions should be made him.

It was settled that their plan should be independent of any design to visit France. But the available means which they had at command were too limited to permit them to think of an establishment in any eastern city ; a home at the West was finally concluded on, and a passage taken in the first steamboat bound to the upper lakes.

The reader has already contemplated them in their western retreat, and doubtless admired the spirit manifested by the charming Isabelle, where she supposed herself to be laying the foundation of their future fortune. * * * But it was not to be so ; for, it remains to relate, that old De Corneile shortly after made a voyage to America, to accompany his daughter in her return home. When he learned what had transpired, he exclaimed with tears, " It is well ; Providence has been more just than my own selfish heart." He quickly sought out the place of their retreat, greeted them as his children, persuaded them to return with him to Paris ; and ere this time, Eugene De Norval with his accomplished wife have greeted the household at their early home, and come in possession of the large mercantile interest of the ancient house of De Corneile.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

THE dark wilds of chaos had given place to light and life, uncouth and inorganic matter had assumed forms of beauty and glory, and man, the crowning glory of the new risen world, had received the complacent benediction of his heavenly Father, and with a companion whose graces drew forth from his bosom the perfection of virtuous love, was placed in happy Eden; when a proclamation from God announced the Sabbath's dawn, and blessed the seventh day as one of holy rest. God himself then rested, for the energies of that power which had evolved the matter of the universe from nonentity and fashioned it to the forms which infinite wisdom had devised, were now relieved. Omnipotence had rest, for the new creation was ended, and its beaming beauty showed with what perfection the work was finished.

Well might the Almighty bless and sanctify the day, which witnessed so glorious a consummation, and well might the sacred law-giver refer us to this Sabbath of the Lord to enforce the divine requirement expressed in the decalogue. For to contemplate the scenes of that day, is sufficient to endear the Sabbath to every pious heart. It was a day when infinite power

and holy created intelligences stood still, to witness the harmonious operation of a new created universe ; when the sight of a world that had not been marred by sin, drew forth effusions of adoration and praise from the hearts of man and angels, to its great Creator. Yes, the calmness of that blissful morning was rendered heavenly by sweet toned, celestial music, ushering in its dawn. Celestial voices to its burnished air whispered of peace, and shouted songs of praise. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Our first parents in Eden's Elysian bowers, spent the day in sacred rest. Prayer had not yet been known, for want had not been begotten by transgression, yet a spirit of adoration filled their bosoms, and when the day was passed it was their privilege to record one Sabbath which man had kept holy unto the Lord.

Not only man kept this Sabbath in the state of his primitive purity, but we have reason to believe, that devils now in hell, not having then fallen, were permitted to unite with the starry host which led the devotions of this blessed day. Nay, Lucifer, the son or star of the morning, might have been the leader of that heavenly choir, for he was once exalted high in the scale of moral beings. As the prophet exclaims, "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cast down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations?"

In the contemplation of the scenes of the primitive Sabbath we witness all intelligences then existing in the universe, united in its services of devotion,

whether these may now be in heaven, earth or hell. For transgression had not then lighted up the fires of the nether world, and the clouds of sin had not spread their darkness over the habitations of man. There was nothing found in all the universe, to hurt or offend, to break in on the mellifluous songs and holy calmness of that day.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ONE of the most conclusive arguments against the infidel scheme of annihilation, is the internal consciousness, that our souls are undying, and our dread of utter extinction. I do not remember to have seen the conclusion of this argument more clearly exhibited, than in the following beautiful extract from the requiem which the celebrated Mozart is supposed by Mrs. Hemans to have written, from the premonitions of his death, as a preparation for his own burial.

“ Surely these feverish aspirations there,
Shall grasp their full desire ;
And this unsettled fire,
Burn calm and brightly in immortal air.”

Thus sung the dying Mozart as he look'd
To heaven, and felt the breathings of his soul
For immortality. How oft his lyre
Had waked in deep-toned songs of lofty note,
In panegyric to this fading world !
But now a death-cloud gathering o'er its scenes,
Showed their vague emptiness. Earth's beauty now
Was fled, its flowers faded ; all its charms
Were but the vanished visions of a dream ;
Its sons of valor from war's gay parade,
Had given to the grave their death-chilled corpses ;

Their blood-bathed plumes and banners trail'd in dirt,
Had shown the vanity of human pride ;
But one more strain to earthly joy or pain,
Remained to swell his mournful dying song—
"To earth a rich and passionate farewell."
This past in prospect, all beyond appeared
Cold, dark, desolate, oblivious death ?
It was not so: a living spirit burned
Amid the wreck of nature's sinking frame,
The soul still breathed in all its native life,
And testified its claims to heavenly joy,
Through the rich blood of the atoning Lamb.
It lived in heaven, while mortal agonies
Were closing up its trials on the earth.
Tis thus to every humble, contrite soul,
The gospel dissipates the gloomy cloud
Which hangs o'er death's dark vale,
And gives no feverish, fitful, glimmering hope
But blessed assurance of immortal joys.

THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

A SKETCH.

THE Moor had girded his cloak more closely about him, which concealed the deadly weapons on which he had sworn vengeance to Alcuin, the Arab chief. His gallant charger stood by his side, decked out for the deadly conflict. He looked away over the sandy waste of Sahara before him, and then turned to contemplate a moment the dark terrors which clustered in the clouds around the summit of Mount Atlas, while he waited on the fair Aurora, that had tinged the east with her smiles, that the first beams of the morning sun might witness his devotion to *Allah*, and secure a propitious oracle.

The prayer was ended—there flashed in the countenance of the Moor a mingled expression of delight and vengeance, as he vaulted into the saddle and dashed away over the pathless desert. What moves this wild and death-daring adventurer? Ask him—the gallant bearing, the brave Amorzin will tell you.

“I once had a country, a family and a home, but the bloody Alcuin, while I served my country’s wars in foreign climes, came by night with his robber band, and has left me alone and friendless in this

desert world. From yonder village the people looked out towards the little oasis, which I had surrounded with the endearments of home, and saw the lurid flames of my little dwelling ascend to the midnight sky, and fancied they heard the death-groans of my murdered wife and daughters floating on the winds. The morning light confirmed the horrid tale. My nouse was a heap of smoking ruins, and human bones were culled out from its smouldering pile. Near the far off retreating sand-cloud of the desert, was descried and recognized the banner of the robber.

"I came back from the field of my country's glory, laden with the laurels of victory and anticipating congratulations and honors from my family and kindred. But lo! the kindly sympathies of friendship have ceased to beat in their bosoms. Look on the desolation!—my once loved home! My wife, my children! O that I could fly with your ashes on the moving wind, to plant this dagger in the heart of your ruthless murderer. If the terrors of death and the *darkest world* must be encountered, this dagger shall drink the heart's blood of Alcuin." * *

Amorzin pressed on over the pathless waste, consecrating his heart to vengeance, or his bones to bleach on the desert sands. Night spread her darkness upon the terrible wilderness at length, but a friendly oasis, by the blessing of Allah, was met with to refresh the Moor and his steed for the morning course. The morning sun arose brilliantly in the eastern sky, and again was repeated the petition of Amorzin, that "Allah might be pleased on that day

to deliver his enemy into his hand." His dark eye sent forth a darker fire over the vacant sands, as his terror-breathing spirit fanned the wild flames of madness in his bosom, and pressed him, in his lingerings, to speed onward in his uncertain way. That months had passed since the Arab had committed his bloody crimes; and that he now might pitch his tent by southern shores or Ethiop jungles, were considerations not to be appreciated by one whom the great Allah had led into the death-shadowed desert in search of vengeance. Eternal justice had drawn from Allah the oracle for the bloody sacrifice, and surely he would furnish the victim. And it was so; the invigorating coolness of the morning had not passed when the Moor saw an Arab decked in armor and mounted on a gallant steed start up from a little valley before him. Glances fierce and terrible passed between the Moor and the stranger as their steeds were reined up to the proud bearings of defiance, and their loose garments were flung to the passing breeze, indicating the destiny of death to one of them in the approaching conflict.

"Stand," said the Moor, "and assure me if thou bringest the watchword of a friend, or I treat thee as a fiend from this desert hell."

"My name," said the Arab, "from the temple of the prophet to the great western sea, carries the assurance of virtue, of magnanimity and bravery. In Alcuin, the friendless find a friend, and the defenceless a protector.

"Alcuin!" exclaimed Amorzin, "Ah, mine enemy

thou shalt die by the arm of a valorous Moor, or find another victim to thy murderous hand."

Brandished cimeters glistened in the sunbeams of the morning—the steeds neighed terribly as their riders closed-to for the deadly struggle. The gallant chargers fell, and writhed, and groaned in death's agonies, as they lay upon the sands, while the Moor and his competitor drove the battle with the fury of contending tigers, till the Arab reeled and staggered, and yielded to the relentless grapple of the Moor. Amorzin looked on the bleeding form of his fallen antagonist, and raised the victory-shout of other days—but the desert had no echo for such a triumph. Indeed, the majestic solitude seemed to have put on the gloom of a mourner, that the bravest among her brave sons had fallen.

But the Arab yet breathed! and Amorzin stood over him, and meditated whether yet to strike another blow, when his attention was arrested by the wailings of a female voice—and the cry of "Father! father! forbear!" saluted his ears. He looked up—his daughter, whom he supposed to have been murdered, stood before him!

"Could not the great Allah have vouchsafed to me the sight of my father, without my beholding in him the murderer of my benefactor and lord?" she exclaimed with the deepest emotion.

"Know, my dear father, that by the hand of Alcuin, who bleeds before us, your daughter was rescued from the mountain robbers, by whom my mother and little sister were slain and our dwelling

destroyed. I was preserved from the tortures of the demon's altar, which awaited me in some dark ravine on the mountain side—for I was told that for the devotion of the pagan I was reserved. But Alcuin and his faithful servants came and scattered these infidels like chaff in the storm. He took me to his protection, and being friendless in the earth, I accepted his faithful love and became his bride according to the ordinance of the Prophet. O my dear father, what madness has filled thy bosom to do this deed ! Would that I could have received thy hand, and made thee to share the kindness and hospitality of his generous soul !”

The eyes of the dying Arab were opened—his voice, faltering and tremulous, was yet again heard in invocation to the prophet, for strength to utter his last oracle. He raised himself on his arm, and fixing his eyes on his wife, in the embrace of her father—

“ You see,” said he, “ that I am dying, but I rejoice to leave you in the arms of a protector and father, who by the lessons of this day, I hope, will be instructed in the duties of forbearance and humanity. If the footsteps of Amorzin ever lead him to the tomb of the prophet, he will witness there that Alcuin died a brave man ; and the records of my generous benevolence, preserved in the archives of Mecca, will enable a wild man of the desert to teach a polished Moor the danger and fatal consequences of HASTY REVENGE.”

This said, the Arab sunk back and died, and the Moor made the vows for the holy pilgrimage as the atonement of his rashness, and as the rites of sepulture to its victim.

VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

WOULD that I had the genius, intellect and feelings, to touch, in what I write, the simple heart of childhood! My own early years are gone—their smiles and tears, and sorrows, but light and shaded skies, the phantasms of the soul's deep yearnings in its early youth, are still the charm of all its fading memories; and were these wild and formless visions tameable to words and sentences, they still should live upon this scroll to make companionship with my youthful friends, and teach my own dear children, whom God has given to bless my path in life, how childhood's soul hath lights enkindled from another world. Ah, could the soul become its own biographer, the first impressions of its tender years would read the proofs of an unending life, and almost mark the track of sympathy in interchange with men and angel spirits! The internal history of the soul of man, even in his early childhood, declares him from the hand of God, and shows him destined to an eternal state.

Far, far back in time, when infant memory had hardly learned to treasure up the fragments of existence, I had a deep abiding consciousness of *life*.

And in that, I *lived*, I *felt* that life was something more than clay, or flesh and bones, or circling blood, or what is tangible in outward forms—'twas something inward, consciousness and feeling—a burning fire, whose origin I scarcely knew, that burned and still burned on, and shed its light on all mine onward progress. It was myself; I could not help but feel my soul's existence. The soul, a light from heaven but still a mystery unfathomed, had even then a dark and fearful dread of death, which simple flesh and blood could never feel. When scarcely five years old, I looked upon my elder brother's face; they told me he was dead. I thought he was asleep, and that he would awake at length and make me still the sport of his leisure pastime.

They put him in a coffin, and on a rude bier they carried him to the grave, while a country funeral train marched silently on foot and paid the simple homage of sincere mourners. I hardly knew what 'twas to die, but still I dreaded death. I looked upon the scene as the vision of a trance, and asked, and anxious asked, if Charles would ne'er come back and dwell with us, as he had done before? Amazed, with tearless eye, led by a sister's hand, I followed towards the grave, but could not feel that Charles indeed was dead, till the earth fell with a dull sound upon his coffin lid, and told too plain I'd never see him more.

Ah! then came feelings up from the heart's deep fountain, and most bitterly I cried, and sobbed, and wept. But still, when months and years had passed,

I could but feel that Charles would live again ; for even in those tender years, his presence made the pleasure of my dreams.

Welcome the task, to gather up from dark oblivion's deepening gloom, the fragments of those pictures in the soul, which made the charms or griefs of early life. Welcome, thrice welcome, in that I read herein God's image stamped on man, even in his tender years—endowments fitting for the world of bliss, when not debased by sin.

Mind, what is it ? not the body surely, but that which knows itself *to be*, which feels the high prerogatives of an immortal spirit—that which claims, even in childhood's days, capacities for thought, reflection, and internal joys.

Can infidels inform me, why my mind was not as dark and vacant as the scene around me, when dark night gathered round my little bed, in the attic chamber of my father's cottage-farm-house, and still was left in my childish heart the consciousness of peace and quiet joy ? Could aught *material* produce the fond illusions that hovered round my couch, and filled the memory of those vacant hours with such endearments ?

Those stars—I see them now, innumerable—that filled the gloom around me, as dust floats softly in the summer sun, seemed scintillations from a light concealed in folds beneath the darkness. And what that light but the soul's hid fires ! as that of which the soul bears impress pervades the darkest gloom

of earth or hell. Nought but capacities derived from heaven could make the imagery of childhood's fancy dreams. How real was the silver cavern, conceived, enlarged, perfected in my mind, led on by childhood's prattle with the brother that shared my humble cot. From a plain shaft sunk deep in search of silver ore, I found my fancy in a spacious hall, o'ercanopied with silver gems; and then that hall became a palace of apartments, and a subterranean city, lighted up with its own walls, shining like the New Jerusalem above, with phosphorescent silvery brilliancy. The fond vision clung to my heart by day; at night, again I rambled through the aisles and spacious halls, my mind delighting in its own creations. The vision passed away; but still it lingers by, to show the powers of the human soul in its earliest years.

What but immortal faculties could mature conceptions of heaven's peace with man, in his tender childhood, when passions had not waked the soul to vile imaginings, nor pure and holy pathos?

It was a transient dream—it lingered for a moment and was gone—that showed my infant sensibilities the first impression of heaven's joys. Far over a dim, obscure, but delightful landscape, shone a brilliant sun with exhilarating beams, but still, as mild and bland as the moon of a summer evening. I looked again; it seemed a face divine that spoke through all my feelings, calm, sublime, and hallowed joys. I struggled anxiously to make more intimate the blessed image of this pleasing dream; but lo, it

vanished, leaving only this conviction to my mind, while struggling onward through this vale of tears, that when the soul comes to its proper sphere, above this transient life and fading world, it has capacities for joys and peace which angels well may relish.

But oh ! my youthful friends, how sad the thought that Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, may never speak the deep, sublime, and hallowed peace, which welcomes all his children to the skies, unto the hearts that now reject his love.

Childhood with me had many a vision, not merely dreamy reveries, but substantial scenes of interest to the heart, whose light or shade was felt, to shape the current of my after life. The rural vale with ever running stream and distant roar of waterfall, o'erhung with broken hills and mountain crags, with lawns and woodlands ever and anon, make up in memory the counterpart of many a joyous hour. For, *there* was I born, and there I lived and rambled listlessly from hill to hill, and pensive sat me down to quiet contemplation, invoking charms from all those quiet solitudes. There passed my school-boy days, when foolish pride exulted over the smattered rudiments of a little learning.

Those ancient pedagogues, an unique race of men, I see them to this very hour, ferrule in hand, with hair well combed and brand new surtout nicely hung away, with long drawn sober face, to indicate the dignity of a little brief authority—the schoolmaster,

the great one of his day, was made the emperor of a little space just sixteen feet by twenty long, and played his part with nicety and great exactness. The school, well flogged, were made to do him humble reverence. Cold and proud, and distant and severe, the heart of childhood quailed beneath his frown. Reserved and captious, no one cared to ask how much he knew, or seek his aid in solving science's mysteries; because, forsooth, 'twas his to make the tasks—the pupil's part, to write them out alone, that knowledge thus attained might be esteemed a richer jewel. I thank the Lord that this old race of pedagogues are now discarded—that teachers now are sought whose moral feelings sympathise with childhood's tender yearnings; that teaching now respects the heart, and seeks to fit the soul to live above the vice and sin of this dark world—that kind affections mark the labors of the ministers of human knowledge.

But ah, my youthful friends, my classmates, gathered from retreats among the hills and glens obscure, where are ye now? How oft ye braved the storms and drifting snows, to gather to the daily tasks imposed by Webster, Pike, or Murray; and as ye brushed away the sleet or wintry rain at the school-house door, showed ruddy health, and triumphed in your hearts o'er winter's wildest howl from mountains drear, and desolate and saddened vales. Where are ye now? I ne'er again shall greet your smiling faces and your tearless eyes. Ye are scattered to the winds!—the grave has claimed

its tribute, and many a joyous hope has perished ! But some have yet survived the storms of life and foundering fortunes of this changing world. With you, I seem to walk again o'er all those school-day scenes, to mark the fatal rocks of vice, intemperance and sin, where many a class-mate fell to rise no more. We note with feeling admiration now, those generous qualities of heart which made the prey of guilt's vile canker-fires and moral death—which sunk like pearls in those Stygian waves, beneath the gloom of hell's dark shadows. A few more days or years will tell *our* various fates. May we be born of God, and meet at last around his throne, and learn, and ever learn, the deep and deeper mysteries of his love.

Poetry hath her spirit-birds, and her music tones, but these are as evanescent and fading as the flowers of spring, or the transient smiles of a winter sky. But there is an inspiration that cometh to the human heart, that abides as a treasure of the soul—the inspiration of the truth and Spirit of God. This blessed Spirit waits not in its coming the bidding of propitious scenes, nor restricts its favors to the refined and elevated in intellect and sentiment. It speaks to the humblest soul, and gives light to man's faintest impressions of immortality.

That religion, in its spirit and power, should have come to the moral waste, where the writer of this had his birth and education, has seemed a miracle of mercy. But it came there, not with excellency of speech, however, of man's wisdom, though many a

smooth-tongued preacher came, and commended with studied eloquence refuges of lies, to deceive the thoughtless and the vain, and calm their consciences while on the road to ruin.

On the first settlement of the town, sixty years ago, a minister had been called there ; and, on the most bleak and desolate hill in all the parish, a log meeting-house was reared and a parsonage built. But, in a year or two, the minister died, the log meeting-house rotted away, and all that remains of this beginning of a church and village is the shell of the old unfinished parsonage, that is standing tenantless, with its clapboards swinging loose in the winds. I have often felt sad as I have looked at this old building. It is two stories high, with corniced juttings, and a small piazza with pillars, over the front door, indicating a design, suitable, when completed, for a genteel country residence. For nearly a mile around not a human being dwells now, and the old church is scarcely remembered. The winds of autumn there howl a sad and heart-chilling requiem over the entombed hopes of a departed generation.

Fifty years or more have passed, and with the exception of one or two clergymen transiently settled for one or two years each, the town has remained without the teachings of an educated minister to this day.

But, as I said—and God be praised—the Spirit of religion came there. Though it found its organs neither with the talented or learned, it came with power to convert and save the souls of men. La-

boring mechanics and humble farmers came round, as self-supporting missionaries, and preached their own hearts' experience of the mysteries of redeeming love. In some school-house, or grove, or private dwelling, the people came together, and listened, and treasured up the simple words of life, uttered in language broken and inelegant, but plain and sincere from the heart.

Schoolmen and student-fops might sneer, and doubtless have, at these uncouth and rough-cast preachers, and brand them as ignorant ranters, free-willers, Methodists, and the Lord knows what; but I envy not these critics the pride of a little learning, nor the hearts that reason jestingly over the means of saving souls. They came, the messengers of Christ, who owned and blessed their labors: for, while they preached, "aged fathers wept over the sins of an ill-spent life," and mothers sighed and prayed that God would save themselves and their children from the sinner's doom; the prodigal came on his knees and begged for mercy; blooming maidens felt that beauty in the grave is food for worms, and sought in Christ the soul's last, only hope. Could I condemn these men for laboring with such meagre gifts, knowing as I do their faithfulness in reproving sin, and that their words have eased the pangs of many a death-bed scene? Their prayers have brought down Heaven's light to many a dying Christian. Who will condemn religion, though its rites may be performed by humble hands, and hearts still humbler in the sight of God? And who will sigh

for churches, with fluted columns, and cloud-capt spires, when man may be religious when he will, and God's great temple still invites to prayer and praise, where no humble citizen has invited in the man of God beneath his lowly roof.

I was but a child, when, by the highway side, I joined with an elder friend a meeting gathered round a lowly plastered house one Sabbath morning. The preacher stood in front, and talked with fervent earnestness of the soul's salvation; he painted sin's dark life, and darker doom, and warned the thoughtless of the wrath to come. He scanned the substance of the Christian's hope, and then invited all to come and drink from Heaven's pure fountains, and join the song of Moses and the Lamb. The sermon ended, and the prayers went up in fervor for mourning souls.

Then came out from the little cottage, men, women, and children, in orderly procession, and, joined by those without, held their way to the banks of a neighboring creek, where it had been announced that baptism was to be administered. Though no public band was there, their march was to music that thrilled the soul, from its unison with nature and the simple solemnities before us. Many voices united in one of those songs so deeply expressive of religious passion, found in the Methodist Camp Meeting Hymn Book,—repeating at intervals the chorus—

“ I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me ?
Glory, hallelujah ! ”

sentiments which many in that assembly would have uttered, doubtless, had this been the final march of life's last journey. They sung on till the company were all distributed along the banks of the quiet stream ; when another brief prayer was said, and several converts were buried beneath the water, in professed imitation of the Saviour's baptism.

Those who administered the ordinance were not, I believe, exclusively attached to this form ; but shall theologians quarrel about modes and forms where the Spirit of God seems to preside at the solemnities ? Though other forms of baptism may commend themselves to my riper judgment as fit and proper, yet this scene, so dear to my early childhood, shall ever guard my heart from querulous censoriousness against my Baptist friends ; for, sure I am, that those who witnessed that scene must have felt it sanctified by more than the wilderness cry that was the precursor of the Saviour's coming. Christ himself was there ; and what was more, the people *felt* his presence ; and as they turned silently away, and scattered to their homes among the hills, still they felt that God was speaking from that burial scene of souls beneath the waters.

O ! blessed Father, teach my heart to love what thou dost love ; and may childhood's remembrances, so deeply solemn and affecting, ever teach me charity towards my fellow-men.

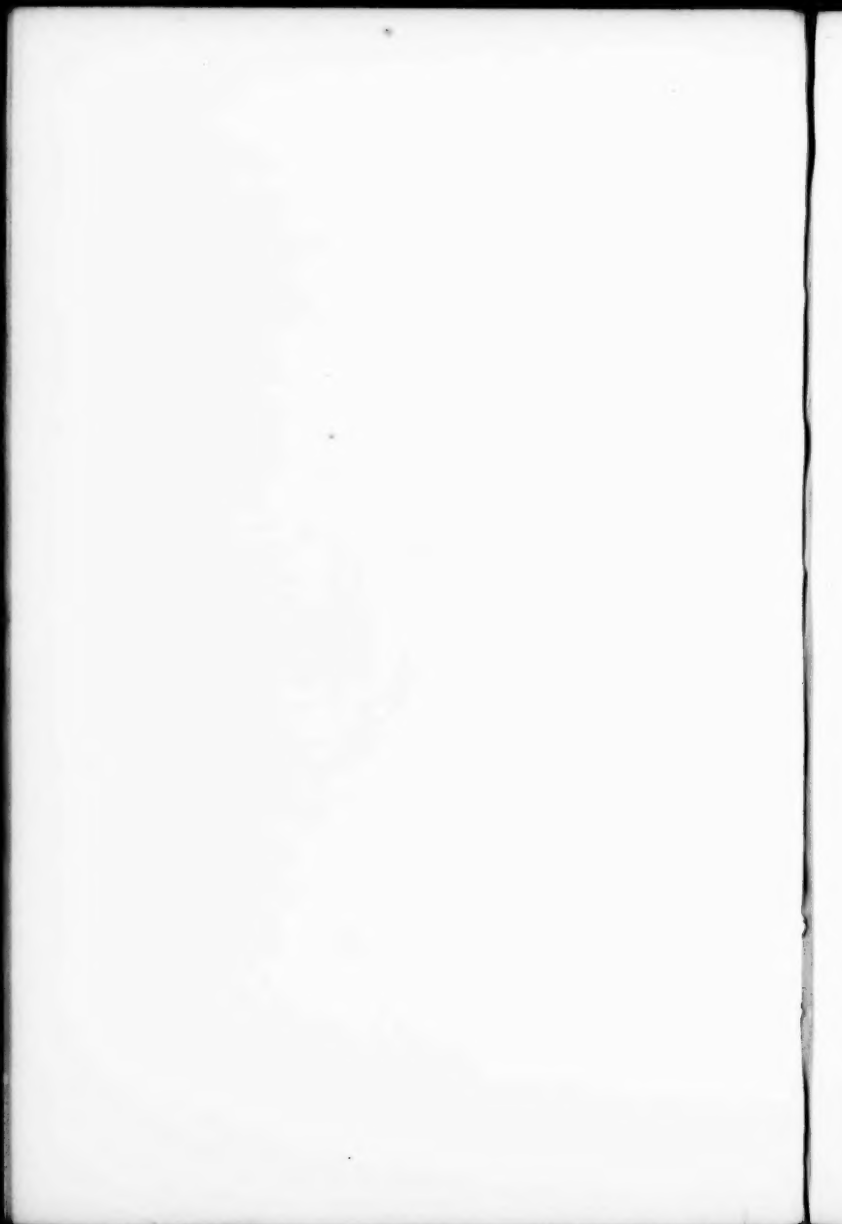
SONG OF THE FISHER'S BRIDE.

Rest, rest, thou gentle Sea,
Like a giant laid to sleep ;
Rest, rest when day shall flee,
And the stars their bright watch keep ;
For *his* boat is on thy wave,
And he must toil and roam,
Till the flowing tide shall lave
Our dear and happy home.

Wake not, thou changeful Sea,
Wake not in wrath and power ;
Oh ! bear *his* bark to me,
'Ere the darksome midnight lower.
For the heart will heave a sigh,
When the loved one 's on the deep ;
But when angry storms are nigh,
What can Mary do — but weep ?



THE FINNEAS BRIDE.



THE INVITATION.

Upon the field, the stream, the tree,
Shines out the sun right cheerily,
 And o'er the grass
The breeze sweeps freshly, bending low
Bluebells and all meek flowers that blow,
 As it doth pass.

There is no sadness on the earth ;
She smiles, and with a smile of mirth,
 For see around
Her youngest-born disporting free,
The lambs, the green leaves on the tree,
 The buds unbound.

Come forth ! it is the hour for you
From off the mead to brush the dew,
 With footfall light:
Than your sweet eyes that shine so gay,
There is no beam more fair to-day,
 My maiden bright !

THE PARTING.

You and I, now, side by side,
Standing by this rippling tide,
Here we part, and who may say,
We shall meet, another day,
True to promise, in short space
Holding converse face to face?
Lips may utter, checking grief,
That the absence shall be brief;
But the heart, contemning guile,
Speaks in sadder phrase the while,
Whispering perchance we twain
Sever now, like clouds in rain,
Never more to meet again:
And the hands are clasped more fast,
And the tears burst forth at last.

THE OLD LETTER-BOX.

"He suffered, but his pangs are o'er,
Enjoyed, but his delights are fled,
Had friends,—his friends are now no more,
And foes—his foes are dead."

* * * * *

"He loved, but whom he loved, the grave
Has lost in its unconscious womb,
O, she was fair, but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb."

READER, hast thou ever visited one of those ancient farm-houses of New England, which stand as the monuments of her colony days? If so, the old shell that has housed the Stillingwoods of Stoneham for four generations, will need no very particular description. The last of the race has now gone to his rest, and left the time-honored domicile to tenants who not only tread careless over the ashes of the dead, but lay Vandal hands on the classic monuments of their departed friendships and vanished associations. While recently passing the old weather-worn mansion, I saw a company of carpenters around it, making preparation for its destruction, that its place might be occupied by a tenement fitted to the taste

of more modern refinement. For more than a hundred years the Stillingwoods had found it all they desired in a habitation ; and had they survived even to the tenth generation, sacrilegious hands would never have been suffered to meddle with the furniture even, that had become consecrated as the common keepsakes of the race, much less to meddle with the moss-grown roof, or to deface the venerated walls that surrounded the chamber where the renowned Ichabod Stillingwood, Esq., famous in the days of Indian wars, had died.

There are occasions of special interest with all things, different from that which arises from ordinary changes in their condition or fortune. One of these occasions is the period of death, or of destruction to long cherished and endeared objects. I had been beside the death-bed of the aged Isaac, the last of the family, who had erected and occupied this habitation, and now my impressions prompted me to take a last farewell of their old dwelling, that had so long withstood the wear of time, and the beatings of stormy winds, while its inmates had, one after another, tottered under the burdens of age, down to the resting place of the dead.

I entered the door with the impressions of solemn awe, that would be induced by the consciousness of being in the favorite haunts of departed spirits. For I have sometimes entertained the opinion, that the dead linger long amidst the scenes dear to them in life ; and when this impression once gets possession of the heart, it is seldom banished, because it is dear

to human sensibility. Indeed, I expected almost to meet the ghosts of Ichabod, of Simpson, of Stephen and Isaac Stillingwood, who had lived here in succession, as worthy heads of families, and that they would come up to rebuke the profane purpose that was entertained of destroying the venerable mansion. But I soon found that my sympathies met no response in the hearts of its present inmates, and that the spirits of these worthy patriarchs might as well refrain from rebuking the sacrilege about to be committed, and content themselves with controlling such matters as Providence had subjected to their jurisdiction in the other world; for the principle that *might makes right*, entertained by their successors, as well as by the great mass of men, would defy the dictation of ghosts or devils.

For, when I had introduced myself to the mistress of the family, I found she had scarcely heard of the Stillingwoods; and to remarks on the endeared recollections suggested by the objects around me, she exulted that herself and husband were about to get rid of "the wretched old hovel, in which she had been brought to live, and have a dwelling more suitable for the entertainment of strangers and comfortable for themselves." She uttered imprecations on almost every object in the house, however high it had been valued by its former possessors. Even the chair in which Gen. Washington had once sat at dinner was declared to be suitable only for oven-wood; and the old kitchen fire-place, which appeared to have been constructed to consume the superabundant

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forests, rather than to warm the house, did not find protection in having once been the door of entrance to witches in the shape of black cats and other midnight apparitions, nor in its association with the remembrance of the jocose family parties, that on Christmas eve, and other holidays, had gathered around its blazing pile. Even the room in which the ancient Ichabod had died, had ceased to be a "*sanc-tum sanctorum*," and was spoken of as a lumber room, to which members of the family were directed for any species of rubbish they might inquire for.

When as yet I had scarcely commenced my contemplation, preparations for the destruction of the venerated ruin had already commenced. I remonstrated, but in vain. Old chairs, tables, light-stands, bedsteads and boxes, began to pour down from the garret and chambers, and a look of impatience on the part of mine hostess indicated a desire for my departure. But, mingling with the workmen, I made free use of a Yankee's liberty, and followed them into every nook and corner that they were now ransacking, in hopes that some precious relic of the Stillingwood family might be secured, to honor my antiquarian cabinet, and on which I might bestow a respect worthy of its former possessors. The old "*firelock*," that had fought the battles of the Revolution, and won glory in the old French and Indian wars, here caught my eye from hooks in the garret, where it had hung unmolested for forty years, and there I saw the sword which the brave Ichabod had taken from a French officer in the battle of Lake

George. I felt a secret impulse to take them away ; but though I could honor the patriotism to which they testified, I persuaded myself that they were hardly suitable keepsakes for a professed friend of peace. They were presently hurled down from their places, and adjudged to the hammer of a neighboring blacksmith.

"Here," said one of the workmen, "is a box of old papers that will answer as fuel to boil our pot-luck for dinner."

"Yes," I replied, "as the senseless Egyptian drags the mummy from its catacomb, and uses it for a like object !" I perceived the box contained the family correspondence of the Stillingwoods, and felt prompted to some indignation, at the impious profanity with which I conceived it was treated. "Young man," I continued, "*you* will soon or late die—and what think you of a fire being kindled at your tomb with your broken coffin and mouldering flesh, to cook the dinner of some gypsey wanderer ! In that box are the relics of the mind and soul of the departed Stillingwoods ! How much more precious are these than the frail bodies in which they sojourned !"

Having given expression to my feelings, I seized the box, and with the consent of those present, hasted with it away. My pleasure at such an acquisition was changed, however, to pain, on turning for a last fond view of the doomed mansion, and hearing the busy clatter of the workmen employed in its demolition. That night the bleak winds blew over its heap of ruins ; but the spirit of the departed Stillingwoods

never afterwards, as formerly, responded to their howling moan. For the last of the race perished from the remembrance of the neighborhood, and the careering storm sunk back on its own dark murmurs, when it looked down on the place they had occupied, and asked an impulse, in its march, from the music of the dead.

Shortly after, I left the region of Stoneham for a distant part of the country ; but the old letter-box has been my constant companion, and has been preserved as the apple of my eye. For in its effusions of friendship and sorrow, its epistles of condolence and congratulation, I find the counterpart of my own varied sensibilities. It contains indeed a record of the hopes and fears, the purposes and disappointments, in the life of man. Here is the confession of the wayward prodigal to his injured father—and anon, the death-knell of the distant friend is repeated in language of fervent and broken-hearted affection perhaps to the guardian of his early youth, and now again to me to whom its subject is but an individual of the undistinguished mass of the forgotten dead. The rise and fall of business interest, and the pressure of such times as have tried men's souls, find among these musty papers their true and simple record. And love, that pure and holy flame inspired by heaven, to soften the asperities and soothe the anxieties of life,—to cement the union of kindred hearts and diffuse a charm over this bleak and miserable world, has left its taper yet burning, amidst these relics of the departed. It burns here with the same

chaste, pure, undying flame with which it once animated the hearts of the living, and not in the mockery of friendship as the sepulchral lamp in the urn of the departed pagan. Religion, too, has here recorded the yearnings of pious hearts for the immortal welfare of beloved kindred. The mother's prayer, the father's solemn counsels, the brother's earnest expostulation, and the sister's affectionate entreaty, testify the sincerity of Christian hopes, and the prospective contemplation of the great and last judgment.

The lives and fortunes of many, whose names would else have perished from the earth, are disclosed in these letters, some of which have been preserved from the first emigration of the Stillingwoods to this country. It is chiefly for the interesting incidents disclosed in the fortune of some connected with the Stillingwoods that I have penned this sketch.

From what is not proper to transcribe here at length, we gather, that a family by the name of Wingfield were among the early settlers of Stoneham, and that they lived at no great distance from the Stillingwoods. Lieutenant Wingfield had been an officer in the British navy, but had retired, in consequence of wounds received in the service, which disabled him for the duties of his station. To an amiable temper and disposition, he added the most sterling patriotism, and the sympathies of his heart looked only to the glory of the British name. A son, the cherished idol of his affections, was assigned to a sea life, in

the hope that he might become the star of promise to British interests on American shores. The spirit of black *toryism* had not arisen at this early period, and loyalty to a British king was among the cherished virtues of the people.

With the Wingfield and Stillingwood families, the greatest intimacy had subsisted—and it was not strange that this should have ripened into the attachment of sincere affection between the youthful Charles Wingfield and Ellen Stillingwood. In a word, they loved each other, and before Charles was sent to sea, they had come to identify their interests in the world with each other's fortunes.

When the day appointed arrived, and Charles left the paternal roof to commence his adventurous life, he lingered yet an hour at the door of the worthy Ichabod Stillingwood, the father of his beloved Ellen—where plighted vows are said to have been repeated with the same confidence, as if the winds and floods created no contingencies. Brushing a tear-drop from his eye, and commending his loved one to the favor of heaven, Charles hastened to Boston, where the vessel in which he was to sail was ready for sea. It was an armed brig, destined on a trading cruise to the Indian Ocean, designated the "*Flying Eagle*." * * * *

Month after month passed away, and Ellen heard nothing from her absent lover. The ignorance of the state of different seas, which prevailed at that day, and the swarms of pirates, which infested the ocean, left room for a thousand bitter apprehensions

of what might have befallen Charles, during his long absence. One year, and month after month on the second passed, and all inquiries for the Flying Eagle were answered only by the vague and ceaseless roar of the restless ocean.

During this interval, a young man, by the name of McGoffin, came to reside in Stoneham. He was a person of cultivated manners, and affable, fascinating address. Being frequently at the Stillingwood house, where he received every etiquette and civility due to a respectable stranger; he became apparently pleased with Ellen; and taking advantage of her impressions from the long absence of Charles, ventured to offer his addresses. She had been pleased with his appearance, but such a proposition was altogether unexpected under the circumstances. She told him frankly that her engagements would preclude her encouraging his attentions; besides, she did not feel that he was sufficiently known in the neighborhood, to warrant his making such a proposal.

Though McGoffin was thus non-plussed, he did not feel himself defeated. From that moment, the intention was apparent in his proceedings, to possess himself of the beautiful and accomplished Ellen. He too it was said was devoted to the sea, and usually sailed as master of a schooner in the service of the Boston merchants.

It was for the purpose of spending the pastime of a month on shore, that he professed to visit Stoneham. But he found one pretext or other, for remain-

ing in the neighbourhood, until nearly the whole summer was passed.

The interest for the fate of Charles Wingfield deepened in the hearts of his friends, and since the third year of his absence commenced, he began to be given up as lost; when they were suddenly surprised with the information, that he had been seen in Boston, for a few days; and that he had then *shipped* on board a vessel for Europe. They could hardly credit this report, but as it was brought by McGoffin directly from the town, there was little ground upon which it could be disputed. McGoffin represented that he had seen him, personally, having been introduced to him by one of Charles's old acquaintances.

Upon the receipt of this information, Ellen was left to the bitter apprehension that her confidence had been betrayed, and that Charles had found other objects of attraction, which superseded herself in his affections.

McGoffin was wary in taking advantage of these impressions in the mind of Ellen, but he had insinuated himself into the confidence of the Stillingwood family, and he felt less apprehensive of repulse in his advances than formerly. When he again ventured to declare his affections, Ellen kindly pledged a consideration of the matter. Still she felt some misgivings in forgetting her hopes in Charles, as there might be some mistake in the information received; and more, in committing her interests for life to another, who might prove as perfidious. But she was overpersuaded by the counsel of friends.

There is an expression of her feelings under these trials, in the following :

"TO MY ONCE DEAR AND CHERISHED CHARLES WINGFIELD:—
It is certain that we once loved each other, but what fate—what evil influence—what wayward spirit has occasioned such inconstancy. The pathway across the lawn around our dwelling is still bordered with the same sweet flowers, as when, in each other's arms, we rambled playfully to pluck the wild nosegay and talk of love, so sweetly shadowed forth in the green foliage of the forest, and in the summer landscape. But now, even the blithesome gaieties of nature cannot dissipate from my heart the sad memories of departed hopes. And is my dearest gone? forever gone! yes, 'tis too true—I have learned that you still live, and that you have once come back to your native land, and again departed; without so much as inquiring, if one who received the pledge of your heart, may yet have escaped the murderous savage that has in your absence infested our settlement. The flower, you once looked upon with pleasure, may droop and die, and command no glance from your perverted eye—no tear from your obdurate heart! It was due to virtue to have said thus much, ere my heart buried its chosen one forever; and turned to one who proffers his protection and his all. I make no reproaches—a work I leave for conscience. In the hours of silent reflection, may heaven and penitence relieve you from the bitterness of its stings. But may God forgive *me* these expressions, which find an apology only in the pang which *falsehood* inflicts on woman's heart.

"In the word, *Adieu*, would that I could bid farewell to all the remembrance of the past; that thy phantom charms which cloak a false and wicked heart, might no longer be the subject of my dreams. But sighs for faded hopes are the bitterness of death to the victim of your cruelty, the much injured,

"ELLEN STILLINGWOOD."

It was a day of deep interest to the Stillingwood neighborhood that was to witness the nuptials of McGoffin and Ellen. Its anticipation did not however excite those feelings of joyous hilarity usual on

such occasions, for there were many who associated it with the remembrance of Charles Wingfield, and to them it was as the burial scene of this beloved youth. Old Lieutenant Wingfield was not the least interested; for, though he had been left so long to painful uncertainty about the fate of his son, still, the story related of his return and departure appeared so improbable that he could not forbear to remonstrate with the father of Ellen against the course which she had been constrained to pursue with his advice and consent.

There was much apprehension of evil to the beloved Ellen, in the public mind, instead of those joyful sympathies to which her prospects seemed to entitle her. For though more than a year had passed since McGoffin's introduction to the place, and during this time there had been nothing in his conduct worthy of reproach, yet there were suspicious eyes to interpret his character, and to give currency to any floating rumors affecting his reputation. Even his residence in the place was said to be occasioned by a want of confidence in him, on the part of his employers. And worse suggestions were even made respecting the nature of his employment at sea.

McGoffin, having settled preliminaries, and the day for his marriage, had left Stoneham, as he proposed to spend the intervening months in making a coasting voyage to Philadelphia. The day drew near for his return and preparations for the wedding were in progress, when a stranger called one morning at Mr. Stillingwood's and left some letters, which were found

to bear the signature of McGoffin and were addressed to Ellen. The one first opened was merely an envelope for the others and contained a brief note in which McGoffin announced his return to Boston and his intention of being at Stoneham according to appointment on the following week, and it referred to the letters enclosed as some musings penned during his voyage. In one of these he took occasion to speak of the "*faithless Charles Wingfield*," as he expressed himself, and to declare his own abiding constancy. He insinuated how fortunate Ellen had been, in escaping the hands of such perfidy, to find such genuine fidelity in her present *adorer*.

But what was Ellen's surprise on finding among this parcel, the following letters bearing the signature of Charles Wingfield ! How these came in the hands of McGoffin, was a mystery ; and why he should communicate them to her, while they left room for the darkest suspicions against his character, was still more inexplicable. The expression of such sentiments as these contain, by one who, she supposed, had forsaken her forever, and more than this the remembrance of the injustice of her expressions in the note already copied, which McGoffin had triumphantly carried to Boston at her request, and deposited in the post-office ; that on his return Charles might meet her rebukes as his first greeting from his country, gave place in her bosom, to hope mingled with shame for what she had done, and fear that her own spirit under a supposed provocation might yet prove the occasion of her ruin. She stood motion-

less and amazed, at the sight of these tokens of affection from her dearest Charles, until she fainted under her various emotions. But to the letters—

“ * * * It seems indeed, sometimes, that the ocean is shoreless and this voyage is to lead me on forever amidst the tumbling billows; or leave me to linger life away in waveless calms, with the cold ethereal sky above, to sympathise with my friendships, and with my anxieties to see my native hills and meet the happy greeting of my dearest but too long neglected Ellen Stillingwood. But, I thank God, that true love can give life and joy to the despairing heart pent up in the solitude of the ocean. Yes, dear Ellen, as the distant *mirage* plays its phantasies to cheer and disappoint us, I often fancy that through the distant vapor I discover half obscured, thy sylph-like form dancing upon the green hill sides of my native neighborhood. As the illusion vanishes, I am still comforted with the persuasion that the lovely, the confiding, the virtuous Ellen, can never vanish from my heart.

“ But when shall I return and fulfil my plighted vows in receiving thy hand at the sacred altar? Ask the winds and waves or mayhap the bloody corsair. But I will spare you the tale of ocean's dangers. For though I yield to the soft and kindly sympathies of woman's love, I have a sailor's heart, that fears neither the lightning's flame, the whelming surge, the fierce pirate or any murderous brigand. If I die, I leave you perhaps to the arms of the selfish and ungrateful, but may heaven be merciful—Grateful annunciation at this moment of ‘a sail in the offing!’—A Schooner is bearing down to bespeak us. Well, thank heaven, it shall bear this pledge of remembrance to thee, my dearest friend. Thy long lost lover shall yet again express his interest in thee, and thy welfare. I must to my post, so adieu. CHARLES WINGFIELD ”

—
“ BRIG FLYING EAGLE, off the Coast of Africa, * * ”

“ Dearest Ellen—Never imagine that the hardness of a sailor's life can render my heart callous to the sympathies of love. I should indeed have come to feel at home on the ocean, were it not for the remembrance of thee. Long, very long, have we been separated, but while it has probably been your pleasure to receive my broken

scrolls, which I have committed to such vessels as we have occasionally fallen in with ; from you, I have not heard, since the precious morning on which I left Stoneham. But be assured that you become doubly dear to my remembrance, through the delays which adverse providences have thrown in the way of my return ; and I hope, that our meeting will be thrice happy from this delay, when we are permitted to realise such a pleasure. You will be gratified to learn that we are now homeward bound, by the way of London, and that I expect to see you at Stoneham a few months hence.

"It is one of the peculiar felicities of our nature, that when the objects of genuine affection are once chosen, they can never be forgotten nor voluntarily forsaken. Be assured, my dearest Ellen, that neither the aromatic gales of Asiatic climes, the pomp and splendor of eastern courts, nor the gold and jewels of Hindostan, can attract my heart from the grateful remembrance of thee. Were it not for the persuasion that such a flower still blooms, and still manifests the charms of virtuous attractions, in the dearest spot on earth, my wished-for home ; there could be but desolation to me in all this wide earth. But this persuasion, though it has so long been sustained only by hope, is still the life of my enjoyments. It leaves my buoyant heart free to revel in the contemplation of nature's charms as presented by earth and sea, and sun and starlit skies. Yes, it is the antidote for despondency in the hour of gloom and danger, like the sea-bird's joyful note, mingled with the storm's wild confusion. For it speaks this simple word, 'confidence,' to the heart ; and thus becomes the bow of promise in life's lowering sky—the grateful token of departing storms. It is, my dearest Ellen, that in imagination I see thee now, in all the charms of innocence and love, that I am enabled to keep this night-watch with cheerfulness and composure, while clouds rest down—on the very sea around me. A companion is at the helm as I pencil these lines by the waning light in the binnacle, while the waves are slumbering for an hour,—perhaps to gather strength for our destruction.

"Ever Yours,

"CHARLES WINGFIELD."

If the discovery of these letters produced a great sensation at Stoneham, the people were more sur-

prised the very next morning on learning, through a Boston newspaper, the "Arrival of the Brig *Flying Eagle*, from Calcutta, Charles Wingfield, master :"—(the captain and first mate having died on the voyage).

McGoffin came in town on the following week, flushed with his success, and exulting in his anticipated conquest. But what was his surprise on finding the door of the worthy Ichabod Stillingwood closed against him ; and the people about town ready to treat him with insult and indignity. He began to inquire with himself, the occasion of this change—it was soon apprehended, on his learning that Charles Wingfield was expected in town that week—and that the base falsehood which he had reported, of having seen him in Boston, was exposed, by the publication of his return from the East Indies, already noticed.

He bethought himself of certain letters, which he supposed he had in his possession, from Charles to Ellen ; one of which he had taken from Charles's own hand, at sea ; and the other was brought from sea by the master of a vessel, and entrusted to him for conveyance to Stoneham. While he had detained these letters, their discovery upon him would disclose his treachery, and make him the victim of popular indignation. With this impression, he hastened to his lodgings, threw open his trunks in search of the letters—when lo ! these were gone, and in their place, certain letters which he himself had written to Ellen,

lay before him. These last he supposed he had sent in the package already referred to.

What a fatal mistake! His own hands had signed the death-warrant of his hopes!—Those letters which had first informed him of the existence and character of Ellen Stillingwood, and suggested the base purpose of ruining the hopes of a wandering sailor and of his dearest earthly friend, had gone to disclose the blackness of his own character to his intended victims. He prepared immediately to leave town lest he might witness the congratulations of the people in the triumphs of virtue and integrity, and the discovery of his treacherous baseness. The scorn of an insulted community would be sure to visit him on the return of Charles to make a full development of his conduct.

But how far was this fortune from meeting his expectations? The second day after, had been appointed as his wedding day, but as a miserable vagabond, he was glad to steal away from town.

There was scarcely time to inquire for McGoffin, before Charles's arrival was announced. Fortune had crowned his adventure, and it was obvious from his manners that the experience of his voyage had contributed to the formation of a generous, manly character, befitting the station which he had been called to occupy.

Mutual explanations were soon had between Charles and Ellen, and mutual forgiveness was expressed and each felt grateful in the recovery of their long lost but dearest earthly jewel. I need not describe the

scene of their meeting. It is sufficient to say, that it was every way worthy of two such devoted hearts. The wedding preparations at the Stillingwood house were not lost; for on the day that Ellen had expected to bestow her hand on the base, deceiving McGoffin, she was led to the sacred altar by Charles Wingfield, the chosen one of her youth, where the parish minister invoked the benediction of heaven upon their married life.

Charles received from his father, a respectable landed estate, and circumstances no longer required that he should follow the adventures of the sea. But he felt that in these times of danger, he must be at the service of his country; and whatever might be the sacrifice on the part of Ellen, she, too, felt her heart inspired by the patriotism which the trials of the early colonists promoted, and consented cheerfully that Charles should again commit himself to the dangers of the sea, in the prosecution of an enterprise essential to the public safety.

Frequent piracies had been committed in the very vicinity of the colonies. A recent instance of such a robbery accompanied by atrocious murders, had incited the colonial government to fit out an armed vessel for the destruction of these marauders. The brig *Flying Eagle* was chartered and fitted out for this service; and Charles Wingfield was appointed to the command. When three days at sea, they fell in with the wreck of a small vessel adrift, that exhibited strong marks of piratical depredations. On nearing it they found their suspicions confirmed.

Two headless bodies still lay on the deck, and other indications of pillage showed, but too plainly, that a horrid piracy had been committed. Thwarted justice looked round with deep anxiety for its guilty perpetrators, but the watery waste could tell no tales—not an object, save the floating relics of murderous horror before them, could be descried by those on board the Flying Eagle. It was determined to cruise two or three days in the vicinity, in the hope of falling in with the piratical craft. The following night was foggy and dark, and Capt. Wingfield found it necessary to bear off from the direction of land, near which, he supposed, the pirates had taken refuge. The night wore heavily away, the watch below had turned in, and were slumbering soundly, while that on deck were leaning carelessly upon the railings and companion-way, whiling away the gloomy hours in various talk, when the vessel experienced a tremendous concussion, from contact with some uncertain object. Crash—crash—heard in quick succession in the midst of the darkness, and raking creaks along the side of the vessel, left, for a second, those on board to the impressions of shipwreck and a watery grave. Every man was on deck in a moment. But before time elapsed for inquiry—“*Schooner Ahoy!*” from a person on the “*quarter,*” announced the nature of their danger, and the faint appearance of a vessel *astern* was discriminated settling into the wake of the Flying Eagle. Capt. Wingfield found on examination, that no damage had been sustained by his vessel, and determined to

remain as near as possible where he then was; in the hope, that the morning might afford light to disclose the character of the vessel he had so unceremoniously greeted.

During the morning watch, the clouds dissipated and at dawn a schooner was discovered over the *lar-board quarter*, with her bowsprit gone, her masts carried away and otherwise damaged as to render her completely unmanageable. Capt. Wingfield immediately prepared to bespeak her; but what was his surprise to discover on board an assay of preparation for contest. "*Pirates! pirates!*" was uttered by every voice on board the Eagle. Seeing the guns of the Eagle and hearing a little of their music withal, the pirates took to their boats and hoisting sails, desperately attempted to drive an escape before the wind. But it was in vain; the guns of the Eagle shattered their boats to splinters, and left them struggling in the water. Refusing still to surrender, one after another sunk to rise no more, till all were gone, save one to whom a rope was handed and who consented to be drawn on board the Eagle.

But what was Capt. Wingfield's surprise to find in the person rescued, the master of a schooner to whom, more than two years before, he had delivered despatches for his friends at Stoneham, among which was the first letter to Ellen Stillingwood which we have before copied. He was no other than the despicable McGoffin. The schooner in which, he acknowledged, he sailed as master, afforded abundant evidence of his guilt of piracy; and viewing his fate

as now sealed, he made confession of crimes in this way of life, beyond any apprehension of the public at that day.

McGoffin did not recognize the person of his captor, until Capt. Wingfield addressed him in the following words: "Your crimes have overtaken you at last. A just providence has seen their enormity, and has through the mysterious events of the past night, delivered you to the hand of justice. It is not for your falsehood to Ellen Stillingwood, and your treachery to myself, that I exult in your fall. But the blood of your murdered victims have cried to heaven and required that I should rejoice in the triumphs of justice and the punishment of the guilty wretch, who would seek the destruction of innocence and virtue as well as life. I would be noble-hearted and generous as well as brave, but my duty requires that you should be secured in irons, until I shall deliver you to the tribunals of my country, whose laws you have insulted and outraged; they will no doubt accord to you your proper doom."

It need only be added that McGoffin suffered at Boston the penalty of the law, and confessed on the gallows that his sentence was just—if not for his piracy, for his treachery to a respectable wife and three children, whose estate he had squandered and whom he had left to wretchedness and poverty, in Virginia, while he gave himself up to practise falsehood and deception, to ruin the virtuous and confiding.

I only add further, that Charles Wingfield acquitted

himself honorably in this and several similar enterprises ; and then returned to the enjoyments of domestic life. Though the devoted Ellen was spared but a few years, her soothing and kind attentions made these, years of felicity, and she shed along the pathway of her existence, the light of virtue, that is remembered and cherished in heaven, though her grave and her name on earth, may be forgotten forever.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

ONCE darkness reigned the monarch of the deep,
Her realm, the place the universe now holds,
Oblivion's void, where God appeared to sleep,
Wrapped, from conception, in deep mystery's folds.

Then *darkness* was the *subject* and the *Crown*.
The universe, in her unfathomed zone,
Slept,—was unconceived;—Her moody frown
Was, but else was not—ere embryo-forms were known.

* * * * *

But hark ! that thunder—*sound*, how strange thou art !
Comes pealing from the awful depths of night,
In tones distinctive, bidding night depart ;
'Tis God's command, "*Light be*"—and there was light.

God *looked* the vision, from his cloud-wrapt throne,
And livid flames, athwart the sombre gloom,
As lightning, spread, and widening fearful shone
Through heaven and what has proved the fallen spirit's tomb.

Thus DARKNESS fell, but yet again to rise,
For, if o'er sense, has her dominion ceased,
She has tyrant dungeons yet, for moral eyes,
To hide from spiritual view the path of peace.

Speak, yet again, thou dread Omnipotence,
"*Let there be Light*," that man deluded, vain,
May grope no more, the slave of sin and sense,
His downward path to sorrow, guilt and shame.

Ah, Thou hast spoken : light was in the earth,
And we, poor blinded mortals knew it not ;
We saw the star which glorified the birth
Of Jesus, light of truth and life, and still his precepts all forgot.

Forgive our blindness, blessed Immanuel,
And let thy light, forever in our breast,
Our beacon prove, that subtle wiles of hell
May ne'er succeed to rob us of thy rest.

LOST IMAGES.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

If the impressions, which have been the lights and shadows of the soul, were fixed like the daguerreotype portrait, in all their completeness and perfection in the memory of mankind, genius would find no more occasion for exhausting labor; poetry, all abandon, would sink back listless among the flowers around her grotto—lulled by the sublime, enchanting and deep passion-tones of nature and of life. Nature would wear an imagery and breathe a spirit as much above the vapid conceptions of conceited genius, as the works of Deity are above the foolish creations of men. That is, poetry herself would come into the arena to the joy of the delighted throng, instead of delegating some hapless wooer of her smiles, to read dull lectures on her history. But as in the physical so in the intellectual world, whatever is the most beautiful is the most transient and fading. As Mrs. Hemans makes the dying Mozart to say:

"I strive with yearnings vain the spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll."

And so it is: Life's sweetest charms are but the day-dreams of hope, that pass away ere their form and features are impressed on the memory. We know that wild music-tones have touched the chords of the soul, but the spirit-bird that waked the sublime passion is lost in the distant wilderness of clouds that gather on the track of retreating time. These phantasms, which are at once the joy and delight, the regrets and sorrows of life, exist only as the spirits of the dead hovering over the grave of departed hopes. We feel them to be near us, but woo the sight of them in vain. They were, perhaps, the offspring of our intellectual loves, but they have found an early death and a nameless grave, and we seek in vain for their hallowed dust over which to shed a tear of grateful remembrance. It is thus our affections wander in the land of dreams, and are wasted in fruitless reveries. The vague and uncertain charms of buried years still make their hold upon the heart, but if Genius is seated on her proud throne, she finds it a mountain crag, and her dominion a barren desolation. Passion, and pleasure, and hope are dead, the flowers and the jewels of life are buried, and Genius has her only task in working out the requiem of a departing world.

But we lift our eyes and look toward heaven, and lo! the faded charms and memories of life have place in their youthful freshness in that blessed realm. We find what we had lost—for which we searched and searched in vain in every lone retreat. Joys, that transient came and went, to poor pilgrims in this

vale of tears, are there revealed, the offspring of the light and glory of heaven's love. Genius, even, has a kingdom there, and sports her powers by heaven's pure fountains. All her imagery *abides*, although unwritten, bright as the morning stars that sang together at earth's creation. She breathes in tireless joy the harmony of eternal song.

Ah, Genius! leave thy wandering with the dead, and let thy spirit soar to rest with God.

OUR "LEGISLATIVE."

THE term *democrat*, though a most unpoetical and homely one, has been fortunate like the multitude of ugly-phizzed gentry, who contrive to get into the current, and from their utility in accomplishing certain ends, become exceedingly popular. This name is one that is in power, and hence is not only courted by the humblest citizen, but is the badge of distinction, which the most honored statesman is proud to wear.

How could such a name come to honor, when man is universally an *aristocrat* ! He is so, indeed, in his own feelings, in the ambition of his purposes, and in his pride of self-consequence ; but the moment he begins to reason concerning his fellow men and community in general, he appreciates the necessity of controlling that love of power which he suspects to predominate in the minds of other people, as well as with himself, by some settled principles of equal rights and justice. Democracy is nobody's darling pet, the favorite of nobody's affections, but the child of reason, which every person is compelled to adopt, who would act for the general interest. Democracy, indeed, becomes a favorite, when man has learned to

sacrifice his personal feelings and interests, and to feel for the public good and general welfare. But, whether such sacrifice be really made or not, its appearance must be manifested by every candidate for public confidence and trust. For, in this country, "*democracy*" has, with every party, become the only watchword that will secure admission to place or power. Here then in its utility, we have a clue to the reason why it has become so popular, while at the same time it is so naturally and so universally hateful to man.

But I did not set out in this paper to make a disquisition on the elements of political philosophy, but only to relate some incidents in the life of a *simon pure* democrat of our mountains. I say *simon pure*, because I shall here question no man's pretensions, and attach myself to the interests of no party.

Our Jonathan—who, by the way, was christened under the name of Peter, and known as Peter Single—told the people plainly he wanted office, and electioneered for himself with as much zeal as the most fanatical of his party.

Not to have done with preliminaries, we may state that Peter Single had his birth on one of those rocky hills of old Connecticut which has been so remarkable for the production of clock pedlars, dealers in wooden nutmegs, basswood pumpkin seeds, &c., &c.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and among his own kindred." So Peter thought, when he found that his early affectation of political consequence met with jeers and taunts for

the sins of old Sam Single's mean and dirty race. He was not exactly either the bore of the neighborhood or the laughing stock of the town, but he came so near them, that a little smutty taverner, at whose house he made the debut and unceasing continuance of his political harangues, declared that "though Peter might be a *genius*, for aught he knew, yet were it not for the profit of a gin-cocktail, which his swaggering bets now and then drew forth from his decanters, he would gladly see his house relieved from his noise and clamor."

But Peter could not make headway against the aristocracy and "*decency*" of old Connecticut. The *Scholastic* influence that had shaped her popular mind had left no prominent position for such an upstart of conceit as himself—he could not shoulder *that* commonwealth! Hence, he must forever wade in the mire of insignificance, or seek out some position that afforded a pathway for his rising in the world.

He had heard of the renowned "*Green Mountain Boys*," and the fancy took him, that they were made up of some such materials as himself. "I should have been honorable among such a race of heroes," thought he, "had I lived in the chivalric days of Ethan Allen."

"I will go to Vermont," said Peter; but he shuddered as he thought of dreary woodlands, bleak and piercing winters, and cheerless log cabins, which he imagined still made up the scenes of human existence up in the corner of creation to which his footsteps were bent: "but I shall be compensated for

sacrifices, and he is unfit for honor who is not prepared to make any. Bonaparte more than once snuffed the freezing gales from the snow-clad Alps, and I'll be whipped if I think Vermont is colder. Besides, the scattered settlers there, though they were formerly said to be very courageous, have lately become as *green* as a frog in a mill-pond, and the way I shall gather them around me in admiration will be a caution. Those '*green horns*' will doubtless make me a judge, or captain of militia, or member of assembly; and the way I shall figure wont be slow."

Well; the next scene in our story exhibits Peter, on an autumnal morning, with a pack on his back, and a huge hickory cane in his hand, trudging up the Connecticut. Gin and politics were still his favorite companions, but as change was scarce with him, he had slipped a bottle of "New England" into a side-pocket, which he occasionally introduced to new-made acquaintances, with "Sir, wont you have something to *drink*?" accompanied with an eulogy to liberty and a tirade against *temperance* men and temperance societies. But the face of the country, the towns and villages, and the bearing and manners of the people looked, for all the world, so much like Connecticut, he hardly imagined that he was beyond the jurisdiction of his own ancient commonwealth, when he had proceeded already far up into the *settlements* of Vermont. So he trudged on, till he came to where the country bore the appearance his fancy had given to the State, and the people looked as green

as new hatched goslings. "Here," said he to himself, "I'll make my fortune."

So he introduced himself to the inhabitants, bargained for land, projected the erection of mills, and told of wonderful enterprises he designed to prosecute, all for the benefit of the place. But he carefully concealed that he had not a single dollar in his pocket with which to pay for land, build mills, or even to pay for his board at a log cabin where he had taken lodgings; and what was still worse, he had come up in life such a *regular built loafer*, that himself and work had never had any fellowship, and never would have. * * * *

As the human mind conceives a reluctance of being made the gazing stock of the public, while it labors for the development of its mighty conceptions, I shall pass over some two or three years of Peter's history with no particular notice of the rise or fall of his political fortunes. I shall only mention that he was a faithful and constant friend, and gin-sling and New England, his early chosen companions, never wanted for entertainment at his fireside. Within this time he got married, built a hut which he called his own, was blessed with one or two children, but quarreled with his wife, who, after having received a severe castigation, left him to his own cogitations, while she exposed herself to the severity of a winter's journey of twenty miles on foot to reach the residence of her friends.

Peter conceived that his rights as a citizen had been violated by his wife in such a wanton act as running

away. So he put the usual notice in the newspapers: "*Left my bed and board, without any just cause or provocation, my wife Sally;*" &c. ; though it was a fact notorious in the neighborhood that he had never been the owner of a bed, save one that was composed of *cat-tails*, gathered by his wife from a neighboring swamp ; and if there was a table in his hut, it never presented many attractions for either a hungry man or woman. The notice closed in due form, by forbidding all persons to harbor or trust her on his account, and refusing to pay debts of her contracting, which appeared very odd, as Peter could get no credit on any account, and never paid a debt even of his own contracting. So much for the early history and a squint at the private life of our hero.

But hurrah for ever glorious politics ! whose magic wand spreads a veil over the reproaches of private character. Blessed politics, thou canst take up the wretch, sunken to the last resort of infamy and shame, and make him one of the most respectable men in all the world !

I shall be obliged to omit how zealously Peter figured in the political field, while these matters were transpiring in his private history ; how faithfully he discharged the honorable offices of hog-reeve, highway-surveyor, sargeant in the militia, to which he was successively chosen—how he kept his jugs filled with the real ardent, to treat his political friends, and what a sacrifice of private interest he made, in accepting these various public trusts.

But the part which Peter took in the great politi-

cal contest of the memorable year of —, deserves our more special attention. It is, indeed, at this point our story begins. For from this contest Peter came out, at the top of his ambition, the member of assembly from Wolf-Roost Hill. * * * We hear much prating by six by eight politicians, about the "*Rotten Borough*" system of old England, as if it were one of the most monstrous scandals upon human liberty ever conceived of. Now it must be noticed that Vermont can boast of dozens of *rotten boroughs*, which, by the provisions of her constitution, enjoy the same prerogative with less than a score of freemen, of sending a member to the Legislature, with the town of four thousand inhabitants. It was in one of these rotten boroughs that our Peter found his *locale*, and became the honorable representative of sixteen freemen, by a majority of two votes.

In the progress of this campaign Peter, with all his obscurity of birth and residence, and his reproach of general character, found himself a man of consequence. For it was intimated that in the county of —, which I do not choose to designate particularly, the political parties were so nearly balanced that the vote of the member from Wolf-roost Hill would probably determine the election of the county officers; hence this obscure mountain wilderness became the battle field, upon which the hostile parties threw in their forces for the desperate struggle that was at hand. A half score of lawyers and office-seekers from the county seat, conceived a wonderful concern all at once for the prosperity of the poor sojourners

at the Wolf-roost, and were seen as plenty as mustard at their houses, loaded down with papers filled with "*Wonderful Disclosures*," "*Official Villainies*," "*Extravagance*," "*Bargain and Corruption*," "*The People's Choice*," "*Warnings to Voters*," &c., &c. These they requested the privilege of leaving with the dear children or their mammas, as they might serve to give important information to the husbands.

Some of these dandies were extremely affable to our hero, and put up at his quarters and talked of the villainies of the other party over his jug of New England for whole nights together. But others, who labored for the opposite side, were quite shy and cautious. Peter imagined that, from his influence and consequence, he had become the subject of their fear, as well as the object of their hatred; and he talked as largely of his political enemies, as if he had been the prime minister of two Empires. When Peter had been sufficiently sounded by his cronies from abroad, they suggested the propriety of his being the candidate for representative, which he very willingly assented to, provided he could find any body in town to nominate him.

Two persons were soon found by these active co-adjutors, who, after a swig or two from Peter's jug, that was always at hand, were willing to stand in for the responsibility. The business needed no formal proceeding. All that was necessary was, for these individuals in connexion with the emissaries of the party from abroad, to go out and hurrah for Peter Single! the sterling patriot! the pure democrat! and

the talented and worthy citizen! to carry his election, as it were, by acclamation. But three days remained to freemen's meeting, and the business of electioneering now began in good earnest. Peter, himself, took the field, and called on Mr. A., Esq. B., Captain C., &c., to make an exposition of his views of political policy. Roads and poor-laws, and every thing that would cost the people money, were the objects of his bitter denunciations. But what was most grateful to the feelings of his auditors, was the confidential intimation, that should he be elected, they might each expect a commission as *justice of the peace*. Some objected to him, on the score of his private character, but to this it was replied that politicians generally were not the most pure men in the land, and a multitude of scandalous stories were referred to, in which the private reputation of prominent political men were concerned. The reasoning that was finally conclusive was, that as Peter was the candidate of the party, it was the duty of all honest democrats to support him. The election finally came off, and Peter was successful.

I have not room to relate the incidents, and to describe the bustle attendant on the great occasions of annual elections at our state metropolis. Suffice it to say that Peter Single was among the most conspicuous and wise of the freight which crowded a homely "*diligence*," that rolled heavily into the village the evening before the election of 183-. "Gorri!" said Peter, as he bounded out of the carriage to the steps of one of the Hotels; "I'd

rather ride in a coal pit than be jammed into this miserable crucible, and be so unmercifully shaved in fare as I have been. I shall soon be tired of legislation, if this day's ride is a specimen."—Then, walking in and up to the bar, he continued, "*Landard*, I say, can you give us a glass of sling? I'm miserably dead with stage riding."

"It is at your service, sir," replied the worthy Boniface. "I take it you are a member of the *House*, sir."

"Yes, sir," said Peter, "we had a hard tug of it, against the combined influence of Centerville-Gentry, who hate me as they do poison; because I've stood in the way of their party's success; but we triumphed and I got the election by two majority."

"I congratulate you on your success," said the Landlord, "and am happy to see you here—you will probably want lodgings with us, for the Session?"

"I don't know—I don't know," said Peter, "what do you *ax* for board?"

"Nine shillings is as cheap as we can afford, where we furnish room, lights and fuel."

"Nine shillings!—one dollar and a half! it appears to me you are rather dear; can't you afford to board cheaper? we hired our schoolmaster boarded last winter for fifty cents a week, and our school marm this summer for twenty-five cents. As I'm one of your common sort of folks, and don't want nothing extravagant, and as I can wait on myself

and black my own boots, I should think a dollar a week might answer."

The Landlord muttered something about high rents and other expenses, while Peter declaimed against the extravagant charges, and the shaving practices imposed on the representatives of the people. For his stage fare, he said, he was charged four cents a mile ; and gave enough for his breakfast and dinner, to purchase a good sized lamb, that would last a family a week. He suggested that he hoped the people of the metropolis would have a regard to their interests in their charges, as they knew it was in the power of the members to remove the seat of government. But he finally concluded, that as he must put up somewhere, he would stop with the landlord, provided he did not find he could do better somewhere else.

The morning of election-day dawned, and the ensign of the nation waved proudly over the capitol, as the representatives of the sovereign people pressed towards the great hall prepared for the accommodation of the assembled wisdom of the state. Many a shrewd politician chuckled at discriminating from the crowd a little dapper talkative man, with features somewhat flushed, and eyes a little inflamed, with an amorous passion for the whiskey bottle, and clad in substantial sheep's grey, as the new member from Wolf-roost Hill ; when they estimated the use they could make of his vote in carrying certain favorite measures.

As the session progressed, an old head at legislative

"*log rolling*" devised a scheme through which the vote of our *little man in grey* could be secured, for such measures as he proposed to press through the House.

A bill was drawn up incorporating a rail-road over Wolf-roost Hill, and Peter was easily convinced of the utility of the scheme, and readily consented to vote for any bill he might be asked to, provided those who asked his support would agree in return to vote for Wolf-roost Hill rail-road charter.

A prominent man had agreed to introduce the bill, at the most suitable time ; but when half the session had gone, and Peter had voted for everything he was asked to ; he was advised, that as the influence of a petition from the inhabitants of his town would be necessary to carry the bill, the project might as well be put off till another year, and then brought up in such shape as to ensure it success. As a sort of gusto to his disappointed feelings, it was intimated that an interest in such an enterprise might ensure him his election another year.

We have not room to pursue the fortunes of Peter further than to state that though he could not talk like the lawyers, yet he was always up to making motions, and more than once commenced a pantomime, but could not come up to the utterance of *Mr. Speaker*.

He finally received the appointment of committee of debentures, or purser for his county, and the way the golden dreams of fourteen hundred dollars passing through his hands in payment to the members, passed through his brain was a caution. Now Peter

never had seen fifty dollars together at one time in all his life ; and if he did actually conceive of the idea of *cutting dust*, when this money should come into his hands, it was not singular, since defalcations only serve to make their authors notorious in the public papers, through the apologies put forth by their political friends in praise of their general honesty. It is certain the patriotic members were in some anxiety about their compensation for their disinterested services, and queried, like the man whose unmentionables were stolen, how they should get decently off, if Peter should scud with the money. But no such calamity occurred, for they were at his elbows sometimes on the day of payment, and they left him not, till Peter was picked of all, save his own wages. The session closed, and Peter went home full of the project of the rail-road over Wolf-roost Hill.

THE ABORIGINES OF NEW ENGLAND.

WE, who live in these palmy days of peace and national prosperity, know little of the trials of the early settlement of our country. Let the events of two hundred years be cut off from the record of time, and our country be presented in the aspect it bore twenty years subsequent to the landing of the Pilgrims, and we can appreciate something of the spirit that was begotten in the bosom of the settlers by the hopes and fears which marked the progress of their fortunes. Their native land was buried from them, far away beneath the rolling flood, and they were here pent up on an inhospitable shore, where hardy toil could alone procure a scanty subsistence, looking out upon the dreary ocean, or back upon what was truly a terrible wilderness, while the dark phantoms of savage war clustered around the forest-clad mountain or flitted the wild and fearful visions around their lonely cottages.

The Pilgrims viewed themselves commissioned by Heaven to *subdue* the stubborn wild ; and when the terrible yell went through the adjacent forest—the growl of the war spirit which lurked in the bosom

of its shade—the cloud which lowered so fearfully was but the call of Omnipotence to his favorite children, to defend his rights and his cause against the infidel savage! The pilgrim never dreamed of fear. “*God was his friend, and the tomahawk would surely be powerless.*” Intrepid leaders bent their steps into the depths of the woods to hunt the red man, as they hunted ravenous wolves and voracious tigers. Confidence, determination, and hope were written on their brows, and to the dreadful dangers in the midst of which they walked they *seemed to be insensible.*

The progress of such a germ of rising empire, is calculated to enlist every generous and manly sympathy in its interests. But there is another scene and another picture which deserves contemplation, before the shrine is erected at the graves of these invincible heroes. We must conceive that man, in his wildest and rudest state of cultivation, has interests and sympathies that are as cherished and dear to himself, as if he were a king, or a nobleman of the most polished nation on the globe. We must go back in imagination, to long before the pale man had looked what *seemed*, his withering curse upon the Indian's forests; when as yet he had neither been the curiosity of the Indian's eye, or the terror of the Indian's breast. The wigwam was rude indeed, but it possessed to the hardy sons of the forest something of the endearments of home and the comforts of shelter from the storm, and a resting-place for the weary ranger. The forests were lonely and drear, but in them the deer fed, and game precious to hunters abounded. They

were the red man's all, and a possession whose right none disputed.

The philosophy which justifies the destruction of the Indian for the sake of civilisation has never been taught in the school of humanity. As the imagination conceives the spectacle of women and children driven out and exposed to bleak night winds with the canopy of Heaven for a shelter, and bleeding, murdered brothers, husbands and fathers placed before them to harrow their sensibilities, there clusters in the Indian character all that is horrid, dark and bloody. But, there are lights and shades to every picture, and though the midnight conflagration lighted by the Indian's torch shed upon the surrounding wilderness, a light that was commingled with the pale and sickly horrors of death, yet there were motives in the red man's heart as honorable as ever urged the hostile steel.

When we read the denunciations of a certain clerical historian upon the Indians in arms against the colonists, we can hardly determine which was the most ferocious, the savages or the Rev. parson who described their character and related the progress of their hostilities. The struggle was, indeed, a long, arduous and desperate contest ; but how could it have been otherwise ?

It was for life, not for individual existence, but with the red man, for the endeared and consecrated interests of the past, for the precious remembrances of national glory, for the graves of his fathers and the hunting grounds of his ancient kindred—and with the

white man it was for the unborn millions of his posterity. It might seem but for a "*lodge in the wilderness*," but it was for a lodge, where they hoped to found, on the altar of their religion, a mighty empire. This was a struggle in which morality gave place to necessity and right to power.

But while the consideration of the prejudices cherished in the hearts of the pilgrims may vindicate their characters, but little doubt can be entertained, since the excitement attending these deadly contests has passed away, that *right* and *justice* pertained to the cause of their opponents.

Could some divine supervisor of human affairs have taken the bloody historian referred to, by the hand, and led him away to the red man's fireside, and he had witnessed the anxious fears which were excited in the family circle by the obtrusions of civilisation on their hunting grounds, and have seen the alacrity with which the battle-axe was brought to the old veteran hunters by their wives or children, and have heard the godspeed as these sallied forth to the slaughter; he would have spared his epithets, and have been persuaded that their hostilities were sustained by a feeling as truly *national*, as ever moved the tide of war.

That we may appreciate the merits of the Indian's cause, we may fancy ourselves with those New England chiefs and by that council-fire, where, and by whom the war was determined. Let the picture stand before us.

"Nothing but gloomy forests covered the land,"

save here and there on the sea shore, and in the valleys interior, rose the smoke of the white-man's cottage, and lawns extended their encroachments on the lairs of the wild beasts and eyries of woodland birds. Old Wachusett for forty generations had towered in proud defiance to the storm, and seemed to look out with a perpetual benediction upon the red man's land, while the frosts of a thousand winters had not marred the freshness of its youth. But now a fearful time had come, a people of a strange language and fierce in temper had pushed almost to the very foot of this pillar of the clouds, and its honored locks might be shorn away by their tireless ax-men, and furious flames might spread the dark pall over its declivities that would be ominous to the hopes of the poor son of the forest.

The sun had sunk behind the bourneless wood, and evening shadows came stealing up from the wilderness to the brow of the Wachusett, when dark forms of savage warriors were gathering around a small open space on the summit of the mountain. Night's thicker darkness rested on the scene; then, went up the wild glaring flame of the council-fire, as if it were the altar fire at the oracle of the "Great Spirit." All was silent save the crackling of the flames as they consumed the dry tree-tops which, ever and anon, were cast upon the heap; till, *one* of tall figure and majestic air, arose, as he said, to talk to his brethren of their common danger. It was Philip of Pokanoket.

"I know," said he, "the breath of words has gone forth, that Philip is for peace, but not from his heart.

Cunning Englishmen, my brothers, have sought to poison your hearts by falsehood—Philip for peace ! Under the wounds cut into our flesh, can such a one as Philip dream of peace ! When he looks on the graves of his fathers desecrated and trodden down by these pale children of the sea ; do their venerated shades whisper counsels of peace ? For thousands of moons no profane spirit dared to trample over their dust ; and once and again when hostile feet approached ; the fire of battle came down from the Great Spirit into the heart of my renowned ancestor, and slept only when the scalps of his enemies hung on the walls of his wigwam. Can Philip die and shake the warm hand of venerated chiefs in the ‘*good land*,’ while the graves of his fathers are blotted out from under Heaven, and their children groan in chains, while the forest shades, whose towering trees mark the traditions of his tribe are cut down ; and all is *unrevenged* ?

“It was, as it were but yesterday, the pale man came up out of the sea and asked for a little land on which to rest his weary limbs in his long journeyings. Our fathers had once or twice smoked the pipe of peace with Englishmen ; and their children would not be ungenerous or ungrateful ; so they granted what was desired. But this poor stranger to whom we were so pitiful, thinks himself large and strong, now his body is refreshed, and seeks to drive those who have been so kind to him from their own hearthstones. But shall it be so ? Alas ! Philip may have lived too late. Their deceitful and false pro-

mises to Massasoit, my father, have made us quiet while the wolves were feeding on our children. Yes, I fear the injuries inflicted on us have been unrevenged too long. Our enemy, from being weak and little, has become exceedingly great and powerful, and has set his foot upon us. But I look this night on proud *braves* who are not afraid to die, and who *will* die, as becometh the glory of the red man, rather than become slaves in the land of their fathers. But, my brothers, there is yet hope. See yonder moon, it rises on your *own* land, and see, it reveals your enemy sleeping in security below. Let us fall on these obtruders and annihilate them at once. We will wash away our reproach in their blood. For a deadly conflict we are summoned to our father's graves, maintain it, and our honor lives. If we die, we see not the evils that may come on our children. If the battle fails, the white man grows up to consume us from the face of the land, and to make our name a by-word and a reproach under the face of the great Heavens."

SERVICES.

BY W. J. LINTON.

EVER be raising
The joined hands in prayer ;
Prayer, which is praising,
Heavenward bear
The prayer of life-service !

Pray for thine own need,
Modestly zealous ;
Scatter the good seed ;
Pray for thy fellows,
The true prayer of service.

True aspiration —
True word — true deed —
Are right adoration ;
Heaven hath need
Of such real service.





A REFLECTION.

In the perfection of their bloom,
The young cut down we see ;
And, meditating on their doom,
We ask why this should be ?

Vain question ! there is no reply ;
And yet once more we say,
Why should our best-beloved ones die,
Untouched by time's decay ?

And yet again no answer sounds,
God doth strict silence keep,
Darkness the closing tomb surrounds,
And we still blindly weep.

TRIBUTE TO MUSIC AND POETRY.

REJOICE, my soul, when human ills depress
And storms rage violent on the sea of life,
And fierce misfortunes beat with tempests dire,
That still there 's music in the breaking wave.
A voice above the roar of angry floods
Plays mournful harmonies as if to please
The Genii of the storm—as plays the lyre
In fancy's ear with melancholy strains
In panegyrics on the court of death.

Thus Poesy is to the sickened heart
The "Balm of Life." When driven back with scorn
From its vain wooings of the world's regard,
The heart would curse its wretched fate—so sad,
So desolate—a vagabond to all
The sympathies which light the joyous soul ;
But *song*, with romance love, takes up the case
Of the poor forlorn, despised, discarded wretch,
And makes his ills her own—paints the dark shades
Englooming all his path, with tinge so like
Her own enchanting self, that sorrow's dirge
Has charms to cheer the soul, like the soft smiles
Of beauteous maiden clad in mourning robes.

Then come, celestial maid, my sad complaint,
To which the world is deaf, shall touch thine harp.

Repulsed by crowds that throng the thoroughfares
 Of life—searching in vain the alleys dark
 Of towns and cities, cottages retired
 In country wastes, or lonely solitudes,
 For soul to sympathize with soul, a friend
 To read with me the lights and shadows
 Of this vale of tears, I come unto thy bower,
 Celestial song, and sit me down in peace
 Beneath its shade. Weary and wretched, sad,
 With misanthropic bitter hate, I'd curse
 The world and all its fancied charms of wealth
 Or greatness, power or vanity; e'en love
 Should tell a sickening tale, and soft and dark-eyed
 Beauty's blush be met with scorn, if not
 For thee, thou soother of the soul! Thy notes
 Steal up, upon the languid ear with tones
 Æolian, soft as summer air and sweet
 As fragrant flowers in early spring, and drive
 Away the soul's tormentors—passions dire,
 Inflamed with prejudice and ruined hopes.

I once was young, and life was then a dream.
 Ah! would it were a dream unto this hour!
 How many a pang would have in *embryo* died!
 How saved from many a sigh and vain regret!
 How would the world have smiled in peaceful joy,
 And ne'er revealed its growling selfishness.

The past flew swift away, and future days
 Were painted as in light of burnished gold.
 Their sky was crimson clouds—their pathway led
 Through fields luxuriant and flowery vales.
 But ah! that dream has vanished long ago,

A change has crossed the spirit of my life.
At each successive step where hope has cheered
A ruthless, vacant, cold and heartless world,
That vanity had labored hard to please,
Has thrust its shafts of supercilious scorn
At the bared bosom, fondly courting smiles !

How miserably sad would life move on,
Thus taunted, spurned, despoiled of brightest hopes,
If music ne'er awaked the soul to joy
Ah song celestial ! ether angel-soul—
Thou faithful vigil of the sickened heart ;
Thou hast stood by me in the darkest hours,
When men have failed me all, and vile intrigue
Would fix reproach upon my honest aims.
When friends have sought the tomb, thou still wert there,
Uttering in measured strains thy notes of peace,
In symphony with noise of rattling earth,
And saddening echoes from the closing grave.

Still be my friend, my comforter in life—
My fellow pilgrim at the gate of death—
My light to guide me through this vale of tears—
My crown of triumph in ethereal worlds.

THE GRAVE ROBBERS.

"CAN I depend on your punctuality to-night?" said Brant to his associates, while he lingered for a moment with them on the steps of the old medical college, in Mason Street, as they had finished the last exercise for the day, and seemed to be planning some adventure.

"Yes, certainly—name your hour and place," were the replies from half-a-dozen voices. "Let us see, there are six of us," continued the leader. "Well, see that you five approach by different streets, so as to be at the head of Craigie's Bridge at precisely six minutes before eleven o'clock this evening, neither earlier nor later. But for a word to distinguish you from stragglers that may be met."

"*Leonora*," said one, with a sly glance at the leader, as if inclined to tease him on account of his reputed partiality for a lady of that name. Brant blushed deeply, but recovering himself, replied, "Well, whoever can pronounce the name of such an angel, I shall know to be my friend; so *Leonora* shall be our watch-word to-night."

A startling thrill rushed through the veins of De Angeur, who had made the proposition, as it recoiled

on his reflection ; for he himself was the secret competitor of Brant for the good graces of Leonora Wales. To gather inspiration from such a name, for what nearly approached to deeds of blood, was indeed shocking to the last degree ; but it was settled : and the jest of De Angeur had made the phantom spirit of female gentleness and love the bond of union to a lawless bandit.

These preliminaries being settled, the students were off to their various lodgings.

In the mean time we may give a few details that will throw some light on the development of this sketch.

Brant was a young man from the country, about twenty-two years of age, who had nearly completed his medical education, and was taking his last course of lectures at Boston, preparatory to a degree. He was lean and spare in his figure, and somewhat fiery and impatient in his disposition. But he had a heart for any adventure, and had been appointed leader of a club of students, whose object was to procure subjects for private dissection. During his residence in the city he made the acquaintance of several respectable families, and was regarded by his fellows as remarkably popular with the ladies, either from a certain kind of ease and gracefulness in his manners, or more probably, from the nearness of the day at which he expected to effect a settlement in life. But Brant was less interested for his own reputation in these matters, than for the interest which he might possess in the heart of the beautiful and accomplished

Leonora Wales, whom he had met occasionally at the house of her uncle in the city. He had called a few times at Mr. Wales, her uncle, as an acquaintance of the family, and once in company with De Angeur; but from diffidence or prudence, had refrained from the declaration of his passion, till the lady had returned to the residence of her father, a few miles into the country. Brant had frequently expressed to De Angeur, unaware of the feelings of the latter, his purpose, when the lecture term should close, of seeking out the retreat of so lovely a flower; and it was a trespass on the confidence of this intimacy by the latter, in suggesting the name of *Leonora* as the watchword on the night in question.

But, to return: the bells of the city, faithful in uttering the knells of retreating time, had beat their solemn curfew over the still busy and thoughtless throng, and another hour, and another still, was passed, and the half-hour bell sent forth its single tone, when Brant seated himself on the box of a teamster-waggon that had been hired with a pair of spirited steeds, for the adventure of the night. As he pushed forward with a deafening clatter over the pavements towards the point of rendezvous, he glanced at his watch, by the gleam of a lamp, and counted but fifteen minutes to eleven o'clock. "Is Brant to be the delinquent to-night?" he mutteringly inquired to himself. "Let us see—I have but a mile and a quarter, and nine minutes left yet." With this thought he cracked his heavy whip, and was onward with a speed that seemed to leave behind the fear of watchmen, police.

or jails. At the minute he was at the spot appointed, and the dark figures of several persons approaching, as had been directed, were recognized as his comrades, as they uttered the watchword that waked the most endeared interests and associations in his heart.

The pause was but for a moment. The team hurried over the bridge with a speed that defied the teeth of the law; and in half an hour, the six fellow-students were riding rapidly through the open country.

"What news?" said De Angeur.

"Capital," replied Brant. "We shall have a good *subject*, a safe return, and cheaper than to pay fifteen dollars for a dead sailor or *nigger* at the hospital; besides the advantage of a little exercise in the open air. From the deaths that I have seen noticed in the late papers, we have our option to stop at West Cambridge, or to push up to Lexington, where we may get the bones of a suicide, that will be worth at least fifty dollars."

"I move, then, that we go to Lexington," said one of the company. "And I," "and I," added two or three more. Brant and De Angeur did not express an opinion; but, while shortly after discussing the distance they had come, the latter observed, that, while passing two or three days before, near the spot where they then were, he met a funeral procession, and understood, on inquiry, it was that of a young woman who died from the wounds received by the upsetting of a carriage. Just at that moment the moon arose in brilliancy, to shed its light over the landscape.

"There!" said one, "is a new-made grave," as the risen light revealed a mound of new dug earth embowered in a clump of white oak brush-wood, a few yards from the public way.

Brant reined up his horses, and suggested that it might be as well to finish the work of the night there. "No, no," objected some of the company, "let us to Lexington, and have the fifty dollar subject." But it was concluded that the latter enterprise could not be accomplished, so as to return before daylight. So, heading the team to the city, they gathered around the resting-place of their expected prey with spade and other implements requisite for their work. De Angeur plied the spade with all his effort for a few minutes, when its edge struck, through the light loose gravel, a resisting substance with a hollow sound, as upon the head of a coffin. When the head of the coffin was fairly exposed, to Brant, the leader, was accorded the responsibility of opening its lid, and determining the fitness of the corpse for anatomical purposes. It should be noted, that grave robbers usually provide themselves with an iron hook about three or four feet in length, which, being fastened in the jaws of the corpse, enables them to draw it from the grave through the lid of the coffin, while the latter remains undisturbed in the ground.

Brant had taken his position at the head of the grave with this hook in his hands, and, having opened the coffin, had fixed it in the jaw of the unconscious sleeper, whose face was yet hidden from view by the

darkness that still rested in the excavation that had been made.

"What we do here," said Brant, "must be done quickly," as by the aid of another he drew up to the pale light of the moon the wasted form of a youthful female, delicately and tastefully arrayed in the habiliments of death.

"She must have been of good family," said one, "for whose feelings we ought to have more respect."

"A fig for your family and respect," said Brant; but the words were scarcely uttered, when the leader fell down upon the earth as with the shock of death. One glance at the features of that wasted clay, in the broad moon, discovered to Brant the person of Leonora Wales, whose home he had conceived the purpose of seeking for a different object than what governed the present enterprise. The self-possession of the students forsook them, on witnessing the fall of Brant, and in three minutes they were hurried away on their return to Boston, without stopping to inquire his fate.

The shocking spectacle was witnessed by the citizens on the following morning, of Brant chilled in death, with the too certain evidence that he had been the violator of the grave of one whom he had purposed to make the companion of his life; for the grave robbers' hook was still clenched in his hand, while the face of his intended victim, as the corpse had sunk partially back to its resting-place, seemed to look the judgment of heaven upon one who had made her sainted name a watchword in such a deed of darkness and horror.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised.—*Prov.* 31 : 30.

AT the nod of Omnipotence, creation rose. Beauty, grandeur, and sublimity were developed in her various and vast productions. "Last, appeared man in the image of God, walking with countenance erect, and receiving the complacent benediction of his Maker." He was not the creature of care, of want, or sorrow. His days were as a pastime spent in happy meditations, while lingering in the midst of Eden's delightful scenes, or walking up and down in her rural bowers. His spirit sympathized with the soft fragrance which perfumed breezes spread over the face of nature, as they played in gentle dalliance with the leafy branches around him.

In such circumstances, *Adam* was left to look abroad on the new creation, for objects of admiration and affection. The earth clothed in the richness of beauty, asked a response to her smiles; the sun poured around him the glories of day—the moon hung on high her silver crescent at the evening hour, and the stars, with their new-polished lustre, seemed to bestud God's diamond throne. The beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven, all passed in review

before him ; the sweet songsters of Paradise charmed his ear with their music ;—but the Universe with all its existing charms did not afford him a suitable object for converse and companionship. “There was not found an helpmate for man ;” there was no being that could sympathize with the intellectual and moral breathings of his soul. Then was he introduced by his beneficent Creator, to the crowning beauty of the new risen Universe—the dominion of the earth that had been given him, had not exhausted the interest of God for his happiness. Woman, Heaven’s last best gift, in every befitting charm, stood before him ; and with sweet and placid smiles dispelled the shade which had gathered over his desponding brow. Then indeed creation ended, Paradise was perfected, and earth and heaven, the countless spheres of untold worlds ; sent the gladsome song through the vault of boundless infinity, up to the Eternal Throne—but woman’s voice in its deep, its unwrought melody of soul, to the ear of her blessed companion was sweeter than them all. Her lovely smiles then led the lord of the earth to Eden’s founts and bowers—in all the paths of innocence and peace, appointed them of heaven.

Then—it was, the lord of all the earth,
Submitted kindly to the magic power
Of woman’s charms—but not the charms of youth
Or beauty merely ; symmetry of form,
Of piercing eye, or dark wild flowing tresses—
But charms of soul, the crown of Eden’s Queen,
Lit up of heaven’s fires—Then woman’s *heart* held sway —
And *Paradise* did homage at her feet ;
Then such attractions led the heart of man

Up to the shrine of God for holy worship.

Such woman "was when in her fairest days,"

Ere sin made havoc of her moral charms ;

And such her moral influence.

O ! that the remembrance might be blotted out for ever ; but no, heaven has recorded it—woman put forth her hand to the *accursed tree*, she ate of the forbidden fruit and gave also to her companion. Thus her sylphlike fingers unlocked the prison-house of death, and held the chalice of ruin to the lips of him to whose happiness and welfare she had been consecrated of heaven. But, thank God, by this event, the name of woman did not lose its holy influence. If it has been claimed and worn by many a haggard wretch in hell—it has also graced and honored the spirit of humble penitence. If woman was first in the transgression, her tears first betokened a sense of guilt, and bespoke the sentiments of genuine sorrow in view of the sad results of sin.

I have sometimes thought, that God permitted the fall of man in the economy of his government, in order to manifest the glory of his redeeming mercy through the penitence, humiliation and devotion of his creatures. Then, if woman be reproached as first in the transgression, the sanctifying mercy of the Saviour may impart to her the richest lustre of saintly glory in the heavenly world. It is certain that some of the most striking examples of meek submission to the sorrows of this world of trial, and of devotion to the great interests of a pious life, have been found among the female sex. Witness, Anna the prophetess, Eliza-

beth, Mary, the blessed Virgin, as well as Mary Magdalen the devoted disciple. See the last not only constant in her attentions to the instructions of Christ during his life, but in her interest and friendship when he was removed by death. Heaven or earth cannot exhibit to our conceptions a more beautiful example of devotion than we witness in Mary at the sepulchre of Christ. The scheming worldling, the ambitious, the light-hearted, and unbelieving, among his disciples, forsook him in the day of his trial, and scattered themselves as sheep without a shepherd are scattered on the mountains; crying in the sorrow of disappointment, "we trusted that this was he who should have redeemed Israel." Mary partook somewhat of this prejudice of her countrymen, and did not apprehend the force of her master's annunciation that his "kingdom was not of this world;" but she nevertheless manifested an attachment that was above all contingencies. When stout-hearted men had forsaken Jesus, and Peter had denied his discipleship, and Christ was led away to be crucified with none to comfort him; then stood Mary and other devoted women afar off to behold his dying agonies; and when he was laid in the tomb they came to weep over the place of his rest. They did not expect his resurrection—he had died the death of a malefactor; and ignominy, in the estimation of the multitude, rested on his memory; but these women did not hesitate to go out to bear his reproach. They made preparations for his funeral. That they might be undisturbed in the honors they paid him, the Mary referred to, and

another of the same name, went out unattended to the grave of their master.

The inhabitants of Jerusalem were yet wrapped in slumbers. Stars still lingered in the sky, and the shades of night yet tinged with gloom the resting-place of the dead, when Mary came to the sepulchre of her Lord. Lo ! the stone was rolled away, "some evil hand had surely stolen the body of Jesus !" He who should have redeemed Israel, had not only died, but they were also denied this last consolation of giving him the rites of sepulture. Then Mary wept and sighed in agony, till the gentle voice of Christ dissipated the gloomy horrors which thronged her soul at the thought of a wicked sacrilege upon his tomb. A flash of immortality illumined her dark and prejudiced mind. Her lord was indeed alive !

The mighty power of female influence needs no other illustration than the exhibitions of such examples of character, sanctified by devotion and virtue ; as character is the foundation of all moral influence. Eve was doubtless as beautiful in appearance, after the fatal transgression, as before, but how changed were the moral qualities of her heart ; till repentance shed the sacred tear, and the light of the precious promise again attracted her aspirations on high. External charms may afford facilities to a bad heart to practise iniquity ; but will never lead to good. Favor is indeed deceitful, and beauty is vain, but the fear of the Lord must be exercised by every female, who would commend herself to the approbation of God, or man, and secure the precious jewel of a virtuous character.

REMINISCENCES OF A PENITENTIARY.

WHAT like a prison-house can strike a thrill of dread through the human bosom ! The bolts and bars, the clanking chains, and the cold and dreary dungeons, are as chilling death-shafts to all the warm sensibilities and tender endearments of life. We look in upon the prison scene just as we look on the fabled caverns of death's dark world. Happy is it for human sensibility, when such institutions can be regarded as the result of necessity, or places where sufferings are purchased only by guilt and crime. It is thus the penitentiaries of this land are to be regarded ; but not so the dark recesses over-capped with beetling towers which guard the palaces of European kings. These are oppression's instruments to teach servility and doggish submission to towering spirits and to the manly bearing. Could the annals of their loathsome dungeons be written, they would tell the sufferings of innocence, of genius and virtue, pining away, till life's feebly glimmering tapers, expiring one by one, left wasting carcasses, to tell the frowning monarch that the victims of his jealousy had escaped to a better land. The traditions of the *Bastille* and the *Tower of London* lead the imagination to conjure up from oblivion many a dark scene of human

wretchedness—pictures which, anon, present the light of hope and the shadows of despair—pictures in which love, soft, enchanting smiles, or weeps in weeds before the bloody scaffold ; where innocence and enterprise fell martyrs by the hand of an ungrateful country. But *Newgate* is not without its interest, though justice has sealed the sentence of its convicts. Its calendar of crime, counting from generation to generation, armies of victims, presents many an incidental association, that is worthy to command the sympathies of the feeling heart. And even the penitentiaries of our own land, though their walls have mostly arisen within our own remembrance, have begun to multiply incidents which are to mark the record of their history. We make these observations, to fix the general impressions of the reader for the appreciation of what might otherwise fail of interest, from its domestic or familiar character.

In the pleasant little village of Windsor, situated on the banks of the Connecticut, stands the *Vermont State Prison*. To the north and south extends the beautiful valley of the Connecticut ; the green hills of New Hampshire rise, towering in successive ranges till cloud-capped mountains mark the eastern horizon, while the Ascutney rears its ragged height, about two or three miles in the rear, or at the west of the village. This place presents a picturesque beauty, a loveliness of scenery, that leads us to wonder that its beauty should be marred by a rough unseemly castle as a rendezvous for thieves and felons. But such is the love of consequence in human soci-

ety, that almost any of the rural villages among our peaceful mountains would willingly become a *Newgate*, if it could be nothing else of public consequence.

If the traveller wishes to delay his journey to spend an hour in the contemplation of humanity in its degradation, he will receive all necessary directions from either of the obliging landlords of the village; and in his visit, he will experience every politeness and civility from the officers of the institution, who, by the way, are men more characterized for humanity than were some who formerly held authority in the establishment. But the sight of one hundred and twenty convicts, distributed to different branches of business in three or four workshops within the enclosure of the prison yard, affords but little of the interest that may be derived from a visit to this rendezvous of criminals. True, the keeper who accompanies you will point out here and there the wreck of what once moved as the master of assemblies, or the master spirit of some daring enterprise, or the honored of the world, the man of consequence in public life—or perhaps in another is seen the blasted hopes of a fond mother and a too indulgent father. Perhaps you have seen the poor mother, with her group of little children, struggling hard for subsistence at the cottage on the borders of some distant village, and has felt to sigh for the change that has come over her fortune since she moved in beauty and gaiety at the head of the young society of her native neighborhood; the badge of prison infamy is here

worn by the author of her ruin. He is pointed out to you by the keeper as the incendiary who set fire to his neighbor's dwelling.

But the past always has a peculiar interest above what is passing before our eyes. Hence, when the keeper points you to the convict's grave in one corner of the yard, you are led to profitable reflections on the necessary severity of prison discipline, as you are informed that he fell in an insurrection against the guard some fifteen years ago, having been shot dead for persevering in an attempt to scale the wall after being warned to desist.

If you should find the room where the murderous Godfrey shed the blood of the worthy Mr. Hewlett, a half hour's converse with the ghosts of the murdered and the murderer would be more than the sight of all the shoemakers and gunsmiths in Christendom. The writer of this distinctly remembers the day when Godfrey was hung, and the reckless, dare-devil spirit which seemed to have seized the minds of the public, as they turned out in crowds to witness the execution. Though at the distance of twelve miles from the place, he remembers the crowd of wagons and various vehicles which hurried past on that fatal morning, filling the public way for hours, and bearing the motley multitude to the dreaded exhibition which they so strangely sought. The uncouth dresses and the wild, crazy hurrahs, mingled with the exhibition of ragged and unseemly banners, and now and then a hoarse-drawn note from some old rusty bugle, made up appearances which ill befitted men, seeking a sight

of justice in the judgment hall of death. He remembers, too, the rumors which were put afloat concerning Godfrey's bones. It was confidently asserted by some, that the "*doctors*" had brought him to life after his execution. It was strange with what facility such a report obtained currency in the community, a striking commentary on the confidence which the public entertained in the resurrection powers of this class of men, showing that it is not merely among pagans that the science of medicine and magic are nearly associated together in the public mind. By some, the body was said to have been carried to one place, and by some to another, and I believe a mystery still hangs over the question of his resting-place. His bones were said to have been dug up here, and there ; but the more probable account is, that the sheriff by whom he was executed made a feint of sending the body away to his friends, while the real body was carried to his own residence, and carefully preserved in his garret during the winter, and privately interred in the spring in some bye-place, where the prowling grave robber would not be likely to search for it. But alas, for poor Burt, he had not nerves suitable for a *hangman* ! for it is said that reflection on the office he had been called upon to perform weighed down his spirits, and he fell a victim to consumption shortly after.

The cell of Burnham, whose ghost made such a stir in Vermont in the days of Anti-Masonic politics, will not, with its associations, be an object of minor interest in this establishment. But as his reported

resurrection is rather connected with the politics of the times than with the history of the prison where, as has been subsequently proved by a labored investigation at the public expense, he actually died decently, without any design of ever again haunting the public, I shall not further notice what the reader may learn by consulting the files of the political journals of that day.

In the progress of improvement a new prison has been erected, and were it not foreign from the design of this article, it might be described with interest to the reader. But we only need say that this has left the old stone cells to be occupied as receptacles for lumber and rubbish, and to become, as they doubtless will, the lurking-places of foul and demoniac spirits.

In the administration of affairs in the old prison, there once occurred an incident that, in its consequences, proved most fatal and melancholy, with an account of which we shall close this sketch.

The visitor will observe that with the old stone prison there is joined a large three story brick building that is occupied by the keeper or warden of the prison, as he was formerly designated. From the roof of this building arises a considerable belfry, in which is a bell that is designed to be rung in case of any alarm of fire, insurrection, &c. In the interior will be found a space or enclosure between the occupied rooms of the keeper's house and the doors of the prisoners' cells. In this place a guard was usually placed at night, to ascertain if there might be any

movement among the prisoners, or any indication of attempted escapes.

Houses have seldom obtained much peculiar notoriety in Vermont, as the period of their continuance has seldom extended through a single generation of occupants. Long before the grey-headed fathers of the land have gone to their rest, have they found quarters in newly constructed dwellings erected by their sons. But, though the flimsy and rudely constructed dwelling-place of the Stricklands has shared the general fate of its contemporaries, its location is still remembered by the traveller who had occasion to pass from Rutland to Windsor by the road which lies at the bottom of the deep defile that seems to have been cut for the passage of the beautiful creek with the homely appellation of *Mill Brook*, between the Ascutney and its less elevated companions at the north. At the distance of six miles from Windsor "*Street*," lived this honest, but fortune-stricken family. Long pressed down by poverty and sickness, they had passed from being the objects of general sympathy, to mere examples of the hardness of this unfortunate world, on which the passers-by gazed with a sort of stoical speculation that paralyzes in the heart the social interests of life. Since, they may have seen better days, but this is not the matter of our present interest.

Addison Strickland had arrived to the age of eighteen or twenty years. I believe he was the eldest son of the family, but this is of no special consequence. Sickness had given him a broken constitu-

tion, but the circumstances of his father required that he should find some situation where he could procure his own support and perhaps do something for the interest of his father's family. It was for these reasons he was provided with a situation as one of the "*guards*" of the state prison. It fell to his lot to act occasionally as night-sentry at the post I have before described.

It was customary with the guards to subject every person newly introduced to their company, to a game somewhat like running the gauntlet, they pretended to try his spirit and self-confidence, and ascertain if responsibility might be safely reposed in him. But their real object was doubtless to gratify a taste for rough amusement common to uncultivated minds—a taste, to which the more delicate breathings of the human soul are as the writhings of a murdered insect in the hands of its tormentors. A light was usually denied this guard, or rather spy upon the prisoners' cells, as they would not be expected to converse of their plans of escape or insubordination, while such an indication was left of his presence. Addison was furnished with a sword, and placed at his post, and required to promenade the aisle between the prisoners' cells. Then for the first time in his life there came over his spirit dreams of blood and slaughter. His debilitated nerves left him, to place no confidence in the iron doors which protected him from attack, the last rays of the setting moon were withdrawn at that anxious hour, from the gratings and crevices of the prison, when a creaking

and a rattling like the opening of doors somewhere near him was heard. There was stillness again for a moment, which was succeeded by a sort of hurried clatter like preparations for escape on the part of the immured convicts.

Addison seemed at that moment to have been inspired with a spirit of *fight*—he brandished his sword over his head, and then commenced a violent attack on the wall which he chanced to encounter. But his courage failed even in this, and hastily retreating, he seized the rope and pulled violently upon the bell, that is never sounded but for alarm to the peaceful valley. But no floating tone went forth upon the night air—it was *muffled*. His fellow guards had apprehended the desperation, to which they designed to drive him by their plot, and they feared they might be exposed too suddenly, and to their disadvantage.

An officer of the establishment, who ought to have been a man of more consideration and decency, was aroused by the tumult, and coming in haste he found Addison in his paroxysm of fear; but instead of stopping for investigation, he seized him by the collar and dragging him through the warden's keeping room, forced him with violence into the street.

Addison cast behind him a wild glance as if to apprehend the spirits of evil that had haunted him during the watch of this night, and then set off in a flight to his father's house that was sustained by his utmost exertions. The moon had gone down, and left the wild Ascutney to tower in majesty amidst the gloom of night, and as it were to reflect a thicker darkness

upon the surrounding glens and valleys. As Addison looked on the stream that was to guide him home, his excited imagination peopled the way with frightful visions; overshadowed as it is with hills and mountain's scenery. He was breathless and exhausted when he arrived at his father's house. He made some broken relation of his misfortunes during the night, and the injuries to which he had been subjected; but never after did he manifest the calm collectedness of a rational mind. In his wakeful hours the expression of his countenance was dejection and vacuity, and his night dreams were but a repetition of the scene described that had nearly rendered him a maniac.

But the trials of such an affliction to the family were short, for the worst came shortly, and poor Addison, the victim of affright, was borne to his grave.

His hard fate was the subject of remark and reprehension for a time, but at length he was forgotten, and one whose abuse contributed doubtless to hasten his death still continued through the intrigues and misrepresentations of his friends in his place in the state Prison.

IMPORTANCE OF LITERATURE.

LITERATURE is the only enduring marble that will perpetuate the triumphs of human greatness. The ancients sought to perpetuate their glory in magnificent structures of stone and brass—but while some of these remain, the very names of their projectors are lost. The pyramids of Egypt rise amid the sands of the desert the same as when they were completed, three thousand years ago. But through whose tyranny and folly were they erected? We are constrained still to inquire—

“ Was Cheops or Cephrenus architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ? ”

While the court and the splendor of Egyptian kings, who have sought through these magnificent undertakings to perpetuate the glory of their fame in the monuments that rise over their dust, to the admiration of all future generations, are lost in the shades of oblivion, magnificent Troy, though her ancient site can scarcely be found, still lives in song, in all the splendor of her ancient towers, and in all the life of her high-souled heroes, and her stirring and gallant population.

From the fact that certain places on the globe have

been distinguished for the cultivation of literature, and have been the radiating points from which pure and exalted intellectual illumination has beamed forth, the notion has been imbibed that genius has chosen these places as her favorite retreats, or that they have given birth to her holy fires. But such a distinction does not belong to them. Mind is the peculiar distinction of no people ; though it may be modified in its developments by circumstances, it honors alike the sands of torrid deserts and the sky of frozen mountains. As we have before suggested, it is the records of her glory preserved in the pages of literature, that has conferred such honor upon the people who have made them. There was as much intellectual power developed, doubtless, in the *construction* of the magnificent works of antiquity as in the records which describe their history ; but were it not for these last, they might have been lost, like the forsaken Tadmor of the desert, and a wondering world have scarcely been attracted to the site of their ruins, or the fragments of their fallen columns and broken statues would have only furnished occasion for amazement and wild speculation as to their origin. If these were the only monuments of the ancient world, the traveller would no longer fancy the breathing of classic fire as he surveyed the mutilated statues of the Cæsars, or wandered over the battle fields where the blood of millions purchased the laurels of ancient warriors ; Leonidas would sleep on to the judgment in his quiet grave, while the wild bird's song, heard

in the vicinity of Thermopylæ, would never be associated with the memory of this Grecian hero.

When intellectual darkness began to gather over the scenery sacred to Grecian and Roman story, the wild Saracen, as he bestrode his courser, and by the star-light of evening pursued his journey over the desert, began to scatter in his pathway the light of science, and to plead his claim to intellectual greatness.

Scotland, with all her beautiful scenery, her wild glens, her sunny lakes and romantic mountains, might have enjoyed the obscurity of Siberian landscapes to the present day had not the records of her literature associated her scenery with the changes of human fortune, and incorporated her natural interest with the refined and delicate breathings of the intellectual soul.

The wild woods of *Morvin* would have possessed no more interest than the timber lands of Maine, had not the gifted Ossian spread before us the battles, the loves, and the various fortunes of her warrior chiefs. To the visions of this celebrated bard, colored so unique by his impressions from the dark wilderness and by the peculiar superstitions of his kindred, and to other like records, Scotland is indebted for the foundation of that literary distinction which she claims. Were it not for these, the history of the Caledonians would be shrouded in oblivion as dark and impenetrable as that which rests on the ancient history of America.

Ages ago, the fires of genius doubtless burned in

the bosom of the red man, as he pursued the wild deer through the valleys and over the hills of New England ; but these had not the pages of literature to preserve the records of their glory. The dark tides of the wilderness-clad rivers rolled on as *classically* as the waves of the Tiber, and the clangor of war was as often mingled with their murmurs ; but no Virgil was here to write the spirit-stirring description of these scenes.

The poor Indian lived, and loved, and fought, and bled, and died. This is all that is preserved of the history of a continent for ages.

Fancy alone now paints the dread array
Of red men battling with their red men foes—
Depicts the struggles of their conflicts dire,
On mountain crags, or 'neath the thickets wild,
Where blood met blood, and mingled streams of gore
Flowed from the veins of hostile, fallen chiefs,
And furious desolating forest fires,
Crackling their echoes to the *yells* of war,
Did funeral honors to the illustrious dead,
And spread the pall of blackness o'er their dust.

Fancy alone now decks the nuptial bower
Of ancient Indian brides and bridal Queens !
No pen then wrote of Indian maidens' charms,
Or bearing proud of their affianced lords.

Wild fancy, wandering back a thousand years,
May tell the uncertain tale of palace halls,

Which nature builded for her favored ones,
'Midst these wild hills, with lofty towering domes
Of forest boughs by oaken pillars borne,
Out-vying structures reared by human pride,
While ivy tapestry, hung round their walls,
Concealed their roughness, giving softened charms
To meet the taste of woman's softened heart—
May tell of dark-eyed Indian beauties met
In these retreats, to celebrate the dance,
Or raise the song, or talk of those they love
Gone to the wars, or greet their kind return,
Laden with laurels won on battle field,
And borne as presents to their loved ones fair,
As ornaments to deck their bridal robes—
Fit preparations for the nuptial scenes,
Which 'midst these grey old oaks, in forest halls,
Were celebrated with the pomp and pride
Of savage greatness.

But lo ! oblivion comes, asserts her reign—
Stern dread oblivion, with her darkening cloud,
Accumulating gloom for ages past,
Forbids our trespass on her rightful realms.

TO THE MEMORY OF S—S.,

A YOUNG LADY DECEASED, RECENTLY OF FITCHBURG, MASS.

How vain is human wisdom, hopes how vain !
How vain the fancied prospect, when thy childhood,
In gleesome joy, tripped o'er the village plain,
And wreathed life's garland, gathered from its wildwood.

And when thy soul enthroned in youthful beauty,
Chastened the feelings of thy gleesome spirit,
And piety was teaching all thy duty,
And pointing out the path of virtuous merit,

Thy life was still the prospect—death so nigh,
Seemed far away, concealed in distant years—
But blooming youth was ripening for the sky,
And now the fondest hopes have faded into tears.

Ah Sarah, once so lovely in thy form ;
How faded is thy lustrous joyous eye,
Thine all of earth, the wreck of death's dark storm—
Invokes a tribute of the mourner's sigh.

But Sarah lives, her angel-spirit free,
Is not a prisoner of the lonely grave,
Nor life, nor death,—nor hell's dark dismal sea,
Could hold it captive on its gloomy wave.

She lives the light of other climes, the star,
The polished gem of her Redeemer's crown,
Rescued, ere earth's vile air, the soul could mar
Or turmoil dissonant, her joys could drown.

But still we mourn, though heavenly seraphs round thee,
May chant the mingled pleasures of thy soul,
For, from our hearts, are torn the chords that bound thee
To earth's deep sympathies, and death still rolls
His blackened tide before us, those dark waters,
That late have borne away the best of daughters.

REFLECTIONS AT A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

BUT thou, Loretus, shall thy memory dear
Call forth the solemn dirge, the mourning tear,
When where thy ashes rest, the very spot,
Itself, thy mourning friends have near forgot?
Ah, yes, dear spirit of my brother fled,
Thou still art dear, though numbered with the dead—
For when this long, dark night of death is flown
Then thou wilt greet me "*brother*," by the throne
Of God in Heaven; Oh may my Father own
My poor frail spirit then, though here alone
I wander on for years midst sin and shame,
And scarce feel hope, in life's last fainting flame.

Ah Brother, spirit sainted in the skies,
Light of my life's young morn, teach me to rise
To that fruition of celestial peace,
Which in thine heart bid Death's black terrors cease—
For thou hadst fears, sin made thy spirit falter
Until the bleeding Lamb of Calvary's altar
Burned in thine eye—thy prayer went up to Heaven,
And thence a voice declared thy sins forgiven,
Taught confidence in God—defiance hurled
At all the hosts of Hell's black spirit-world,

Spread a soft sunshine round thy bed of death,
That mingled smiles with thy last fainting breath.

But musing thus alone I darkly feel
As evening's shadows o'er this grave-yard steal
How sad it is to die !—A few brief tears
Our friends may shed around our funeral biers,
Then all is past ; love hath no tokens more !
Though winds of wintry storms while howling o'er
This heather wild, may utter mourning sighs,
Yet *human hearts* will lose their sympathies.
The tenants of the cold and cheerless grave
Forgotten lie, no hearts would sigh to save
Their memories from dark oblivion's gloom !
—Not so with thee, my brother,—at thy tomb
Affection's fondest memories shall burn
Within my heart, thy consecrated urn,
Till my last sands are run and life is o'er,
And I can hither come to weep no more.
Ah, even more, when this frail life is broken
I'll yield my heart to thee the pledge and token
Of living friendship that shall fadeless be
As the pure glories of eternity.

REST IN CHRIST.

WHERE shall the soul find rest on this frail earth,
In search of joy and peace? Where but in Christ,
The first-born prince of heaven, whose hallowed face,
The only sun that shines o'er life's dark paths,
Is turned benignant towards this sorrowing world;
Whose spirit breathes to kindle hallowed flames,
In hearts that else were sold to sin's dark dreams.
To Christ, the Lord, my heart would flee for rest,
And, when vexations tear my harrowed soul,
I'll think of Calvary:—I'll think of Him,
Who, suffering all that malice could invent,
Or man inflict, died calm and peaceful,
Praying for his foes; I'll think of him
Who wept in Gethsemane, and gave his life
A ransom for the world—of him who bids
Me welcome to his rest, and takes away
Life's burden from the soul.

INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN the human mind reasons concerning the inferior objects of creation, its conclusions are clear, determinate, and satisfactory, for this plain reason, the less is in the hands of the greater. The mind possesses such a capacity for comprehension, that when a conclusion is once come at, it is established beyond all contradiction. But not so when the mind endeavors to comprehend itself, and reasons concerning the character and functions of its own faculties. Here equal grapples with equal in a contest where victory is never to be declared. There may be light enough in the creation around, but the pathway of the human intellect in these investigations must from necessity always be blinded by its own shadow, and bewildered by the phantoms of its own creation. Hence the occasion of the jarring strife and controversy which have agitated the learned world in respect to these matters, from long before the days of Plato and Aristotle, to the present time. Either of these philosophers supposed he had established a system that would set the world at rest; but each continues in turn to have his disciples, and each to

be reviled. It is yet undetermined whether a physical or spiritual basis is to be made the substratum of an intellectual conception. Men whose habits of reasoning have become settled while giving attention to physical properties, have come readily to the conclusion that the mind must derive its conceptions from what is in a sense exterior to itself, as the eye derives its impressions from the objects before it. Hence experience which is with the present constitution of man, but another name for the developments of his physical sensibilities, in the higher sense of the expression, is made the origin of *ideas*. An idea, they contend, must be referred to some object that has been comprehended; and the act of the mind in this comprehension, called experience, must be essential to its production. The human being, as a physical machine, is put in motion by the power of instinct, and as "*the dust of travel*" accumulates or experience extends, the mind embraces this as the fellow parent of its offspring.

On the other hand, it is contended that the mind is not a mere superstructure, but a basis—a superstructure and a whole—that it has not only the capacity for comprehending, but the power of originating ideas—that it is in fact ideas originated innate; or at least that these are essential to the perfection of its being—that the *primum mobile* of its conceptions is within itself—that it is an independent, acting, thinking, immaterial spirit—that experience, though it may re-act to the production of multiplied and varied intellectual images, is but the fruit of the mind's con-

ceptions—is the mere concomitant of the thinking world.

While the latter of these hypotheses is the most sublime and the most worthy to be maintained, in respect to intellectual beings created in the image of God, and the most desirable in its conclusions in regard to the capacities of spiritual beings, both terrestrial and divine—it must be confessed that the reasons in its support are less obvious to the mass, who for evidence are accustomed most to regard their physical sensibilities; and hence it is the least popular.

But if the world at various ages may have been led into the mazes of speculation on what can never be fully comprehended, it does not follow that intellectual philosophy as a science is unworthy of attention. The science of mind is worthy of study, if for no other object, that we may know how little can be known respecting the manner of its operations—that while we admire its indefinable, though lofty powers, we may learn to adore the Being who has lighted up its hidden and mysterious fires.

But there can be no doubt of the influence of philosophy in producing the moral character of different ages. As the physical in philosophy has prevailed above the spiritual, so have the morals of the people tended to superstition, grossness, and corruption. Under the influence of physical philosophy, the worship due to a spiritual Deity has been poured forth before the image of the Virgin Mary, and the veneration due to the sacred truths of revelation has been

wasted on the supposed relics of the true cross—on fragments of bone said to have been dug up from the tombs of the martyrs. Devotion to Jesus Christ has manifested itself in the bloody wars of the crusades, and heaven's righteousness has been shadowed forth in the victor's crown won on the battle field at Palestine.

As the spiritual in philosophy prevails, we expect to see the human mind look heavenward, and to come up to a comprehension of pure celestial glories; we may expect to see Deity honored in his creation; that the armies of heaven as well as the inhabitants of the earth will be allowed a place in our vision before his throne; that the infidel Sadducee will be made to know that the soul has a universe of thought and being and associations beyond the ken of his own bigoted conceptions.

NOT AT HOME.

A TALE.

"Shut, shut the door, good John—fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker—say I'm sick, I'm dead."

POPE.

JO FRISBY, in his early days, was designated as the *Rawny Gawky of Marshton woods*, from his birth-place in an out-way town of that name, in a new settled district in northern New York. In many of these back-wood settlements, lumbering was formerly the chief pursuit of the inhabitants, and the rude constructed dwelling, the saw-mill, and the new felled clearing, were the only external distinction above the venerable wilderness, that had formerly held its dominion for ages over all this land. Old Park Frisby's log cabin was built several miles from cultivated tracts in the depth of the woods, for the convenience of his workmen employed in felling timber. Two or three huts in the vicinity, occupied by other lumbermen, with their industrious wives and rough-clad urchins, made up the little community of Marshton.

If this community lacked the refinements of the fashionable world—of city gentility, or its aping

country villages, it was also free from those disturbing little jealousies, by which communities, which claim cultivation, are frequently agitated. Their sense of honor looked to something deeper and more substantial than those little notions of etiquette, that claim the chief attention with fashionables in their intercourse with each other. The strict integrity and neighborly kindness and charity which subsisted at Marshton, though they ill compensated for the want of schools and instruction, impressed on the minds of the rising generation a sensibility of right and wrong, that would have shamed the practice of many who claim reputation for wisdom. Under such influences was young Jo Frisby trained up in his early years, while his manners were left to assimilate themselves to the rough, uncouth habits of a wilderness life.

Industry was with the early settlers of our country a virtue of necessity, and before young Jo had arrived at the age of ten years a team was placed under his care, which he drove with a heavy freight of lumber over the rough forest road, a distance of several miles, to the pleasant village of W., on the borders of Lake Champlain. This tour performed two or three times a week gave our young "*haw-buck*" no very pleasing views of life; but with the swaggering, common to boyhood or uncultivated manhood, he learned to triumph over his hardships, and became as proud in delivering his commands of "*Who, Buck*"—"Gee"—"*Gæ-long*"—as a general would be at the head of an army, or the president in

his official communications to Congress. As he learned to regulate the movements of his team to suit the exigencies of the rough and hilly way, and usually succeeded in discharging his freight as early and safely as the most experienced teamster, he felt compensated for the unreasonable toil to which he was subjected, in the idea that he was acquiring reputation as a smart and promising lad. He was doing so indeed among the rough teamsters of Marston, for he learned to devour the lunch of raw pork and dry bread, and could sleep on the hard floor of any log cabin where the night overtook him, as well as the most veteran. But he was not aware that among various communities, it requires various and different materials to make up the character of a gentleman; and that, though to drive a team, and accomplish a great amount of labor, was all that was required in his situation, yet such a green *landsman* could never pass as an honorable, among the sons of Neptune, until he could sing his *lullaby* at the mast head in response to the whistling of the southern gale; while the Nantucket belle accords the reputation of gallantry only to those who can harpoon a whale, or spear a seal; and that the valorous knight of Marble Head, and "*the cape*," has his "*big line*" and "*high line*," which display their laurels on the rocks of Newfoundland, or in the fish-markets of New York and Boston. Much less did he estimate the little circumstances of habits and manners, which, with people of leisure, make the peculiar distinction of gentility, and give consequence to personal character.

But if Jo became vain of his meager attainments, he only acted out the universal propensity of man, in making the best account he could of the little stock which fortune had afforded him on which to found pretensions to merit.

I must be pardoned this digression, as I have introduced it as merely illustrative of the feelings and hopes which were cherished in the bosom of the son of old Park Frisby, while he was known at the village of W—— under the designation I have before mentioned, indicative at once of the character of his home, and of his own reputation among the *popular* of a rising village.

Amongst the most consequential families of W. was that of Ben Frisby, a brother of old Park, the lumberman. Ben was a plain mechanic, who sought only the decencies without any of the superfluities of life; but his wife possessed a different spirit. She was a woman of fashion and frivolity, and withal so extravagant in her ambition to excel the whole neighborhood in appearances, that her husband's credit often suffered, and he sometimes came well nigh being ruined. Ben had several daughters who were trained up by their mother according to her notions of respectability, and were early taught to look down upon other young ladies in the village as their inferiors, while habits of detraction and ridicule indulged in view of the conduct of others in their absence, were taken as evidence to support the Misses Frisby's unreasonable pretensions.

The eldest of these daughters was an apt scholar

in learning the habits of affectation, and the ridiculous cant and precision of manners, so congenial to her mother's pride, and hence Mrs. F.'s influence was ardently enlisted in securing her the opportunity of completing her superficial education at a fashionable music school in the vicinity of Albany. She succeeded, and Ellen Frisby was presently writing home sentimental letters, from her distant lodgings at the house of her preceptor, to her parents and old companions. Among other matters of interest to herself and her friends, she began to mention the civilities shown her by a young Mr. Child, who held the situation of clerk in a mercantile house in the town. The prospects of Ellen in her situation at school began to be mentioned in society by her doting mother. Her fortune was considered to be already made, and soon all delicacy was set aside by her friends in speaking of the prospects of her future settlement. They were, indeed, contrary to the expectations of many, sustained in their hopes, for Ellen wrote, announcing that she should return to W. at the close of her second quarter, and intimated that preparations should be made to wait on Mr. Child, who was expected to follow a few weeks after.

Between the families of Ben and Park Frisby there were not cultivated those habits of social and fraternal intimacy, which their relation to each other might have led us to expect. One occasion of indifference between the brothers will be seen as we pass along. One day as Ben came in to dinner, he observed to his spouse, " Brother Park and his son Josee are in

the village to-day with lumber ; I should have been glad to have invited them to dine, but——”

“You know, Mr. Frisby,” interrupted his wife, “that Squire Castle and his wife, and Parson Picket and lady, are expected in every moment, as we sent cards inviting them to dine with us to-day, and you would not surely insult them by introducing such outlandish relations as old Park and that gawky of a boy Jo, with their long linsey-woolsey frocks and sheepskin aprons !”

“I was about to refer,” replied Mr. Frisby, “to the guests we have already invited ; but it is not pleasant to hear my relations referred to in this style, and surely you would not forbid a hungry man a dinner on account of his dress and occupation.”

“No,” continued Mrs. F., “but you know what a fuss was made a few months ago when we invited them to dine with our workmen the day that Dr. Dyke was here, because they were seated in the kitchen at the second table. As to your relations, it will be my regret while I live, that I ever united my fortune for life to a man who is cursed with such mean and miserly relations, that are so utterly destitute of a claim to the attentions of good society. I would not starve them, but I hear they always carry with them a plenty of dried beef and smoked herring, and these are good enough for people engaged in such dirty employment, with their slovenly habits !”

Ben, knowing that his wife was invincible in such controversies, suppressed his wounded feelings, and set about preparation for the reception of the squire

and parson. But dinner hour passed, and no guests appeared. A child came in with a billet, which stated that Squire Castle had been called to attend a court out of town, and that Parson Picket was indisposed at home. The family, with looks of disappointment, gathered round the smoking platters of baked mutton, vegetables and puddings.

The dinner was nearly over, Mr. F. had left the table and gone to his shop, when Mrs. F., seeming to bethink herself, observed to one of her children, "Your uncle Park is in town to-day; I wish I had thought to have sent for him to dinner—won't you run now, Sarah," addressing herself to a little daughter, "and ask him to come in." Sarah ran, but she was only in time to see the last of his teams enter the woods, at a distance of a mile and a half from the village, on their return to Marshston.

Old Park Frisby probably felt very little friendship for what he called the "obstreperous woman that ruled his brother's house," but when he occasionally called, he enjoyed an hour's amusement with the children, and always seemed to manifest special interest in their welfare. So when it was told him that Ellen had been some days returned from her school, and that her beau had just come on from Albany, for the purpose of being married, he determined without ceremony to make her a call. Ellen was seated by the parlor window, conversing with Mr. Child, when she saw her uncle approaching, clad in the habiliments of his occupation. Mercy! what should she do!—should she introduce him to her lover as a relation?

This certainly would be dangerous, if not fatal to her prospects! Dissimulation had been the most prominent part of her education, and with a quickness of apprehension that for the moment relieved her embarrassment, she observed that a lumber-man was at the door, who doubtless had some business to transact with her father. With this excuse, she went to the door and introduced her uncle to the sitting-room occupied by her mother. She had passed the usual civilities in meeting with a friend from whom she had been long separated, and was about to excuse herself under the plea of being wanted in the kitchen, when old Park, not to be put off or discomfited at all, commenced—

“I heard that you had returned from Albany, and that you had picked up a chap down there that you intend to make a husband of, who is now here. I had a sort of a notion of seeing the *fellow* and scraping a little acquaintance on the score of relationship, as my old grandfather had a cousin by the name of Child, and I think this must be one of his descendants.”

“I believe he is out at one of the neighbors at present,” said Mrs. Frisby, comprehending Ellen’s embarrassment, and wishing, herself, to be relieved from the necessity of acknowledging such a relation.

“I guess not,” said Park, “for as true as Parson Picket converted you and your darters into the church, I must have seen the fellow at the parlor window, as I come up. And I will jest go and chat a while with him, and see if he understands how to

trap a woodchuck or catch a coon. Before I was a dozen years old, I had been all over these hills, when there warnt a house built nor a spot cleared in all this region, and I was only fourteen when I shot a great bull bear on the very spot where this house now stands. I should like to invite the fellow out deer hunting, and I could tell you whether he is fit to make Ellen a husband."

As this talk was ended, old Park rose, and with his ox goad in hand, and a rimless beaver hat, as the poets would say, was venerable with the frosts of forty winters, on his head, made his hasty passage to the parlor.

Ellen, chagrined, fled to the kitchen, while her mother seemed tied to her chair, uttering a sort of under grumble at the indignity which such a friend as Mr. Child was about to suffer from the wild, crazy bear, as she called old Park, that had that morning come from his den among the mountains.

Old Park was left to make his own introduction; but this, to him, was no task, as he was by nature everybody's friend and acquaintance. He had no sooner set eyes on the stranger, than he began—

"Is n't this Mr. Child?"

"My name is Child," was the reply.

"I have understood as how you are about to be married to my brother's *darter* Ellen. As I wished to learn what sort of a *critter* she has consented to match herself to, I called in, while my oxen were baiting, to invite you to visit at my house, that you may

see how we poor folks in the country live, and get acquainted with our folks."

"Your most obedient, sir," replied Mr. C——; "am happy in the opportunity of your acquaintance, but as I must return to my business in a few days, I shall be under the necessity of declining your invitation."

"Well, as I can stop but a moment," continued old Park, "I was about to say that Ellen used to be one right down clever girl, and if her mother had taught her how to make bean porridge, and cook pot-luck instead of fingering away her time on that music machine (a piano) that my brother has been obliged to buy at so much expense, I could congratulate you on your prospects in your anticipated connexion with her, but—"

Old Park's team at this moment broke loose from the post to which he had chained them; observing which, he alluded to the circumstance, and hastily left the house, without taking leave either of the family or of his new acquaintance.

Ellen and her mother, who had cursed their eyes on seeing his approach, were right glad to feel themselves relieved from the embarrassment of his presence, by his sudden departure. Especially, amidst all their mortification, they congratulated themselves that Mr. Child had so luckily been relieved from the task of listening to old Park's usual tirade against foppery and fashion, and that his thousandth story had not been told illustrative of the ignorance of city-bred youth; not to refer to what they termed his dis-

gusting details of coon hunting, skunk killing, and the deer chase, which they supposed would presently have been forthcoming in the current of his conversation. More than this, the wedding was to take place the next week, and by this lucky circumstance they supposed they might plead the want of opportunity in withholding from old Park or any of his tribe, an invitation to attend.

Old Park indeed whipped up his team and was away ; and the wedding, so far as he was interested, would have been left to pass unmolested.

But young Josee was seventeen years of age, and he felt that he was not born in the woods to be scared at owls. Being in town the day of the expected wedding, he took the freak in his head to make his uncle's family a call. Accordingly, having disposed of his load, he put spurs to his cattle as he urged them on towards the house of Ben Frisby.

The wedding party was collected, the bride and bridegroom were in their richest dress, and all were looking for the expected parson, when lo ! their attention was arrested by the bawling driving of a backwoods lumber-man. Like the unwelcome hauntings of a spectre, the figure of his giant team approached, and was still approaching the house, until the bawl of whoa, buck ! whoa ! so loud that the distant hills seemed to express their sympathy in responsive echoes to the command, showed a six ox team attached to a huge wagon brought to rest exactly in front of the door.

"Hurrah," said Jo, "for the wedding that I heard

was to be here to-day! Uncle Ben, if you please, I should like a place in your barn to put up my team."

"Heaven save us!" cried Mrs. Frisby, "if one of those crazy loons from Marshton haven't got along!" and then added in an under tone, "I did hope to have been saved this mortification. If they must come here from their smutty *burned piece*, I wish they would come when we have no friends present." But this last remark was uncalled for, as Jo, notwithstanding his coarse garments, usually carried as white and clean a face as the most fashionable in the land.

Jo, by the assistance of his uncle, soon disposed of his team, and then entered the house. He had not yet acquired the courage of his father in thrusting himself forward to the notice of society, and when he saw the multitude of strange faces assembled on this occasion, he was awed into reserve and silence, and seemed somewhat ashamed of his abrupt salutation on his first approach. No notice was taken of him by the family, and pains were taken that Mr. Child should understand that he had been a servant of the family, who usually used greater familiarities in his visits, than might otherwise have been expected. Neither Ellen nor her mother made any acknowledgment of relationship. So accomplished were they in their misrepresentations, that when Jo had sat in the kitchen door and had witnessed the ceremony of the wedding, and the company had finally separated, Mr. Child thought he must manifest some civility to one who had been even a servant in the family of his father-in-law. He accordingly invited Jo to vis-

Albany, and call at the house where he expected to reside (giving a card on which the name and number of the street were written).

He mentioned some openings which he knew of in some of the lumber yards of the city, for employment, and was about to refer to Jo's former connection with the family in the capacity of servant and laborer, when Jo started suddenly, in observing, "It is getting late—I guess, uncle Benjamin, I will have my team and be going."

It is needless to add, that no objections were made or invitations to tarry, given, on the part of the inmates of the house, or even by his elated cousin Ellen. She, however, gave him a cold invitation to visit her at A. if he should ever come to that place. The team was yoked, the loud driving again was heard, and the hated sight of Jo Frisby no longer troubled the popular feelings of Lady F., or of her exquisitely refined daughter Ellen.

In a few days Mr. and Mrs. Child were settled in Albany, and things at W. moved on in about the same current save that Ben Frisby's shop and house were under a mortgage to discharge the accumulated debts incurred in the settlement of his daughter.

Four years passed, in which Jo Frisby came to be of age, when he was dismissed from the service of his father and sent into the world to seek his own fortune. With all his want of early refinement, he carried with him some qualities and habits which to judicious people would have given some assurance of his success. It is true, he was ignorant of men

and things, and abrupt if not uncivil in his style of address ; but there was honest integrity in all his dealings with his fellow men. He was industrious, provident, and economical, and withal, strictly temperate.

Marshston had at this time become considerably settled, and as materials for the lumber trade were becoming scarce, agriculture was resorted to by many of the inhabitants. Not inclining to this employment, Jo Frisby left the retired and peaceable neighborhood of his birth-place. After receiving the best wishes of his plain but honest-hearted mother, with the blessing of his father, and a hearty god-speed from all the members of old Park Frisby's household, he shouldered his pack, and started for Albany. The northern canal was not then built ; hence the whole distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles was performed on foot. The particulars of his journey, as well as his first impressions of the new and singular objects he met with in the way, are of little interest to my narrative. On his arrival at Albany, he hired out for a few days to work in a stable, and then, at the solicitation of an old acquaintance whom he met, he shipped with him on board of the same sloop, bound with a freight of lumber to New York.

Before leaving Albany, he sought out the residence of his cousin Ellen, now Mrs. Child. Mr. Child had set up in business soon after his marriage, and had become connected with one of the largest houses in the town, and through the influence of his wife he

was led to support one of the most expensive domestic establishments. Splendor and fashion were the order of the day with Mrs. Child, while she regarded appearances as the only passport to popular favor.

One day she was standing by the open window conversing with a friend, who had stopped for a moment in the street, when a rustic appearing country chap came along and halted directly in front of the door. He laid hand to the bell—"Bless me," cried Mrs. Child, "who can that be?" She looked again: "who is it but Jo Frisby, that 'Rawny Gawky of Marshston woods?'" She hurried into the kitchen, while the person with whom she was conversing passed on. "Tell the person at the door that the gentleman and lady of the house are both absent," said she to a servant; not reflecting that this same servant had seen her at the communion table at church, only the Sabbath before. Jo had recognized his cousin Ellen at the window, as he came up, and when he received this message, he remembered the profession of religion she was said to have made in her early days, when she resided at the house of her father. Jo's feelings were wounded—for the first time in his life he felt the bitterness of neglect in a land of strangers. As he turned away from the door a tear started from his eye. He hastily brushed it away and resumed his self-possession, as he started to return to his lodgings on board the sloop, which was expected to sail the following morning. Jo's heart, though susceptible of kindly impressions, was tempered with an iron spirit, that could not be

broken by the repulses which he met in his endeavors to advance in the world.

Arriving at New York, Jo determined fully to commit his fortune to a sea life, and enlisted immediately on board an East India merchantman bound on a three years' trading voyage round the world. He was allowed a small venture, which he so skilfully improved that at the end of two years and a half, when the vessel returned, his stipulated wages were nearly doubled. This afforded him somewhat of a capital, so that in his next voyage of one year, he became master of a sufficient sum to charter a schooner in the West India trade. Procuring a mate who was acquainted with navigation, he made several voyages in this trade, and was in all so fortunate that in three or four years he was enabled to return as capitalist to the East India trade. He was still prosperous, and at the end of twelve years from the time he landed in New York, he was the owner of an elegant house, and had fifty thousand dollars deposited in various banks, and withal, had become connected by marriage with one of the most respectable and wealthy families in the city.

Being thus prospered, he began to think of changing his business and settling down to the comforts of domestic life. He still furnished capital for foreign trade, but excused himself from the toils and perils of the sea and the laborious duties of commerce.

Finding himself at leisure he started with his new married wife to visit the place of his nativity. Albany had in the mean time become a city, and the

northern canal had opened a pleasant and easy water communication with W——, the pleasant village already referred to, on the lake, at no great distance from Marshton.

The sight of Albany could not but recall to Captain Frisby the day when, poor and friendless, he was repulsed from the door of his haughty relative, and the heavy heart with which he crept down to his humble lodge in the forecastle of the lumber craft at the wharf. A sort of exulting pride swelled his bosom as he left the steamboat and ordered a carriage to take him and his lady to one of the most respectable hotels in the city, at the thought that he should not now trouble such fastidious relations as the supercilious Mrs. Child.

But he still felt interest for the fortune of one who had aspired to be at the head of such a society as Albany, and he was no sooner comfortably seated in the hotel than he inquired concerning the firm of Lincoln, Child & Co. "Child!" said the landlord, "why he failed ten years ago, and came well nigh bringing down with him some of the strongest firms in the place." The reader may be ready to suppose that Captain Frisby, as he was in business, must have been informed of the event of such a failure, or must have known if any prominent firm had ceased to exist at Albany. But the fact was, his time was spent mostly abroad, and all his business with the country was transacted through the New York merchants.

"And where," continued Captain F., "is Child now?"

"In yonder church-yard," said the landlord, "with the infamy of a drunkard's death resting on his grave."

"And where is his family?—not in the same fashionable mansion they once occupied I suppose?"

"No," said the landlord, "Mrs. Child, with one feeble daughter, has lived for seven years, a poor widow in the little cottage you see at the termination of the street yonder. Poor woman, she once shone proudly at the head of our fashionable circles, but her extravagance was the cause of her husband's ruin, and now she drinks the bitterness of her former folly. She procures a precarious subsistence by sewing and teaching a few children the rudiments of learning."

The Captain's heart was moved by the information of the landlord. His feelings of exultation gave place in his bosom to pity and commiseration. His youthful wife expressed her sympathy for the poor widow, and both were ready to repair at once to her humble cottage. But Captain F. bethought him of her proceeding on the occasion I have more than once referred to, and wished to spare her delicate sensibilities its unwelcome remembrance. He would not inflict a pang on her feelings, by exciting her apprehensions that he had come to reproach her for injuries he had formerly received from her.

Mrs. F., his wife, had been instructed from her childhood in the duties of Christian charity, and now her sympathies had been sanctified by the grace of God, she seemed to enter into the trials of Mrs. C.

with all that delicate sensibility which characterizes the feelings of the genuine disciple of Christ. Having ascertained that Mrs. Child sustained a respectable character, it was finally settled, that Mrs. F. should call alone as a stranger and ascertain what could be done for her assistance. She found her as before described, poor indeed, with hardly the common comforts of life. A fifty dollar bill was placed in her hands, with the promise that something should be done for her permanent relief when her benefactress should return from her journey at the north. Mrs. F. then commended her case to Divine mercy in a brief prayer that seemed to emanate from as pure a spirit as ever dwelt in clay, and without giving her name, bade her "farewell."

Two days brought Captain F. and his lady to the village of W. They found the village all in a bustle, as if some public occasion was transpiring. On inquiring the cause of the stir and gathering, they learned that Ben Frisby had failed, and that his real and personal estates were all to be disposed of that afternoon. His own easy good nature and the pride and extravagance of his wife and daughters, were the topics of general conversation among the crowd. It is at least surmised that there were many of those who had been the victims of their arrogance that now secretly chuckled over their ruin. But Captain F.'s temperament was constituted of a different spirit. He was ready to forget the frailties, which had been developed in the family of his uncle in the days of their prosperity. He could even forget the slight

and neglect, which they had ever shown himself and his father's family. It was in his power to relieve them, and he determined to do it. He inquired the amount of his uncle's liabilities, and ascertained that three thousand dollars would be necessary to set him clear. His manners and appearance had undergone such a change during his absence, that he was not recognized by any of the citizens of the place, and as a stranger he determined to attend the auction.

The stand was already erected in front of his uncle's door; the Auctioneer had taken his station, and the eager multitude was listening to a proclamation of the property to be disposed of. To leave the mechanic his tools, and the family furniture to make themselves comfortable in a hired house, it was agreed that the real estate should be first disposed of.

"Who bids," said the Auctioneer, "for one hundred acres of timber land of excellent quality, capable of cultivation when it shall be cleared, situated in this town, lot No — and range — together with the house, lot and shop here before us,—and also forty acres on the shore of the lake, adjoining the farm of Captain Thornby? How much do you say for the whole?" One thousand dollars were bid; and this was raised to thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen hundred dollars." Here, the property hung heavy. "Going,"—"going,"—"going,"—roared the Auctioneer. "Once,"—"twice,"—"three—e—e"—the mallet was already raised whose stroke would sacrifice one thousand dollars in the property of old Ben Frisby, when a portly looking stranger raised the bid to two

thousand. Twenty-one, twenty-two and twenty-three hundred, quickly followed. At twenty-five hundred the mallet fell, and the property passed into the hands of the stranger. Five hundred dollars yet remained on various executions to be satisfied; to discharge which, the Piano and the richest of their furniture were produced. These, Captain F., who was the stranger that had purchased the real estate, did not esteem of utility to the family, and so he suffered them to be disposed of as they best could. The balance of two or three hundred dollars was finally compromised between Ben and his creditors. He, that night, went to bed with a heavy heart, with the reflection that, in a few short weeks, he and his numerous family would be turned out houseless and homeless upon the world.

Captain F. having advanced the cash for his purchase, and received his deed, he made out a lease of the property for the term of forty years, *rent free*, to his Uncle Benjamin and his heirs. Old Ben Frisby, as he rose the next morning and accepted the kindness of his nephew, felt himself comparatively a happy man; and his wife, though she felt humbled in considering how ill she deserved such a favor, could not refrain from tears of gratitude. It is said she was after this entirely cured of her habits of extravagance, and her mode of educating her daughters was so modified in the case of the younger, who were still with her, that their reverses were believed to operate for the lasting benefit of the family.

This business completed Capt. F. having ordered a carriage, set off with his lady for Marshton.

Old Park Frisby's log cabin had rotted down during his absence, and a neat painted farm house had arisen on the place where it stood. His old father appeared to be enjoying a comfortable old age, blessed as he was with a competence of the good things of this world, and surrounded by a family of affectionate children, the younger of whom, since schools had been introduced in the neighborhood, had obtained such an education as qualified them for the duties of life, and to move respectably in any society. The rough driving of the lumbermen had long ceased to be heard in the neighborhood, and beautiful landscapes of rich meadows and verdant fields, were spread over the uncomely clearing, that had formerly exhibited its stumps and tree-tops to the disgust of rural sensibility. A neat little church sent up its spire towards heaven from the midst of a few straggling forest trees, that Providence seemed to have preserved from the axe of the woodman, that the beauty of his works might be reflected on his consecrated sanctuary.

While Capt. F. was looking round on the scenes of the place of his nativity, he observed to his lady, that it was at a meeting held in a grove near the site of this church, that he first imbibed the notion of generous Christian philanthropy. The meeting was held there by a somewhat wild, ranting Methodist, who expatiated in his discourse on the benevolence of God in the gift of Jesus Christ, to die for the

world. "The impressions of that meeting," said he, "have never been forgotten, and I believe it is through their influence that I am enabled to forgive the injuries we have received from the family of uncle Benjamin, and to seek now in their misfortune, to make them comfortable and happy." This was a welcome topic to his wife, whose deepest anxiety had been that, in her connection with him, she should not find one who could share her Christian sympathies.

It is needless to add, that on their return to New York they both united with the same church, and lived as examples of charity and Christian meekness to all their friends and acquaintances.

As they passed through Albany, an annuity was settled on Mrs. Child sufficient to support herself and daughter, and those who had formerly vented their spleen and ridicule on the family of old Park Frisby, had finally to learn that a spirit of generous sensibility might be cultivated and cherished beneath the rough garments of a backwoods lumberman.

THE LADY TO HER MERLIN.

My pert, pretty Merlin, come hasten away,
For morn is approaching, and sweet the perfume
That welcomes our rambles at breaking of day,
To pluck the wild-flowers of bland, lovely June.

The dress of a bride is becoming me now,
In which I'm arrayed, to walk with my dearest—
Then come, pretty bird, for here is my vow,
That thou to my heart shalt ever be nearest.

Come, for the freedom of wild woods and valleys
Invites us to pleasure, inspires us with song—
The breeze of the morning so playfully dallies
With green waving verdure, our pathway along.

But jealousy comes, and whispers suspicion
That if, when abroad, thou hast freedom to fly,
My love will become thy sport and derision,
As thou risest aloft to the blue ether sky.

Black spirit of hell, how would you deceive me!
My Merlin is true, his heart is my jewel;
If freedom were his, he never could leave me,
Nor cherish a love that needed renewal.

For having once felt the worth of affection,
He would come yet again to share in its pleasures;
All nature so cheerless, without its protection,
Would bid him return to the fount of its treasures

THE STAR OF EVIL DESTINY.

It has not appeared that the accouchement of Mrs. Edgfield with her fifth son was ever described in the public journals. This is not remarkable, since it requires royalty to give interest to accounts of the kissing of babies, &c., &c. Be these matters as they may, it is sufficient that we notice here that Willie Edgfield was born honorably within the bonds of wedlock, and nothing remarkable occurred on the occasion beyond the usual assemblage of the doctor and his *posse comitatus* of old women, and the discussion of a midnight supper, with dry jokes and spirited repartees, mingled up with his doctorship's grave opinions, save the ominous signs which were discovered to indicate the fortune of the new guest, who that night had made his debut on the stage of life.

Among the company present was one Aunt Deborah Donkin, who, though she was not exactly what would be esteemed an honorable guest for such an occasion, yet she was not exactly a *spinster*, and practical experience was appreciated in a case where life was at stake. Besides, Deborah was now turned of sixty, scandal had had its day with her, and she

might now be considered fairly to have outlived the reproach of her youth. She was of a tall lean figure, with a long thin face furrowed with a multitude of longitudinal wrinkles, a nose resembling a tooth of a mill-saw turned a little askew, a pair of eyes which bore upon a reddish grey, and seemed to breathe the fire of peevishness from between grey bristly eye-lashes. Her hair, the usual crown of female beauty, had mostly been sacrificed to the frosts of age—the little tufts of white, coarse locks were knotted close down upon the head and fastened by an old-fashioned wooden comb, while her attire did homage to the fashions of fifty years ago, requiring no superfluous expense for puffs and plaitings, being rather lean in its dimensions, and composed of cloth of domestic manufacture.

But we need not be delayed with these unimportant particulars, for the reader has only to think of some female saintship of the last century, as he has seen her delineated in old pictures, and imagine the qualifications of the signs of ancient fasting, added to the representation, to have a tolerable idea of our famous Miss Donkin, whom, as she had become by her peculiar position of society, the *Aunt* of everybody, we have chosen to designate by that title.

"Where's Aunt Debby?" said the doctor, as he drained off his third cup of young hyson, and gave his cup a whirl in the manner of the country, and brought it inverted on the table, invoking the omens of fortune in the tea-grounds, as they adhered in various figures to the inside of the cup. The doctor

was a young man, and like most physicians, inclined to flatter the prejudices of a community, to make himself popular. But on this occasion there was a secret anxiety preying on his feelings, and if superstition could give him some little assurance of favor in the eyes of the charming Miss Darrowwold, whom as yet he had only seen across the singing gallery at church, he was willing to court her auspices.

Now Aunt Deborah was the person to whom all the young swains and maidens of the neighborhood looked, to read out from the bottom of their tea-cups the occult mysteries of fate, and to disclose the result of their cherished hopes. But as Miss Donkin had never been able to discover the sign of a husband in her *own* cup, she had grown somewhat peevish of late, and had declared more than once that she "would never look into a tea-cup again," as she had no faith in them, as a means of developing a knowledge of future events. She was somewhat proud of the distinction she had obtained as a fortune-teller, however, and though she affected horror at the black art of a conjuror, she nevertheless carried with her constantly a pack of French playing cards, that such as would do homage to her knowledge of mysteries, might have the benefit of her prognostications. But this she regarded as a sort of journeyman's business in the art of fortune-telling, and claimed consequence of a higher character, from having read several disquisitions from the doctors in *astrology*, and from being able to make the positions and movements of the stars the counterpart of the fortunes of the world.

But to return. As the doctor looked up, he found that the priestess of mysteries had not honored the table with her presence, so he turned off his inquiry with what he conceived to be a quotation from an old poet:—

“Capricious fortune, who thy fate can know?

Thy smiles are flattering, but thou leavest us wondering;”

“Eh!” added the doctor, “well employed, taking care of the sick woman doubtless.”

“No,” replied Mrs. Nimlet, “sauntering about the garden, rather, to watch the stars and learn the prospects of our young friend there.”

“The stars are doubtless propitious,” said Dr. Wadley, with a smile, rising and looking out of the window; “the charms of Venus rule to-night—the brilliant goddess has chased Diana to her rest—and you see, Mars dare not put on his helmet of bloody fire; lost in the dazzling splendor of other’s charms, sickly and diminished, he skulks away to the corner of the sky, as you see, like a singed rat skulking to his den.” Love surely ruleth for ever—thought the doctor—and my day-dreams of hope would soon change their glittering tinselry to substantial gold, had I been born on such a night as this.

“Well, Aunt Debby,” said Mrs. Nimlet jocosely, as the door opened, and the well known figure of our heroine of mysteries entered, “the doctor is stealing your trade. He’s been telling the *omens*. He’s such a frank, generous person, he tells us right out all about it. You’ll have to invoke the witcheries of

Tophet to guard your magic-charmed field from his sacrilege."

"Don't to-night, revered prophetess," said the doctor, "anything but meeting the devil in the way at this witching hour. I'd rather jump back to the days of the '*seven sleepers*,' and let the past, the present, and the future, be as oblivious as the dreamless centuries that passed over their quiet slumbers. But look here, old lady, I suppose I could read the fates as they have written their chart in the position of the stars, as well as the best of you, if you would let '*science*' have its prerogatives and throw aside your incantations."

Aunt Deborah seemed sulky at these remarks, which she conceived reflected on her pretensions, and without deigning to give them any attention, with constrained silence, she made a straight path to the corner of the fire-place, and having seated herself, looked her spleen upon the back of the old chimney.

"Come, come, Miss Donkin, don't have the dumps here, out, and let us know the fortunes of the *baby*," said Mrs. Nimlet.

The person addressed groaned, and then fetched a long sigh, and grunted out somewhat sulkily—"People are fools to pry into hidden mysteries which Providence has thrown over the future evils of life. The baby is well enough now, but I warrant you he'll curse the day he knows the star that unlocked these mysteries on his birth-night."

"Come, come, Aunt Debby," rejoined Mrs. Nimlet,

'quit your old tricks of frightening folks into fits, and scaring them crazy by your evil prophecies. The good graces of the doctor are too dearly purchased by this helping of his trade. Let us have a little of the sunshine of life to light the poor doctor home.'

"Ah," sighed Miss Donkin, "the sun will never shine on men of his cast, who hold converse with skeletons, and tempt ghosts in the grave-yard. I'll not seek any omens for you, doctor, for I warrant you don't think of winning any of the fair ladies of this parish. They'll none of them become the companion of your hydra *skeletons*, nor be won by the perfumery of your sickening medicines, I tell you! And then again says the old ditty—

*"I won't have a doctor, because he's always jogging,
But I would have a man stick closer to his lodging;"*

so would every one say who is fond of snug quarters and a quiet home."

"*Misericordie!*" exclaimed the knight of the saddlebags and pills, "am I to be the doomed victim of abhorrence in that community that I labor so hard to serve?" He then added mentally, "would Miss Darrowwold despise me for my calling? She certainly has judgment as well as charms, whatever may be the fate of a rough sprig of a country doctor!"

How this conference continued and ended, we have not time to relate; suffice it to say that, as Dr. Wadley bestrode his sorrel mare and pushed homeward, his impressions were the epitome of the various emotions that the night-scene around him was

capable of exciting in a sensitive spirit. Now his imagination made the rustling of the autumnal leaves, the fluttering of grave-clothes on the body of the exhumed "subject" in the hands of the grave pirates; and anon, the rill in its soft murmuring from beneath the evergreen forests that hung over the public way, was the music of nature to charm some sylvan goddess, that lingered at its fountain; and once and again he turned him round, as if to look through the pitchy darkness and discover the phantom figure of his "lady-love;" and then again, his poor dying patients groaned in the hollow sound of the night breeze, as ever and anon it paid its compliments to the dark towering hills which hung over him on either side. Surely, thought he,

Dark are the shades of this inconstant world,
Its light is fancy, and its life is death!

Twelve years had passed since the events here recorded, and the village of Climpton and its surrounding town had undergone the variety of changes which old father Time usually brings to the children and estates of this passing world. Mary Darrowwold, in the mean time, had become the mother of four sprightly and intelligent children, and moreover her name, as the old-fashioned priest used to say, was no more Mary Darrowwold, but Mrs. Mary Wadley. The bashful doctor succeeded at last—not in winning the charming Mary, for this was not the task with

him; but in overcoming his diffidence, or *breaking the ice*, for an acquaintance. For this once accomplished, and a congeniality of spirit and disposition, sanctified by an elevated sense of honor, was soon discovered, and became the ground of mutual confidence and reciprocal affection. But it would be unreasonable to insinuate that Mary, who believed that sincerity and modesty were the best foundations of female character, united in the coquettish schemes of the young spinsters of the town, to "*catch the doctor.*" The fact that Mary did not sympathize with their projects, incited their jealousy, that she felt too much ground of confidence in his good graces, and made her the object towards which their envy directed its spleen.

What would have become of the poor doctor, had he known the various intrigues that were set on foot to encircle him in the toils of love! Indeed it was his torment to conceive himself to be despised, or at least regarded with indifference by those whose good graces he felt most interested to secure.

But the married ladies, within the circle of his practice, did not all manifest the rabid sympathies of Aunt Deborah Donkin, for more than once was hinted to him, the propriety of *married life* for a physician. It is not said, however, that he recognized what was the fact, that this suggestion usually came from mothers who had marriageable daughters.

Twelve years had passed as we have stated, since the birth-night of Willie Edgfield, and Dr. Wadley

had established himself in practice, and become the possessor of a neat painted house and about thirty or forty acres of land adjoining, situated on the border of the quiet little village where he had originally made his quarters as a transient lodger at the public house, in search of professional enterprise.

Mr. Edgfield's family, it was said by the gossips about town, had grown too popular for the farming interest, and had moved into the village. Willie was a fair-haired boy, and was approaching his teens, with the prospect of becoming a sprightly and promising young man. The ominous oracle uttered by Aunt Deborah respecting him, had come to be quite forgotten by all save our doctor, and he became quite persuaded that evil fortune would be cheated of its prey.

The old lady had in the mean time grown grey and decrepid in years, if not in sin. What may be thought singular, her holy horror at *skeletons* and physic was abated at once, when the doctor was married and settled to domestic life; so much so that for the last six years she found the privilege of making herself a sort of honorary domestic in his household. Dr. Wadley was a benevolent, generous, and public-spirited man, and for a trifling remuneration from the parish, he was willing to take under his protection this singular, peevish, but in some respects remarkable woman.

Her disposition or ability for fortune-telling had seemed to have entirely forsaken her since the memorable night referred to. A shudder of peculiar horror would rush over her own skeleton frame, made

rickety by the beating tide of years, at a mere reference to her former profession. Aunt Deborah had now filled up the measure of the days allotted to man, and the time at length drew nigh that she should die.

While groaning one day under the debility of years and pains of rheumatism, she exclaimed to Dr. Wadley—"Thank God, the vision is nearly ended, and I am shortly away from this dark, black, lonesome valley of human sorrow. Thirteen, thirteen, thirteen fearful years have nearly gone! How few the days—how few the hours to me, before the star that controlled my fortunes shall shake hands with the legion of death, and deliver over this frail captive!"

"How is it," replied the doctor, "what strange vision has come over the spirit of your dream this morning, Aunt Deborah?"

Deborah turned her head on her pillow and inquired with significant earnestness—"Do you remember the birth-night of Willie Edgfield?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you may thank God that you were not introduced to its horrible visions. Old dame Fortune, with whom I had always felt so familiar, left me not, that night, to contemplate the dreamy speculations of astrologers. I had already picked out the star which ruled on that fearful night, and read the events it disclosed in the fortune of that boy, whose life seems determined on its gay and blithesome enjoyments ere his certain evil fortune shall blight his prospects. I say I had thus proceeded when a strange impression

came over my mind—the night scene around seemed for the moment removed, and the sight of a coffin on the brink of an open grave before me nearly overwhelmed me with fear. In a moment there stood on the pile of earth opposite the grave, the figure of a person in strange habits, and with a mysterious, hidden and lowering expression of countenance. I could at that moment willingly have lain down in that narrow house, and have asked the earth to cover me. But no, the future which I had sought to know, was before me; I could not move. My sombre visitor fixed his strange, but moveless eye on mine, while he uttered a fearful oracle—“Consider, woman, and be wise. In thirteen years we shall meet again!” As the last word was uttered, the sepulchral tone died upon the night air. The vision was gone, the stars shed their feeble glimmering upon the earth around, and left me to learn instruction by considering what had just been exhibited to my contemplation. And but seven days are left me now, to converse with this world. Seventy and five years is a great while to live, but too soon to die, unless it be to get rid of the pains of this old body, and to free you and your poor wife, doctor, of the trouble I make you. But I cannot banish from my mind *that* poor Willie Edgfield and his fond doting mother. He has yet to see evil days, depend upon it.”

“Fie, woman,” said the doctor, “your evil star was but a comet visitor, that will not return till the poor boy has grown grey in prosperous years, and slept through the quiet centuries of half an eternity! But

explain the omen on which you found your prognostications."

"I cannot," said Deborah, "I have sworn never to disclose. It was delivered to me under an oath of eternal secrecy—the *key of the mystic future*. Why, doctor, if I should tell, I should bring all the astrologers and soothsayers and witches that have ever lived, down upon me like the wild furies of Tophet, to torment my soul for ever. But the confirmation of what the mystic star revealed, I may relate. That very self-same night, when yourself and all that had been present, had left, as I sat watching by the bedside of Mrs. Edgfield, I was startled suddenly by a hollow screeching sound which seemed to articulate—'*murder! murder! murder!*' I went to the door and listened. The same wild, low, but significant agony screech was still heard, but whence it came, I could not tell. While I was without it seemed to proceed from the foundations of the house, but when I returned to Mrs. E.'s bedside, it seemed to come from the garden where I had seen the fearful vision that I have described. I settled it as an interpretation of the little infant's fortune, and since that time, the boy has never been separated, in my mind, from these significant forewarnings."

The doctor, judging it imprudent to excite his patient by further conversation, here withdrew. But what she had related acquired consequence from the fact, that on the morning of the seventh day from that time, the village bell tolled the death-knell of Deborah Donkin, who had lived but little respected,

and died leaving few regrets behind her; though many serious reflections were uttered on the occasion, as the moral teachings of death, to those who still held on to the brittle cords of existence.

Reader, has the ideal conception of the exquisite and sublime pleasures of solitude ever entered thy brain? If so, it must be cherished there only as a theoretic abstraction. For know that the human mind can find no hermitage, where the past and the future can be shut out, and the mind can be detached from its associations. One may think to contemplate mental abstraction pushing itself into the dreary desert, that meditation may be unaffected by reality or by the attractions or fascinations of the world; yet memory leaves its foot-prints in the sand, and impressions of experience beat close upon the track, like the faithful dog that tires not until he rests at the feet of his master.

But some, unaccountably, have their haunting geniuses sent dogging on their footsteps, by the caprices of a merciless world, and have to submit, however reluctantly, to the relentless bores which the superstition, ignorance, or prejudice of others may have sent on the chase. Such was the unfortunate case of Willie Edgfield. The death of Deborah Donkin had sanctified her prophecy, and from that day he was looked upon as the doomed victim of some dreadful calamity. As Willie grew up towards manhood, he developed a brave and resolute spirit, that an open enemy might well have feared to encounter. But *spirits* that hovered concealed around him, as

well in the bright sunlight, as in the witching midnight shadows, were not so comfortable antagonists. Willie was made to feel that retreat was his only alternative. For though the people of the little village of Climpton respected him for his many noble and virtuous qualities, yet the sigh of apprehension was so often mingled with the greetings of warm-hearted friendship, that William, as he came to be called, would rather have contended with the worst calamities, than have been the occasion of so much imaginative commiseration.

William had arrived nearly to his majority, and in the meantime, the late war with England had brought hostile legions on our shores, and sent up the cry of battle from various quarters of the land. William Edgfield had a heart too generous and noble to leave his country to suffer for the want of a manly arm for her defence ; if, however, he had felt any reluctance to enlist in the service of his country, this would have been obviated by the consideration that he was already *tabued* for some dreadful sacrifice, and an honorable death and a consecrated memory would be better than to expire in any chance accident or affray.

Dr. Wadley had at length imbibed the general impression. Though he had formerly defended William from the shafts of superstition, yet it began to be whispered that he had a more serious motive for laying the matter to heart. Mary Jane Wadley had grown up to womanhood possessed of all those charms and refinement of manners and sentiments

which the assiduous attentions of an intelligent and devoted mother could impart, and it began to be whispered among the knowing ones that an attachment was growing up between William Edgfield and Mary Jane Wadley. Dr. Wadley seemed to have forgotten his *science* and *philosophy*, as well as the trials of his own experience, when as a bashful lover he sought the hand of the youthful Mary Darrowwold. The strange, unaccountable and mystic apprehensions concerning William had, despite his intelligence, got possession of the Doctor's mind, and produced in him a chilling and repulsive bearing towards the former. Youthful love thus had, with William, its evil genius, as well as everything else. He was made sufficiently aware that its object could not be approached without incurring the serious displeasure of the parents of Mary Jane. It was only privileged to breathe its sighs responsive to the fragrance of the summer morning, or to complain to the smiling landscape over which he took his solitary rambles. But we should do injustice to the virtuous and generous-hearted Mary Jane, did we intimate that there was no exception to the general indifference that prevailed at the departure of Lieut. Edgfield,—the rank of William's commission—to his post in the army on the northern frontier. Love can look away the darkness of the most evil destiny, and when reciprocal attachments are formed in youthful hearts, intervening objects which separate the parties, are counted as nothing, and would be desperately defied if they made up the blackest vision that superstition

ever conjured up to scare mankind. An illustration of this remark is found in the following note, which William received the morning he left Climpton, by the hand of a confidential messenger :

Dearest William.—Filial duty on my part may require that I should not take occasion to express in person, the heartfelt interest and confident hopes I shall cherish in your behalf. This consideration has occasioned, that your letters, so full of kind affection and tender interest, have not before been answered. It has perhaps been well, for otherwise, obligations might have been felt on your part, that would detain you from that field, where I know your character and honor will be vindicated. Adieu, dearest William. The miniature enclosed I wish you to wear with the assurance that it recalls to your remembrance, one whose heart will follow you through all the vicissitudes of war. Go, for you shall return again, I am persuaded, and bring with you laurels that will put to the blush those who would make your fortune and prospects hopeless. Farewell.

MARY JANE WADLEY.

To describe the various incidents which marked the three years' service of Lieutenant Edgfield in the United States army, during the most active period of hostilities, would be simply to repeat matters of public notoriety in our national history. Suffice it to say that he obtained a Captain's rank for bearing away a British standard from the battle-field of Plattsburgh, and had the approbation of his superior officers for his distinguished courage in various other engagements, and lived through all, despite the persuasions of his friends at Climpton, that he went out to war as to his own execution. He returned when the peace was settled, with an honorable discharge

from the service, in which was inserted a clause expressive of the distinguished estimation in which his country held his various important public services.

A fond mother had sighed often, but hopelessly, for the return of her son. "Willie was surely to be slain; for in addition to the black predictions which it was said the ghost of Deborah Donkin rambled nightly through the village to confirm, she herself had terror-striking dreams, in which she had seen him with pale visage, with death-glaring eyes, and garments besmeared with blood."

There was yet another, as the reader will already infer, who sometimes thought of the return of the gallant Captain, that had torn the menacing and haughty "*lion*" from the hands of a British officer. Mary Jane Wadley was possessed of accomplishments and charms that procured her the proffered attentions and friendship of many professed admirers. But though civil and polite to all, she manifested that to them she was as a stranger in a strange land. Her affections indeed wandered far away, as she often sat pensive and alone at her parlor window, and looked out on the summer landscape, at the evening hour.

Her phantom dreams on the gay pinions of love,
O'er mountains and valleys delighting to rove,
Through woodlands and forests to thread the wild brakes,
Or lightly to skim over rivers and lakes,
To where the eagle of Liberty waves
Over resolute hearts that scorn to be slaves;
To where her dear William with courage hurled down

The proud boasting Britons—the slaves of a crown—
And left them to welter and sleep in their gore,
That Yankee-land's sons might be taunted no more ;
And breathed a fond welcome to the warrior's return,
When war's dreadful flame no longer should burn ;
When music no longer should mingle with groans,
Nor bugle-notes mock the dying's sad moans,
But only to love should raise its soft strain
To charm modest hearts, and wake the pure flame
Of holy attachment —————

But why should I delay to state what the reader already anticipates, that when William returned to Climpton, bearing the honorable character which his services had procured him, Dr. Wadley was the first to greet him ; and but a few weeks passed before he was welcomed to his household under a more endearing name than that of a mere friend. In a word William Edgfield and Mary Jane Wadley were married.

The reader is still anxious to know what came of Deborah Donkin's evil omens. Well, on this point it remains only to relate, that William, by providence and economy, had saved enough of the avails of his commission to purchase the old homestead of his father. The old farm-house in which he was born, was still standing, though it had gone much to decay, yet it was judged that it might afford a convenient residence until William should find himself able to build a better house.

The young married pair were presently settled

upon their own premises, and as they now made up a community, they began to appropriate as keepsakes such old family traditions as each was in possession of. William often referred to Deborah Donkin, and laughed heartily at the curse she had pronounced upon his fortune. But what was his surprise, when on an autumnal evening, as he quietly sat by his fire-side, his ears were suddenly saluted with a harsh grating sound, repeated at intervals, that seemed to articulate the fearful words, "*murder! murder! murder!*" as they had entered into Aunt Deborah's prophecies. Mary Jane was ready to faint with fear, but William assured her that he had met evil spirits before, and he was determined for once to find out their lodging-place. This said, he sallied out into the garden, but for once his heart had nearly failed him, as he stumbled on a mound of new dug earth, and had like to have pitched headlong into a deep excavation before it. "The grave, surely," thought he, "of Deborah's midnight vision, and there is the spectre man!—No!" He recollected himself—the excavation was made by his own hand the day before, as a place of deposit for garden vegetables, to insure their preservation through the winter, and moreover, at this same place a pit had been dug for the same purpose for more than forty years. The spectre man proved to be a post that had been standing in an adjacent clothes-yard ever since his remembrance. He soon got a clue to the terror-speaking oracle. An old tree had been left to shade the corner of the domicil, and upon subsequent examination, he

found that one of its branches was nearly worn off by contact with a corner of the house. When the tree was agitated by the wind, the friction produced the dreadful noises that had been heard.

We have only to say further, that the old tree was cut down, and the house was no more haunted, but the garden cellar was well filled with its productions from year to year, and William Edgfield and his virtuous and accomplished Mary Jane, lived to see many prosperous days, and to become the parents of numerous healthy and happy children.

THE PRINTER'S MUSE.

IN olden times, in doggerel rhymes,
The printer hath been wont to
Make an address, his friends to bless,
When New-Year's day was come to.

So *we* might take our pen to make
A few plain homely verses,
That days of yore might come once more
To smile away our curses.

That Jack or Gill, or Tom or Bill,
Or Country belles or dandies,
Might not disdain the habits plain
Of Times like Tristram Shandy's ;

That "*Miss*" Saphrone and "*Miss*" Salome,
Now primming at their toilet,
Might tell a fowl from a wild cat-owl,
And learn to pick and boil it.

For grand-dame days, when shows and plays
Gave place to spinning linen,
When lowing herds and woodland birds
Were "*instruments*" of singing ;

Were days of thrift, and heaven's gifts,
Were multiplied unmeasured,
And Eve's fair *gals*, Doll, Bet, and Sals
Had beauty's smiles untreasured.

* * * * *

But what of these? our friends to please,
Our muse no more will jog on
The stubborn mule, you cannot rule,
E'en though you set the dog on.

For oats and hay, there's cash to pay; .
No sybils live on splinters;
"Well then," says one, "since you have done,
I'll send and *pay the printers*."

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

THIS is a fugitive world. Its brightest visions are as evanescent as the crimson of an evening sky, that in a passing hour is lost in clouds of gloom and darkness. Its pleasures and comforts become like the faded impressions of vanished dreams, which memory strives in vain to recall to freshness and life. The mind ever pours forth its too vain regrets that oblivion has become the grave of so many of its cherished offspring. But as it is, object succeeds to object, incident to incident, and the events which make up the fortune and experience of life are so various and changing, that the most vivid and pleasing impressions are crowded from the memory, and the recognition of the angel sweetness and glory is too late, when the celestial visitor has flown away for ever. We cannot but reflect what pictures we might have sketched, had memory embraced the crude images which so often have fascinated with their novel illuminations as they hung upon our reveries. But

“As from the wing the sky no scar retains,
And parted wave no furrow from the keel,”

so dies in human heart not only the thought of death,

as the poet concludes, but every pleasing conception which memory hath not consecrated and embalmed. But as we look on the vague and faded past, with blank and wearied mind, we are consoled by the persuasion that we may yet meet other objects that will kindle intellectual fire. But the conceptions of these may in their turn fade away, to be revived only when heaven shall give to memory a keenness that shall make all that affected life and happiness stand in relief in the sight of heaven and earth.

It is good to think of the grave, and to anticipate the solemn developments of a coming world. What a "strange and incomprehensible being is man," who can behold his fellow mortals dropping to the tomb, and turn away from the instructive scene, to amuse himself with the vanities of this fading life. If I would seek a rank in knowledge above the distinguished of the earth, a church-yard should be my instructor. Not so much that I might sigh for the faded hopes and ruined prospects of a past generation, as to learn what men *shall be*, to see the end of the lofty aspirations and mighty energies which *now* stir and agitate the almost unestimated mass of humanity with which the earth teems.

The most contemptible weakness in our world is the disposition to despise labor as inconsistent with genteel and refined cultivation. No person is truly independent who is not possessed of a knowledge of

some trade or business at which he could earn a support in case he should become poor.

Most men are more ready to sacrifice a friend than to give up a favorite prejudice. Indeed, most friendships are based on the estimated utility of men in helping to carry favorite points. Friendship is a delicate flower ; it should not be rudely handled, lest it be soiled or destroyed.

“ A faithful friend who can find ? ”

Under God, every person who would rise in the world must depend upon himself. I have seldom found such a thing as sympathy with human hopes, between man and man. Pity and contempt more frequently respond to our aspirations, than a hearty god-speed. Relate your trials to a bosom friend, and he takes them as an evidence of your weakness, and if he has prudence enough not to communicate his impressions abroad to your disadvantage, a manly and generous confidence from him is a thing to be repurchased, or rather, perhaps, a thing lost for ever.

The present is an age of Jesuitism. The order having been suppressed, no license is required to practise the arts of human policy, and whoever pleases, sets up for *influence*, regardless of the character of the means employed. Falsehood, deception, and intrigue, are unblushingly put in requisition by men, to build up any favorite cause. “ It is perfectly al

lowable," they reason, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our power" to effect so good an object. And if some men can only be persuaded to support it, by addressing their *sordid avarice*, we may as well "*patronize*" this disposition by presenting motives that will strengthen while they control it, and make it one of the most powerful supports of this benevolent cause.

There are certain rights which belong to a community, and whatever individual employment or pursuit entrenches on them is a breach of the law of nature, and should not be tolerated by the laws of the land.

Religion is too often used as the *last resort* of the selfish and infidel heart. The faith of many is like the parent who is said to have uttered this prayer at the family altar, "O Lord, bless my son Jonathan and his table, my son Elijah and his table, my son Simeon and his table, but as for Ben (who lived at home), I can take care of him myself."

Sincerity is a rare virtue. The man who uses it, even to my rebuke, shall be my friend, while flatterers shall be regarded as plotting against my interest and my life.

Some professed Christians are *so orthodox*, that lest they should seem to make religion consist in *external* morality, they suffer the sick and the poor to

languish under their eye unrelieved and unregarded. They would spend weeks and months in reading to you homilies on *sound* doctrine, but never an hour in performing the duties of practical charity.

I once knew a zealous sectarian who latterly had become more addicted to *cider* than to prayer, and whose countenance indicated that he oftener went to his mug than to church, to quarrel with his minister because he did not preach sufficiently strong on the doctrine of *election* and the *saint's perseverance*.

Benevolence is the soul of all true religion. That benevolence which flows forth through the melting tenderness of compassion, and betokens a heart alive to all the deep-seated sensibilities of humanity, is what commends the soul to heaven's complacent regard, and qualifies for the enjoyment of heaven's favors. It is the antithesis of the selfishness, which constitutes the sin and depravity of the human heart, which leads to all the excess, and wanton cruelty, and callous insensibility, with which the earth is filled.

Benevolence or love is not only the fundamental element of Christian character, but it is the breathing, the air, the light, the glory of the heavenly world. It is the radiance which sheds a soft lustre over angel forms, or beams forth the eternal majesty of God. "God is love, and they that dwell in love, dwell in God, and God dwells in them."

It is not only the substance of the gospel, but it is the essence of the tables of the law, the sum of whose

commands enjoins love to God and to our neighbor. And lest it should be forgotten, it was repeated in a new *commandment* which Christ gave to his disciples, that "*they should love one another.*"

The gift of prophecy, the knowledge of mysteries, the eloquence of an angel's voice, and even the faith that could remove mountains, all shrink into insignificance before this heaven-inspiring principle of love; this, which is integrity in the heart, and compassion and kindness to the world around.

Who of us possess this principle? How narrow are the limits of its influence among men!

In giving instruction, we do not always recognize the good we are accomplishing. Said a Sabbath school teacher, "I should be gratified with my employment, could I see the result of my labors in the benefit of those under my care." "You have," replied her pastor, "sometimes seen the painter bending over his canvass for days, without making any progress in his work; but he continued at his labor—and one after another the delicate shades of his picture developed themselves, and a performance was at length produced, which for its beauty astonished the world. So the effects of your labors may not be perceptible in their progress to a looker-on; while at the same time divine truth, in its silent searching operations, may be effecting the conversion of those under your care, and your work, when it is finished, will produce a result which, if it does not command

the gaze of an admiring world, will cause angels in heaven to sing for joy."

The study of moral truth will for ever occupy the attention of the saints in glory. The delight in this employment, and the force of this truth operating on the heart, will contribute the highest joys of Paradise. Says our great and blessed Teacher, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

If a mother would seek to find the most endearing bond of affection between herself and her husband, she may be assured that it will be found in well-governed, tidy, and well-instructed children.

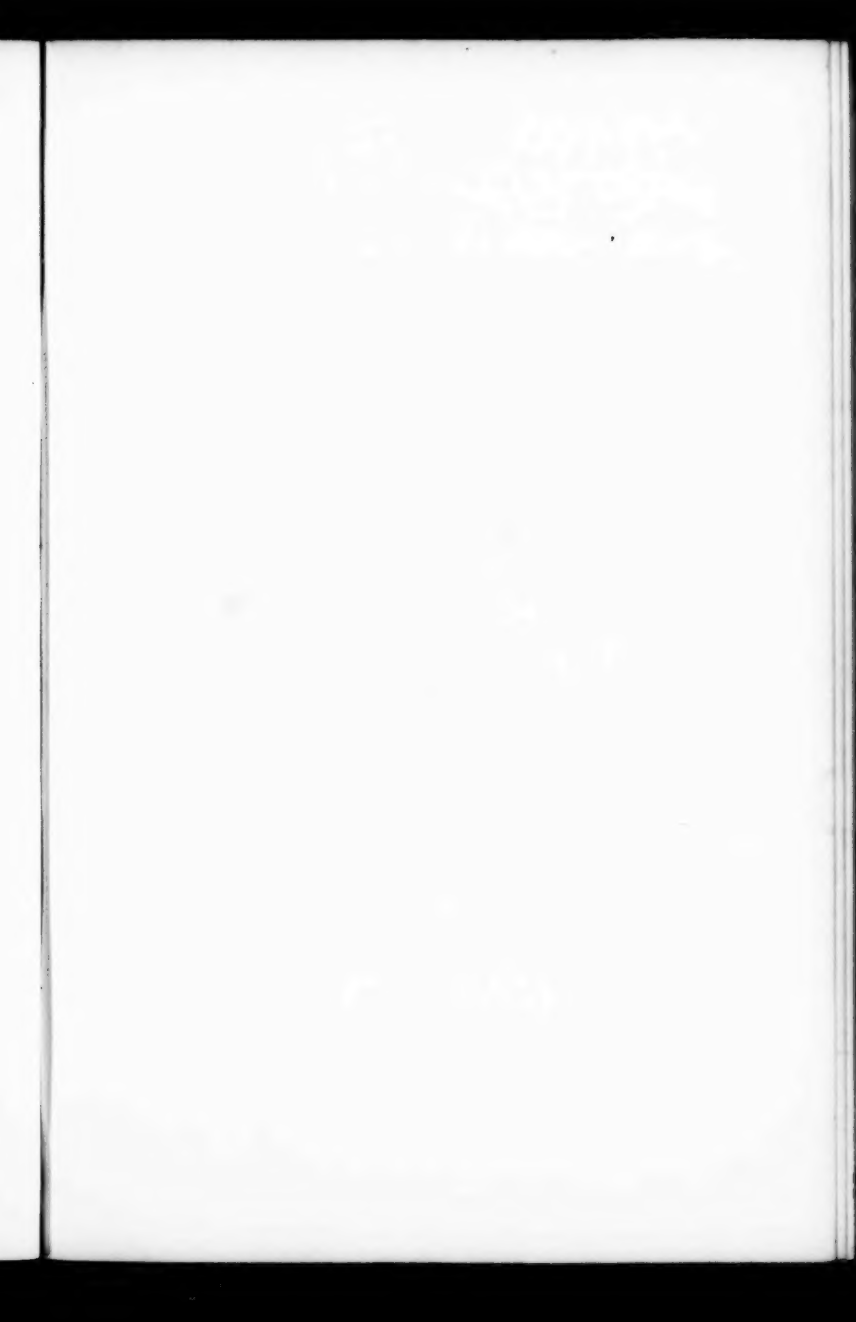
If the Father of mercies might bestow unasked, every needed favor, still prayer would be none the less necessary to prepare the heart for the reception and improvement of divine blessings. "Cast not your pearls before swine" is the wisdom of God's example, as commended to the attention of man.

Radicalism.—This term signifies, from its derivation, the root of any matter, and implies a careful searching after first principles. When properly understood, it is discriminating and conservative; but the fault is, with the great mass of men, that, when they have discovered and traced out the root of any matter, they cannot be contented till it is cut away,

and the tree or superstructure which it sustained, is demolished.

Of all credulity, there is none like that of infidelity. The infidel asks us to believe that there is no God, when he has not visited half the universe, to discover his absence. If his hard heart may be callous to a sense of the divine presence, he cannot assert that he does not exist. The essence of the Divine Being may be so subtle and so refined, that his presence is unappreciable to the sensibilities of a brutalized reason. The infidel, to be certain of his doctrine, must have spanned the universe—have travelled to the remotest star—have investigated the most refined and infinite subtlety, that an intangible, infinite and almighty spirit could make the curtain of his retreat—he must have searched all heaven, and penetrated the shadows of hell, and then come back and convince us that he has not travelled as a poor blind wanderer, the sport of his own deceiving imagination.

“Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind.”





HUMILITY.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade, when all things rest :
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath Humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is Humility.

The Saint that wears Heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The foot-stool of Humility.

TO THE QUEEN OF SONG.

WHILE triumph leads thy steps along,
Rare melodist ! I weep for thee,
Because thy wealth of glorious song
So quickly spent shall be.

Long ere thy silence in the tomb,
If life's full span be thine,
On thy choice gift will fall the doom
Of piteous decline.

And while the laurelled poet's lay
Shall warble through all time,
Thy peerless notes shall pass away
With thy brief summer prime.

Even this verse of little worth
For one short hour may last,
When the full strain that called it forth
Shall be forever past.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

A ROMANCE OF NEUROLOGY.

It may long be a question whether the interest of the human mind is more deeply engaged by what stands forth conspicuous to its gaze, in the striking forms of grandeur, beauty and glory, or by the images that sleep unseen or flit in shadows on the verge of realms unknown. If beauty's form with captivating smiles may hold our hearts in her silken bands, there is yet the fountain of this light celestial, at which our hearts would drink until our very souls were lost in its embrace. The present life were insipid and wearisome, and the present world but a poor prison of drudgery, want, and wo, were it not that they are esteemed the counterparts of the world to come, and life beyond the grave.

Filled with these reflections, as I have often wandered over the wild ridges of the Green Mountains, I have turned to gaze far down into the deep dark glens, and sighed that their evergreens might here, as in the old world and in early ages, overshadow the grottoes of saint-like hermits, whose days of penance and night of prayers might transfigure the deep

hid mysteries of spirit life. But where's the sire to consecrate a shrine to solitude in this stirring land, and where can the stirring energies of such busy life, settle down to quiet meditation?

I've thought indeed, that to know of man, of God, of heaven, earth, and hell, were not the perquisites of human thought, and sighed that heaven's majesty should spread around him his pavilion of dark waters and thick clouds of the sky—and more; that folds of mystery should wrap the springs that move the passions of the human heart. Alas, there is no oracle. The wildest cavern on the mountain side, or in the deep sunk glen, will but echo the hollow sounds of the inquirer's voice. The wild bleak crag that rears its naked brow to meet the sky, and stands majestic mid the wintry blasts and autumn storms, is not more condescending.

But thanks to the wisdom of these latter days, whose science has made clear the opaque curtains of the mind—that modest virtue in her virgin robes may now be honored though depressed and scorned—and foul intrigues may show the demon spirit that works her engines, and fits her victims for the fires of hell.

Science, not theology, is the burden of my panegyric. The science of Neurology, which talks of seeing what has hitherto been hid from human eyes—the mysterious workings of human thought.

Not many weeks since, a friend was tempted to submit himself to the experiments of a Neurologist, which were attended with phenomena somewhat different from those that have been reported, inas-

much as he has retained in his memory a distinct impression of his mesmeric dream, which we give below, as narrated in his own words,

“Returning late one evening from a Miller meeting, I dropped in for a moment at the office of a friend, skilled in the science of Animal Magnetism. Conversation turning on his favorite theme, I was induced to test the science by submitting to be mesmerised. I accordingly seated myself with a passive submission to his requests, while my mind was yet wandering over the vagaries of Millerism. The end of the world, with the thousand signs of its near approach, with the prospective visions of the last great day, with its scenes of fire and horror-stricken throng; the booming tones of the thunder pealing tramp, as minute guns for the departed world, mingled with groans of wounded fallen souls from the battle field of hell—all floated through my mind in its hasty but involuntary reversion to the exciting discussion to which I had been listening. I endeavored to quiet my sensibilities, that they might not be repulsive to the influence of the magnetizer, who had now commenced making his passes, and his endeavors to look me into quiet forgetfulness. Presently a singular sort of lethargy came over me; my sensibilities were stunned, my train of exciting reflection was lost, and I was dead, as it were, to all things around me. But soon a new sort of life seemed to get possession of my frame. My spirit was released from its burdensome tenement of clay, and I was capable of flying away with the ease and swiftness

of an eagle. Nay, thought was its wings, and perception the limit of its flight. But from the glow of gratification for the possession of new powers, scattered indeed, on vague and uncertain immensities, my mind seemed to settle to objects of a more definite and tangible character. I conceived a faint and indistinct desire for a knowledge of the spiritual world; and in a moment I was carried away in a passing cloud, and tones of heavenly harmony, sweet and deep as heaven's pure fountains of holy sensibility, held me entranced with holy raptures. In an instant more, my chariot cloud lost its sombre cast, and became an embodiment of pure celestial Brilliancy. The figure of an angel was by my side, and seizing me by the hand ere I had time to assume a reverential posture, 'Thy fellow servant,' said he, 'I am come from our Great Father in Heaven that an erring child of man may learn wisdom.' Miller's vision reverted at that instant to my memory, and I inquired if this were not the end of the world, and the coming of the Son of Man? 'Nay,' said he, 'presumptuous mortal, the Son of Man shall indeed come in the glory of his Father, but the time of the visitation of the great judgment is yet hid in the archives of the Father's throne. You see yonder, far off through the pathless ether, the gates and walls of the New Jerusalem, the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.' 'I see,' said I, 'and a glorious cloud hanging over it, that is almost painful to my poor enraptured eyes.' 'Tis well,' he replied, 'for you could only look on it in the dim dis-

tance as through a glass darkly, though the good and the faithful will be strengthened not only to look thereon, but to walk those golden courts. But take a closer and more precise view, and tell me what you see over the outer gate.' I looked and saw the figure of a cross, shining like the sun, and red like blood, and over it an inscription, written,

"There is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby ye must be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ. This gospel must be preached to all nations, for a remission of sins!"

"So you see," said my heavenly friend, "the great work from God's holy servants on the earth is yet to be finished. The sweet tones of the messenger of peace are yet to be raised on the wild mountain and darksome valley of many a heathen land."

"But," said I, "would that I could fly away to that holy paradise and find no more painful sensibility in contemplating the sins of my poor frail nature, and of a frail and fallen world." "Paradise," said he, "is only to be attained by progress and preparation, through the long pilgrimage up the pathway to Zion. You have now had a glimpse of the holy city, to stimulate you to exertion in the duties of your present life, whose faithfulness is crowned with so glorious an inheritance. You sigh to be let into the mysteries of heaven and of the future, and I fear you do not understand the present, nor have you faithfully studied the past. Come with me and I will show you a vision that will instruct you."

"Immediately the light of celestial things seemed to

vanish from my presence. My angel visitor wore the form of a plain, familiar friend, and stood by my side on the top of a high mountain, directing my attention into a long deep valley that lay before us. 'Behold,' said he, 'the vision which God has prepared to instruct thine erring heart.' I looked into the valley before me, and beheld it filled with a vast multitude of people, with every variety of costume, that seemed to set forth St. John's vision of the great multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

"'Here,' said my heavenly director, 'is the human family in its present pursuits and past history. The vale before thee is the world—more literally than figuratively denominated the vale of tears—and the countless throng with which it is filled is the numerous succession of mortals who have held it in dominion since the birth of time. Thine eye shall be strong to behold and understand the vision.' And so it was ; for when I looked along the continuous ranks of people and nations, and generations which filled the path that has marked the track of time for near six thousand years, the dimness and obscurity of distance gave place to clearness of sight and distinctness of perception. For there, before me, was Noah and his little family in their frail ark, borne on the maddened billows of an agitated tide that shadowed forth a destruction that once turned the fair world to a wild and desolate flood of waters, and far beyond was the great progenitor of the human race, seemingly going down to the grave while talking over the ills of hu-

man fortune, experienced during nine centuries. Yes, and the old man wept at the grave of Eve, the partner of his sorrows. He talked not of Eden then, nor the loss of its paradise. His lamentation seemed borne upon the wind, and spoke the sympathies of a man of sorrows. 'Yes,' said he, 'I have reproached thee in thy life, many a time, most bitterly and unjustly. If thy frailty was the occasion of my fall, thou hast been the only consolation of my wretchedness. Many a time when my sky has been black with clouds, thy smile has been a sun to my heart, and thy finger has pointed to yonder brightness as my promised rest. But thou art gone, and laid beside thy murdered Abel. An old man's tears can wake thine eye no more. My children, too, are dead. They heeded not a father's voice in life, much less in death—but one—my dearest Seth—and he is now decrepid in his old age, and hardly promises to bear with me the cares and sorrows of another thousand years.'

"Alas, the old man seemed to think of death only as the invader of his hopes and possessions. For I looked again and saw him gathering the materials of a splendid tabernacle, and talking of the achievements which he was yet to accomplish. But as he bustled along with the anxiety of a youth, he suddenly stumbled and made the grave of the earliest patriarch.

"'You have here contemplated !' said my heavenly guide, 'man as he was in the beginning, and as he has continued to the present hour. Interested with

great things, events, changes and enterprises with which death is ever mingled, and never dreaming of the change that is to come over his own spirit. Look again, and you will see this same Adam in his better days, contemplating the light of promise in yon far-off illumination. He sees heaven there as the home of his kindred, and as possibly his own future abiding place ; but his reverence and devotion are fitful and broken, his journey to the promised land is reserved to some distant day—to his old age, when he imagines that his spirit of enterprise will give place to devout meditations on his future state. But you have seen the illustration as said by ancient sages—

That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

“ ‘Come down, now,’ said my director, ‘in the progress of time, and note the incidents which mark most distinctly the purposes and pursuits of man. You see the cloud which is bearing the faithful Enoch to his father’s throne. Just beyond, you see the poor old man in the midst of his trials. The world in so few years has waxed too wicked for so pure a spirit. Infidel depravity has made him the victim of its persecutions, and the power of Omnipotence is defied to deliver him from his tormentors. Enoch is taken away, but you see by the conduct of the accumulating crowd, that the tide of iniquity still rises higher and higher, till atheism, impiety and corruption uni-

versally prevail—until all hearts save one faithful family are cursing God and defying his power—till by the besom of the flood they are swept away.

“‘Look hither at the tide which shadows forth the flood, and you will see how little moral influence an event the most terrible and grand, that was a marked and distinctive judgment of God upon iniquity, had upon the favored posterity of Noah. The plains of Shinar, celebrated in all antiquity, are in thine eye, and the great Nimrod there holds his rod of iron over his toiling slaves.’ I looked to the point directed, and I saw the plain full of people, bearing burdens of brick and mortar, which they were depositing at a central point, as materials for some great edifice. ‘What means this?’ said I to the good angel by my side.

“‘Look again and listen,’ said he. I looked, and the multitude having laid down their burdens, were gathered around a rough-looking giant who was making a speech; as the grating tones of his demoniac voice came floating on the wind, and were interpreted by the angel as followeth:

“‘Who sayeth that the great Nimrod, the mighty hunter of the East, is not great above all gods? Let the lions that have trembled at his presence, let the tigers which for his hand have sent their echoing wail through the wilderness; let the kings of the earth, who have lain as dead men at his feet, rebuke such a wretch. Who shall fear under Nimrod’s protection? Ah, ye crowd of traitorous imbeciles, who say that a God liveth above the air and sky, who

should be feared by the children of men ! Ye fools ! have you seen his shape ? have ye heard his voice ? have ye known his countenance, as ye have known mine ? Ye follow after vain shadows ; will ye for such folly reject Nimrod, the greatest and the mightiest ? Ye blind wretches, who look up and fear that the God of heaven will bring upon the earth a flood of waters, as your foolish traditions say he once hath done ! For this contempt of Nimrod your hands shall toil to prove his power. For he will build a tower whose top shall reach the heavens, and you shall make the bricks and mortar, and bear the burdens of the work. It shall be a foot-stool for Nimrod when he walks in the clouds, to control the winds and the storm. For at his terrible word, the mightiest flood would roll away its waters and leave his subjects harmless.'

"The giant ceased his blasphemy, and I saw arise, as by magic, the mountain pile of the Tower of Babel. Nimrod stood on the lofty summit of its half finished spire, still pointing to the clouds as its destined elevation.

" 'Here,' said he, 'let your God of air and vacancy contend with Nimrod.'

"Heaven's accumulating wrath was clustering then in the dark thunder cloud which hovered over the plains of Shinar. Yes, for at that moment I could see the angry glare, and wild vengeful fire, darting fearfully across the curtained sky. The bolt descended, and the great Nimrod fell among the ruins of his shattered tower.

"The multitude shouted at his fall, and laughed for joy at the death of their merciless oppressor. But those who made up the tide of life that trampled over his ashes, scarcely remembered the name of Nimrod, or the sudden divine vengeance that closed his earthly career. For another glance to the plains of Shinar showed me the idol temple standing over his grave, and a similar multitude making their craven devoirs to an idol god.

"But the reader would not have patience to pass with me over the great vision that was made manifest to my volatile or subtle perceptions, as the Panorama of existing realities connected with the world that has passed away. From what we have noted it is seen that great events and extraordinary divine judgments have had little moral influence over the conduct of mankind. They seem to have come in, as the last resort in behalf of those who should live after, when the patience of Divine mercy was exhausted. They were the removal and not the reformation of evils. And so it is, if this narrative would permit me to stop to moralize—with Miller's doctrine of the end of the world in a given year. Could men be actually persuaded to believe it, and were it indeed true, few would be induced to change their course of life.

"On the face of this great vision, self and the glory of the world were the presiding geniuses. The maiden bedecking her youthful face in smiles; and warriors, from Leonidas to Napoleon, pressing their legions on to slaughter, were animated by the same hope of applause from the world around them.

“With all the matters for serious reflection, there were many things queer and comical embraced in the sum of human history, which may claim the notice of some less serious dreamer. But for the present I must confine my attentions more immediately to the objects for which the vision was disclosed. My celestial friend, seeing me given to excessive admiration of many distinguished transactions of the human family, rebuked me in asking if I observed a succession of buildings standing a little beyond where the great crowd were pressing their footsteps down the track of time. From the rough cave and rude tabernacle these gradually increased in dimensions and character, till princely palaces came along side the existing generation of men.

“‘These,’ said the guide, ‘are called the conclaves. In these are laid the plans, projects, intrigues, and purposes of mankind, and while as you may look again and see them made transparent to your sight, you perceive that the secret springs of many transactions that command human applause are most foully corrupt and wicked.’”

“I looked and saw many persons whom I had recognized in the crowd, and was astonished at the different light in which their conduct now appeared. There was a lover, whom I had admired and commended, for his soft and elegant expressions of attachment to one of the most lovely and delicate angels that novelist had ever set eye on, exhibited within these conclaves with a club of pot companions, boasting with ribald jeers of his triumphs over female

virtue. Here were lawyers of opposing clients, chuckling over the knavish counsel they had given to keep their dupes in the way of needing their services. Among all the rest, I was surprised to find a multitude of Priests or preachers whom I had seen exhorting among the crowd with phrenzied enthusiasm, counting up here, the gains of their calling, and inquiring where they might find richer parishes and larger salaries. It was observed by one, that if he could manage to get a wealthy merchant into the church, he would be worth a dozen poor mechanics, and his salary might then be raised so as to enable him to remain where he then was. By another it was contended that for the temporal subsistence of the church, it was appropriate that wealth should be treated with suitable deference ; that visits of friendship should be reserved for the rich ; that the minister should associate with the poor only professionally when he was *sent for* to visit the sick, or to bury the dead.

“ I was gratified to find that many a faithful laborer in the Church found no occasion for association in these conclaves ; preferring a generous frankness and straightforward course of duty to the chicanery of demagogue managers. May their names be blessed on the earth as we know them to be in Heaven ! But of all the management in the religious world, the unveiling of the conclaves disclosed the greatest corruption in the founders of new and strange sects. Ambition, pride, and the love of power were found to be the prevailing influences with these wiseacres,

that led them to seek to make up a reputation at the expense of all that is venerable and worthy in the authority of the past. When vanity had invented a scheme, an influence still more degrading was cherished in the conclaves, by others who sought to divert attention from their personal weakness, or to patch up a broken reputation by mounting the hobby and becoming furious zealots in promulgating the sentiments of the new doctrine.

"My guide pointing out a distinguished personage in the conclave of the present age, 'behold,' said he, 'the key of Millerism, that has so much interested your attention. Miller is before you, listen to his soliloquy, and "*understand* the vision."' And sure enough, the old prophet was there, but bearing the impress of his younger days. He seemed to fall into a sort of drowse, while looking over a paper which bore the appearance of a military commission; and then he suddenly started up, tore the paper in pieces, muttering that the war had ended, and his commission had failed to bring him honor, and that it might go with the Capulets.* 'But,' he continued, 'what shall I do now? I would have turned priest, but my infidelity in which I have gloried has been too extensively known; my learning and capacity are too limited, and the world will never receive me while merely invested with the sober duties of such an office. But I will invent some new doctrine, and I shall not only obtain patronage but shall be distinguished in after times as its patron and founder.' The next moment

* Miller was an officer in the war of 1812-15.

I looked among the crowd, and lo, there was Miller proclaiming in trumpet tones the destruction of the world in 1843; and pretending to give a last invitation to the poor dying sons of men to make their peace with God. He identified all true piety with a belief of his dogmas, and was ready to denounce those who rejected them as the enemies of God.

‘Here,’ said the angel, ‘you have the origin of Millerism. Of its extraordinary progress you will better understand, by looking again within the walls of the conclaves, and listening to the conversation of the two priests, who are about espousing this extraordinary interest.’

“I looked, and one was declaring his intention of inviting father Miller to address his people. True, he was not exactly satisfied of the truth of his notions but brother G. of a certain place had been greatly strengthened with his people by Miller’s preaching, and they had increased his salary one hundred dollars. Mr. B. thought that if the end of the world had no prospect of coming in ’43, if men would be awakened by the idea, and could be converted by means of the delusion, it might be as well to preach it, though for himself he did not believe a word of it. Nobody could say it was not true, and if it brought men fairly into the church, religion, after all, would be just as good, though Miller should turn out to be a humbug. Conclusions being settled, these men went out the avowed disciples of the illustrious Miller, and set up such a howling, that the devil himself would have thought ‘the world on its last legs,’ had

he not been too much in the trick to be made the dupe of its deceptions. I carefully observed the crowds that flocked around the Miller preachers. Though multitudes made loud professions of attachment to the cause, and shouts and lamentations were sent up in profusion, yet I could scarcely see a difference in the conduct and dealings of the most zealous in their relation with their fellow men. They were as hard, and niggardly, and selfish, as sparing of accommodations, and as careful of securities; as oppressive to the poor, and careful of laying up riches for their posterity as ever. They either could not have believed what they professed, or their ruling passion strong in death, evinced a desperation of worldliness under the circumstances truly astonishing. I was sickened at what was before me, and turned to inquire of the angel, when should be the end of such hypocrisies.

“‘The vision,’ said he, ‘is for many days. Consider attentively what you have seen, and learn the duty of living to God. Though the end of the world is distant many generations, yet thine own day is but a span, and thy life should be above the fear of death or the judgment day—pure and heavenly.’

“I turned again to consider the vision, but it had flown. My mind returned from its wanderings, and I awoke from my mesmeric slumber, and found my friend in great agitation from his efforts, so long fruitless, to awaken me.”

THE SORROWS OF ESAU.

Afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing he was rejected ; for he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.—*Heb.* 12 : 17.

FAINT and weary, the son of the patriarch came back from his hunting tour. He had mused by the way on his hard and sorry fortune. The spirit of enterprise had died in his bosom, and hope had left him to the peevishness of indolence and unsatisfied sensuality ; when he met with his brother preparing pottage of lentils for his own refreshment. It was an evil hour for Esau ; the slave of appetite, he counted not, at that moment, the worth of character, friends, or prospects. Feigning himself ready to die with hunger, he quickly made a covenant with his brother, to part with all that was truly valuable on earth, for the means of gratifying his propensity to gluttony, but for this once. He was determined to have this one dinner, if he might starve in perdition for ever as its penalty. The birthright so unceremoniously disposed of, was the covenant of heaven's favor. It was understood and seen by him, but despised by his infidel heart—God's covenant with Abraham and his father of the possession of the land of Canaan to them and their posterity, and the heavenly inheritance of which

this was the earnest and representation. He could look on the fat valleys of Achor, the beauty of Zion, and Lebanon's towering cedars, and feel that the possession of Canaan's land was a worthless toy in comparison with a mess of pottage. But, what was more, he could renounce his claims to the smiles of a benignant providence here, and a heavenly paradise hereafter, for the gratifications of an hour, that would work the bitterness of death for ever.

But there was another day—the two youths had grown up to manhood. The venerable Isaac had come to the period of life when the infirmities of age admonished him that the duties of this world should be arranged, that, in his appointed hour, he might sleep with his fathers in peace. As high-priest of his household, he was on a certain day to consecrate the heir of the sacred covenant. His eye rested on Esau, his first-born; he sent him away to gather preparations for the solemn ceremonial. But God suffered Jacob to come in for the old man's priestly blessing; the claim to which he had long since purchased. He approved and sanctified the consecration; though he despised and abhorred the intervention of Rebecca's intrigues and falsehoods as a means of bringing it about; as a fair representation of Jacob's proper claims was all that was needed.

Esau came back from the field, not faint and weary now, bearing a dish of savory meats with which he fondly hoped to procure his father's blessing. But the birth-right which had been sold for a mess of pottage, could not now be *re-purchased* by a dish of

savory venison. He had chosen to indulge his sensual appetite once, and he might retain his savory meats now, in the room of the blessing he had bartered away. As he learned the unwelcome truth, that the sacred ceremony was passed, and he himself was a servant among his kindred; "he stood before his father and cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry, 'Bless me, even me also, O my father.'" But he found no place of *change* in this transaction, though he sought it carefully with tears. The sale of his birth-right had, as it were, turned the current of the stream to the pent-up vale, whose fair and beauteous landscape was lost in consequence beneath the accumulating waters. A small transaction, in itself, but mighty in its consequences.

In the case of Esau there is solemn instruction and warning to every youthful heart. For whoever like Esau chooses present gratification, regardless of future good, will, in the end, find that the consequences are pain and remorse, and inevitable ruin.

There was no special judgment of God that visited Esau, no destroying flood as came on the antediluvian world, no storm of meteoric fire as descended on the plains of Sodom, no formal pouring out of the vials of divine wrath, but his cries and bitter tears were only the legitimate and natural result of his own conduct. It is as settled as the course of the sun in the firmament, or any great law of nature, that the votaries of sensuality and lust shall find wretchedness in life, bitterness in death, with accumulating horrors hovering beyond the dreadful valley. Vain regrets,

nor cries, nor bitter tears, can never bring back to the sensualized soul the heavenly peace of innocence and virtue. Another and a strange fire is enkindled on the heart's polluted altar—a fire that sends up the tainted cloud of heaven-daring blasphemies to mock a Saviour's love for a ruined world. But "the way of the transgressor is hard," and neither paints nor patches, princely robes, nor bold and reckless airs, can allay the wretched anguish of the guilty soul. Close on the path of transgression comes the devouring scourge, which drinks up every pleasure of the heart and leaves it to desolation and sorrow. And if there is a God in heaven or truth upon the earth, the votary of sensual pleasure will "mourn at the last, when his flesh and body are consumed, and cry how have I hated instruction and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me." He will seek, but seek in vain like Esau, that the penalty of his transgression may be abated while he gives himself up to pursue the lusts of his own heart. We say he will *for ever* seek, for it is folly to presume that he who now stalks through the world, the living epitome of a walking and breathing hell, until he falters under the ruinous blight of his iniquities, and hobbles down to a grave of wretched infamy, will in the resurrection find in himself a heart to be delighted with the songs of the redeemed in Paradise. No, for even here, his habits of sin grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength, until he is bound, as it were, by the chains of sinful lust, and these shall

drag him downwards through the dark ways of iniquity to the chambers of eternal death. Neither in the eternal world will he find any place of *repentance* or *change* in God, though he may seek it carefully with tears. He may seek this repentance as did the rich man in hell, when he lifted up his eyes being in torments, and cried for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. He may seek it with piteous groans or blasphemous howlings, but devils will mock his wretchedness, and heaven to him would be the severest part of hell.

PERSUASIVES TO RELIGION.

How soon the interests of this world will, when connected with the highest temporal associations, give place to the abiding realities of the world to come.

Death is sending his invitation to the devotees of worldly interest, of pride, of fashion, of vanity and ambition, with the announcement that his banquet is set, his halls are prepared, with their walls garnished and tapestry hung, and that gaiety must hold her revels in the dark saloon of the grave. Besides, when can life be properly improved where its connection with eternity is excluded? Iniquity that pleads the sanctity of grey hairs and the experience of age in its justification, is most painful to contemplate. The utter desolation of heart which attends an irreligious life is sufficient of itself to induce us to seek the substantial peace of virtue and piety. But when the economy of the Christian system is laid open to our contemplation, and motives to devotion which angels have delighted to appreciate, are placed before us, we are no longer the subjects of constraint in our religious services, but there is a tide which bears us in our pilgrimage, onward and upward to the sky. With the example of our blessed Saviour for a pat-

tern, we may bear the trials and sorrows of life, while the crown which his resurrection has glorified, is the uncounted treasure of our souls.

There is in the Christian religion an intrinsic excellence which, against all else the universe affords, claims the homage and devotion of the world. Let Mahomet rear his crescent to inspire the murderous passions of his followers; let the Hindoo rear his funereal pile, and pour out the oblation of blood from a thousand murdered victims; let the Chinese rehearse the obscure dogmas of his atheistical philosophy; let the wild savage feed his passion for revenge with inspiration drawn from his spirit land; with all these the mind seeks in vain for an influence that can sanctify man's degenerate nature, and thus lay the only foundation for his peace and enjoyment.

The humble and lowly Jesus, who sorrowed in Gethsemane and bled on Calvary, is the last, the only hope of a lost world. The Moslem crescent shall lie in the dust, the mementoes of pagan idolatry shall be destroyed, the wild vagaries of the Indian's dreams shall be forgotten, and all which opposeth itself to the gospel shall be repudiated and scorned; but the kingdom of Christ shall live in the earth and become a peaceful and unfading dominion.

The banner of the cross waves high, pure and undefiled, and offers its protection to all who will enlist their energies against the dark workings of sin, and become the subjects of the Prince of Peace. Let this overture be heeded, and a possession is secured

that shall dissipate the shadows of life and cast an illumination over the valley of death ; nay, more—that shall be numbered with the priceless jewels that bestud the coronet of the Prince of Peace, and mingle their brilliancy with the light of the eternal throne.

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

INASMUCH as the state of morals may be said to influence secular and political concerns, we may trace the influence of reading the Scriptures into all the concerns of life. We can see it in the household economy, in the management of the farm, in the regulations of trade, and in all the various affairs of the ordinary pursuits of men. We can see it in the institutions of government, in the character of laws, and in the blessings which from wise political institutions accrue to a people. Indeed, after all the boast of heathen republics, civil liberty never has found existence, where the Bible was not read by the great body of the people. This alone contains the germs of those principles which can excite a love for mental, moral and political freedom. Whatever may be the form of a government, if it permit the dissemination of Bible truth, the character of its laws will be likely to become wise and equitable; but if it suppress the Bible, however high may be its pretensions to liberality, the great body of the people will soon find themselves groaning under the yoke of slavery. Arbitrary monarchs have ever found laws suppressing the Bible necessary to support their despotic

power. The hierarchy of Romanism holds its subjects in moral and political bondage, by denying them the privilege of reading the sacred Scriptures. If the traveller in Italy and Spain is astonished at the servile homage paid to ecclesiastical nobles, and inquires of some intelligent friend how the people can be content to endure such oppressions, he would point to their habitations, destitute of this blessed book ; and a few years since he would point the inquirer to individuals on the rack of the inquisition or surrounded by the flames of the stake, whose temerity in procuring this inestimable treasure had called down upon their heads the wrath of their spiritual fathers. History shows that popery grew up by the suppression of the sacred Scriptures, and that thus was brought on that cloud of darkness which for so many ages rested down on the face of Europe ; and that it was only by the publication of the Bible by Luther in Germany, that this cloud was effectually broken.

The mere cultivation of the intellect of a nation can neither secure the public prosperity, nor private individual welfare. France tried the fearful experiment in her revolutionary days, of founding her government on merely intellectual, to the exclusion of moral principles. But though she was favored with some of the most brilliant intellects then in existence, the nation could not be saved from anarchy, bloodshed and civil war ; and the government could not secure itself from subversion. The *Reign of Terror*, as it is usually called, in this infatuated nation, exhibited to the world the madness of intellectual pride in

rejecting the light of divine revelation. The land was soon filled with the habitations of cruelty—the blood of the best citizens of France fattened her soil and crimsoned her rivers,—the sanctuaries of religion were profaned,—the voice of prayer was hushed in moral death, and the wail of sensuality ascended up to the darkened heavens from around her consecrated altars; the nation groaned under the oppressive burdens of foreign war, and fearful dread filled the hearts of its people, from their apprehension that they might fall a prey to domestic tyranny. Such was the spectacle of a nation merging from Popish ignorance and superstition into mere intellectual illumination, while the Bible had not yet spread abroad among the people its softening and restraining moral influence. Surely, “all our sons and daughters should be taught of the Lord.”

THE GOSPEL.

THE spirit of the gospel is one and the same spirit. Wherever it is cherished, it breathes peace and love. Its influence operates to smooth the rough excrescences of human selfishness, and to assimilate mind to mind—to render congenial, and to unite with pure affection in the bonds of holiness, what were once the heterogeneous elements of depraved human society. It scorns to dwell with those debasing passions of the human heart which sustain the spirit of sectarian bigotry, having no respect to the party religious names, under which men are pleased to serve their avarice, vanity and pride. “*There is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus.*” Though the gospel does not reject its humble disciples on account of the names under which they may be known among men; it acts as godfather neither to Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, nor Congregationalists, and it does not enlist its sympathies at all, in the carnal disputes that are agitated between these various classes.

It does not, indeed, as some have vainly pretended, abolish the distinction between right and wrong, and truth and error; for its fountain is eternal truth, and its streams benevolence and practical holiness.

Hence opposition or disregard to the great duties of Christian virtue do not constitute Christian liberality, nor betoken the existence or exercise of Christian charity.

Though peculiar prejudices and habits of education may endear particular forms of religious worship to individuals, yet religion only condescends to these as to the weaknesses and frailties of our nature, or propagates through them its sanctifying spirit, as they may afford convenient facilities to affect the moral sensibilities of various minds.

The spirit of the gospel is one and the same, whether it may breathe in the slow moving solemn words heard from the desk of the magnificent Cathedral, or in the wild pathos of the Camp-meeting orator,—whether it may sanctify the devotions of one who adopts the language and sentiments of a written *liturgy*, or what perhaps may seem the more fervent extemporaneous closet or public prayer. The design of the gospel is to save a fallen world, and it requires its votaries not to quarrel with, and abuse each other, but to labor together for the same great object until the cross shall triumph over sin, and Immanuel shall be king in our earthly Zion.

JACOB BLESSING THE TWO SONS OF JOSEPH.

AN old man "leaning on his staff," bestowing his dying blessing on the youth of his rising progeny, is an object of contemplation that may well awaken the deepest feelings of the human heart. The two sons of Joseph that now stood before the aged patriarch were in the bloom of youth; their bosoms swelled with hope, and their fond imaginations revelled in the prospects of a deceiving world. But the patriarch had seen more of life; its illusions which dazzle the minds of youth had all vanished, and his heart had realized the emptiness of its desolations. Its transient pleasures had passed, and years of bitterness and sorrow had taught him to prefer a more enduring substance, laid up in heaven as the portion of the faithful. He remembered the day when, like those who stood before him, he pictured life as a delightful journey through a rich landscape, over-arched with sunny skies and adorned with flowers and scenery, whose contemplation would awaken perpetual delight; but, alas! he forgot the toils and sorrows of its pilgrimage that he was afterwards doomed to endure.

The world had promised him friendship, but his own sons sold the idol of his heart—his darling Jo-

seph, into slavery, and amused themselves in relating the tale of his destruction by wild beasts; the world had promised him society, but the companions of his youth, where were they? They all had gone—they slumbered with the dead, and he himself was the almost vanished relic of their forgotten generation. The songs of his pastoral love had been mingled with the bleating of his herds on the wild hills of Padan-aram, but their last note had died away at the grave of the beloved Rachel, where the mourning dirge became the shroud and pall to all that was gay and blithesome in the harmonies of his soul.

But amidst all the trials, and changè, and gloom of human fortune, Jacob had found a source of perpetual consolation. He had experienced that God was the refuge of his people and a present help in all their troubles. As David afterwards experienced, "He had been young and now was old, yet had he never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Surely the patriarch did well, in bestowing his last blessing on inexperienced youth, to direct them, through his dying prayer, to look unto the Father of mercies for the portion of their inheritance.

THE SEASONS.

JANUARY.

WHEN the desolation of winter is spread over the landscape, when the meandering streams are hid in frosts and snows, when the leafless trees creak their complaints responsive to the hissing winds; and singing birds have deserted their branches; the gloomy reflections induced by the aspect of nature, are relieved by the anticipations of returning spring. The time of flowers and the season of song are present in our imagination, even while old Boreas is driving his most furious blasts.

But when the spring-time of life is once past it returns no more; for as the cold dark winter of age comes on, this world affords but the frigid prospect of the interminable night of death. And, how short is the season of youthful bloom; how soon the flush of beauty fades, and how transient the smiles of lovely flowers. It is thus with human life; time scathes its loveliest prospects, and draws over its blooming gardens the faded hue of decaying nature, or the pall of death. But we are saved from the despair to which these reflections would lead us, by the prospect of heaven's vernal bowers, which the gospel opens before us. Yes, we are permitted to hope,

that the spring-time of heaven will give eternal youth to our present decaying frames, and light up our spirits with the exhilarating joy of holy songs.

We are permitted to hope, that, if the plant of holiness is in the soul, it will revive and flourish, when death's chill winter shall have passed away. In living for another world man finds his only hope. We should, then, have our life hid with Christ in God, and our treasure laid up in heaven.

The new year suggests many interesting reflections on the past, and on the general fortune of human life. But in wishing our friends a *happy new year*, we have not forgotten that the essential means of securing this object are in their own hands. Virtue and true piety give calm peace and elevated enjoyment to the soul. By attention to these, the great object of our mutual interest and desires will be effectually secured, but while these are neglected, the best wishes of our friends will all be in vain. We grope through the world of darkness and sin, sighing for pleasure, whose shadow vanishes on our approach, while the true principle of human enjoyment is not for once apprehended.

The recurrence of new years and other annual festivals but remind us of the flight of time, and the rapid approach of that season when death shall hold his festive revels over our enshrouded clay, and our souls shall have flown to greet the scenes of eternity, where days and years and ages shall be recognized no more.

APRIL.

THE bleak cloud, the store-house of winter's storms, has ceased to lower in the western sky—the melancholy aspect of winter is changed—the snow patches of earth's tattered covering are nearly wasted, and reviving nature is proclaiming the influence of the genial sun and the lengthening day.

It has been said, that every season has its charm,—some peculiar distinction,—whose impression chimes in with the habit of feeling induced by the circumstances around us. If the hollow roar of the distant waterfall is the autumnal dirge to the dying year; if winter has its music in the crackling ice drops on its leafless trees—how must the soul's deep sympathies be awakened by the voice of spring! The return of feathered songsters at early spring, as if to repair the ruin which winter frosts sent through their rural bowers, gives to the somewhat barren prospect of an April morning, impressions of peculiar delight. Who does not remember the blithesome feelings incited in the bosom when, in the hilarity of his boyhood, he took his morning ramble over the crusted drifts of an April landscape, and for the first time during the season recognized the well known, though long silent, notes of the peaceful robin?

“Hail, earliest warbler of the spring,
From southern climes returned, to sing
Upon thy favorite tree:
'Tis sweet to hear thy cheerful voice;
Thy music makes my heart rejoice,
I love thy melody.

"It seems to say the winter 's o'er,
And genial spring is here once more
To cheer and bless the land :
Soon will the hills and vales be seen
Arrayed in robes of lovely green,
By the Creator's hand.

"Thus when the Spirit's quickening breath
Dissolves the frosts of sin and death
In penitential tears,
And ransomed souls begin to sing
Hosanna to their heavenly king,
With joy the Christian hears.

"His faith, and hope, and love revive,
When he beholds dead sinners live,
Redeemed by Jesus' blood :
And when the buds of grace appear,
His faith beholds a harvest near,
Of sinners turned to God."

When the soul, in its aspiration for enjoyment, looks above this world, it becomes fitted to improve on every occurring circumstance. Though the most bleak and desolate external prospects still leave it free to bask in the smiles of divine favor, yet the most fanatical mystic cannot deny that the charms of nature are designed to give impressions of peculiar interest to our religious sensibilities. The sacred writers were fully sensible of the power of nature's eloquence over the human heart, and they have commended its pure and elevating influence to the understanding and the consciences of men. "Consider the lilies of the field," says our blessed Saviour, "how they grow." "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Listen to the invitation of vernal scenes to pure enjoy-

ment, ye who seek for pleasure in the gay palaces of human grandeur, or in the death-fraught nectar of sensual delights ; " Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell ; arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

If nature spake thus feelingly through the heart of a Jewish king, how must her appeals be felt by those more immediately conversant with her scenes, whose hearts are not hid from her attractions by the blandishments of royalty.

MAY AND JUNE.

AGAIN, the May-flower blooms—emblem of immortality. The springing herb points us to a day when frail and dying man shall spring forth from the ashes of the grave, and live and bloom—the ornament of another sphere ; his soul for ever breathing the moral fragrance of an eternal morning.

But lovely June, arrayed in bridal robes, invites our rambles over her rich mellow landscapes along the green hill-side, or to the cool retreat of her woodland bowers. The rich luxuriant foliage of a summer scene is not without its moral lessons. Man-

hood's aspiring hopes, as he goes forth in the pride of life, are shadowed forth in the confidence of display, seen in the still thickening foliage, which adorns the face of nature.

But the enchantments of summer are deeply and solemnly joyous. It is then that the spirit of beauty dances lightly over the green earth ; her song is in the murmuring of every breeze, she lives in the bland and softened illumination of smiling skies, and makes the perfume of a thousand flowers, that put forth on the face of blooming fields. The Plebeian as well as the King may worship at her shrine and gather inspiration from her softening charms.

Who then shall assume to appoint the ministers of beauty and of song ? or who shall forbid the humblest heart to cherish the hallowed sentiments which are inspired by her angel presence ?

AUTUMN.

FIT emblem of a dying world. Thy forest bowers, in rich and mellow tints of various dyes, are beautiful in all their fading charms. So human hearts in virtue clothed, refined in glory midst the shades of death, seem borrowing brilliancy from other worlds. The sound of waterfalls, midst autumn winds, are music, like requiem notes at the good man's grave ; heard faintly from far over death's dark sea, and known to be *his* song in the spirit-land.

WILLIAM AT-HORN.

As the traveller passes through the eastern part of Vermont, in the town of R——, situated about half way between the Green Mountains and the Connecticut river, he observes at his right hand, while journeying to the east, one of those high ridges of hills, whose forest-clad summits and tortuous windings give so much interest to the scenery of the Switzerland of America. Beyond this ridge of about a mile in ascent, there is a rapid descent, through a thick wood, of about half a mile, which brings the Rambler to the head of a deep, wooded glen, that gradually opens into a large swamp.

This swamp has become an object of interest with the whole neighborhood, from its choice blueberries, which are produced nowhere else in the vicinity, and its rare botanical productions—but chiefly from the story which tradition has associated with a small lawn that opens on an elevated plat of ground near its border. A swamp, that so far surpasses in size all others near, as to be emphatically denominated the "*great swamp*," that seems to have sought a quiet retreat in such a wilderness, might well lend its scenery to give interest to romance, for everything there wears the aspect of nature's unconquered realms. A

dismal wildness is reflected on its small open space from the moss-clad pines which raise their lofty and drooping boughs far above the buckthorn and alder, that bound its moss-field centre. This mass of vegetation seems to float on a tide of subterranean waters, as it quivers for many rods around when pressed by the footsteps of the visitor, and finally centres in a pool of water, that tradition has declared to be bottomless. As the sacred Scriptures have associated with their scenes of desolate solitude, the wailings of the night bird, with his requiem notes and sad lamentation; as they give the owl, the bittern and the cormorant, to utter their mournful dirge over departed Babylon, so the scenery I have been describing has peculiar interest imparted to it by the shrill but mournful notes of a lone hermit bird, as they float high above the murmuring winds, and are re-echoed from the surrounding hills, giving an awfully deep and impressive interest to the dismal scene. This bird, which the people significantly call the mournful woodringer, I have never seen in any other place, nor do I remember to have seen it described by any ornithologist.

But as I intimated, it is from the fact that the vicinity of this dismal glen was once made the retreat, where a victim of remorse sought to hide himself from the scorn of an upbraiding world, that gives it its peculiar interest.

The "Old At-horn House," whose location at the border of the little lawn referred to, is still indicated by the pile of stones of which its chimney was com-

posed, and the wild parsnips that grow spontaneously on the site of this garden, is still regarded as an object of interest. Many a time has the writer foregone the interests of more indolent sports, and rambled away through the woods and over the hills to this spot, so sacred to the traditions of the neighborhood.

Tradition tells, that William At-horn was a soldier in the revolutionary war—that he had obtained some distinction as a subaltern officer in the army under Arnold in his northern campaign, through the wilderness of Maine, against Quebec, but that he deserted the American cause, and sought a retreat in the town of S——, in the western part of Massachusetts.

Mr. Walbridge had lived in the town of S——, with his wife and children, and from being the only family in town, had become the honored squire of quite a neighborhood of settlers, who had made considerable encroachments on the woods about them, and began to manifest appearances of comfort and prosperity. The interests of education had come to be attended to, and the rising generation were afforded the benefit of instruction for several months during the year. Mr. Walbridge himself had usually been the schoolmaster, and his daughter Fanny was among the oldest and most advanced of his pupils.

It was a bleak winter's night; the family of Esquire Walbridge were all retired to rest, with the exception of Fanny, who sat by the waning fire, alternately reading and then stopping to listen to the blasts of the furious winds, which drove down from

the neighboring mountains and whistled through the sear branches of the forest trees, howling their death-song to any benighted wanderer who might have lost his way among the drifting snows, when her attention was arrested by a faint knock at the door. Humanity, when its sympathies are awakened, leaves no room for the exercise of jealousy or suspicion. There is a frankness in its impulse, which puts to silence that spirit of caution which selfishness and sometimes prudence suggests, that moves us to the immediate relief of those supposed to be exposed to suffering. Fanny had heard many frightful stories of the night adventures of the cruel savages and of the British mercenaries, but at this moment they were all lost in the idea that a fellow being might be perishing in the storm. She hastened to open the door, and as she expected, was saluted by a faint request from a stranger for permission to tarry for the night. Esquire Walbridge and his lady, hearing the request, immediately bid him welcome, and arose to provide everything that might be necessary to relieve him from the consequences of his exposure, and make him as comfortable as their means permitted. The stranger appeared a youth of about twenty-three. He was arrayed in somewhat tattered clothes, that were but a poor defence against the frosts of such a night, and indicated the limited extent of his means to provide for his own comfort, or for repaying those who were now so ready to afford him their kind offices. Though so chilled at first that he could scarcely speak, he was soon relieved by a warm fire,

and it appeared that he had suffered no serious injury, above the slight nippings of frost about his ears and more exposed parts of his face.

After the necessary refreshments were provided Mr. Walbridge began to indulge his curiosity in ascertaining the character of his visitor. William At-horn—for this was the name of the stranger—related that he was journeying from Albany, where misfortunes in business had reduced him to penury, in search of employment, or some situation where he could render himself useful; and in coming over the Green Mountains, the depth of the falling snow had impeded his progress in walking, and left him benighted without a shelter, upon the way; that he had begun to despair of reaching any human dwelling, and to think of lying down to die, when the light from this friendly house appeared. He went on with quite a story of his misfortunes, but carefully concealed the fact of his former connection with the American army, and of having some twelve months before deserted its patriotic ranks. His story secured him the sympathies of the philanthropic Mr. Walbridge—and after he had retired, the question was proposed to Mrs. W. if something could not be done for the permanent relief of this poor stranger. It was finally proposed—as he appeared to be a young man of some parts—that Mr. W. should offer him his own situation in the school, which he retained for the want of another suitable teacher, considerably to the prejudice of his private interest.

The night being passed and the storm having died

into the pleasant calm of a still winter morning. William, after thanking his kind host, was preparing for his departure. But he was solicited to remain during the following day, and as the road was still covered with deep drifts of snow, he the more willingly consented.

During this day Mr. W. opened his generous purpose to his new friend, and as William had been some accustomed to instructing, he gladly accepted the proposal. Some cloth, which the industry of Fanny and her mother had manufactured according to the good custom of the times, was generously advanced him to replenish his wardrobe; and with the character of a spruce and well dressed young man he was soon inducted into the office of teacher, an office which at that day conferred much distinction on the young man who was qualified to hold it.

The election of William to the responsible station of teacher, was the expression of confidence in a stranger, of doubtful expediency, but none had cause to regret it, as, while he continued to fill the office, its duties were discharged with remarkable fidelity, and the confidence in him as a young man of talents and moral worth, increased daily. Among the pupils of the school, Fanny Walbridge continued to shine as the most conspicuous for intellectual attainments, and as the most graceful and refined in her manners and conversation. She was a lovely girl of seventeen, and for the advantages which the place afforded, manifested many graces which would have been little expected in one bred in such a new settlement. There

was a fire sparkling in her deep black eye, and a delicate softness in her address, that won her the affections of all people of taste and refinement. But she was associated in the mind of William At-horn, with the kind hospitalities which had saved his life. This circumstance would pardon any partialities he might be disposed to show her, however she might regard his personal character.

The winter months passed away, and with them the appointed period of the school. But William testified his partiality to S—— by engaging in a mechanical business, to which in his boyhood he had been bred, and remaining there through the summer. The family of Esquire Walbridge were chosen as his special friends; and well they might be, for he owed everything to them. Most of his leisure hours were spent at their house, and it need not be said that a reciprocal attachment between himself and Fanny Walbridge seemed to be cherished on the part of each. In his addresses to her, he conciliated the kind feelings of her parents; for his behavior since he resided in the place had been such as encouraged the hope that he might in a year or two settle in life, with respectable prospects of usefulness and happiness.

For two years William had resided in S——, and had from the beginning been gaining in interest and character. His attachment to Fanny had long since been settled in a permanent engagement, and the consummation of the connexion was only delayed for such necessary preparations as would render it a blessing of mutual interest to the parties. William

heard of an opening for his business in Salem, about a hundred miles distant from his present residence. Though it would subject him to a painful separation from Fanny, yet, as it promised to increase his property, it was thought best he should embrace it. Accordingly, after an affectionate leave of the family of Esquire Walbridge, and mutual pledges of confidence between him and Fanny, he set out on his journey, by means of such a public conveyance as the times afforded, to Salem. On arriving there, he quickly obtained an introduction to the situation he was seeking. He was still industrious, and prosperity attended him. A frequent exchange of letters with Fanny Walbridge, full of the affection of youthful hearts, seemed to annihilate the distance between them, and to dissipate the sadness which each realized at their separation.

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There are anomalies in human affairs which defy the spirit of philosophy to explain them. Among these, is the breaking of plighted vows of kindred hearts, and the voluntary renunciation of prospects, which promise in their pursuit the perfection of earthly felicity. There are some susceptible minds, however, which are easily affected by the influences with which they come in contact. If brought in contact with corruption, they easily forget their sense of moral obligation, and float on with the current, which for the time being impels them. Of such a cast was the mind of William At-horn. He had the misfortune at Salem to fall into the society of a club of young men of doubtful character, who labored to instil into his

mind their pernicious sentiments on the subject of morals. They especially jeered him on his attachment to a "poor country maiden," telling him of how much more respectable a connexion a gentleman of his cloth might form with some of the wealthy families of the town. There was in Salem, even at that day, something of the blandishments of fashion and parade, and those, it need not be concealed, had already captivated young William. It is believed that while he resided in the neighborhood of Esquire Walbridge, his attachment to Fanny was sincere, but it should be here explained, what appeared in the sequel, that William's habits while he resided on the hills of S——, among its scattered population, seem to have resulted rather from the constraint of circumstances than from settled principles. He maintained his regular correspondence with Fanny, and though she began to be pained with its indifference, a suspicion of his integrity never entered her mind. When the first twelve months of his absence had passed, it is probable that he still anticipated returning to consummate his marriage. The loose habits of morals which he had contracted at Salem, had led him to think very little of his plighted vows, and the suggestions of his companions would have been complied with, but from the doubtfulness of the prospects to which they directed him. The bequest of two or three thousand pounds which was left him by the death of a relative, put him on a different standing, not only with his own associates, but with the fashionables of the place. It would be thought that after this good fortune he

would have hastened to S——, and have sought to perfect the happiness of the kind-hearted and lovely girl, who in his poverty had welcomed him to a shelter from the pitiless storm; but instead of this, he began to inquire with his unprincipled companions, if a “poor country maiden” would be a suitable companion for a gentleman of his fortune? The reader will not be surprised at this, when he is informed that it began already to be whispered abroad that the morals of William At-horn were questionable. For when moral principle is gone, there is nothing too base for man to do, and ingratitude, when it exists in the heart, will as soon manifest itself in respect to the greatest as the least favors. A fashionable young lady, of reputed wealthy parents, was pointed out to William, who, as a companion, would enable him to shine in the first circles of Salem. To this person his new standing obtained him a ready introduction, and regardless of his former engagements he solicited and obtained the promise of her hand in marriage. She was knowing to his former vows to some young lady in the country, but she said to an intimate friend, “What signify the feelings of a poor country girl in such a case as this? The laws of human society and the interests of human happiness require, that those should be of equal rank and wealth who are to be united in the dearest bonds. Fie to the grief which you say the poor girl will feel. Do you think that one of the standing of Mr. At-horn should degrade himself by fulfilling such a foolish engagement of his mere boyhood? Come, come, dry up your

chicken-hearted sympathies, they will never do." Susan Brooks was now to be the bride of William At-horn; and we might imagine how the base William and his paramour moved abroad in the splendor of luxury and fashion, in the glittering show of a rising town, while the lovely Fanny Walbridge in her country obscurity was forgotten. But when guilt comes to be contracted without consideration, and its pathways are pursued without remorse, we cannot estimate the lengths to which men may be led in crime. Let the reader be surprised and humanity blush! but truth obliges us to state that William in his present elevation had come to look down upon the virtuous friend of the day of his poverty as a fit subject to be sacrificed at the shrine of his unprincipled enjoyments! The highway robber seldom stops when he has secured the property of the unwary traveller, but consummates his deeds of villainy in murderous blood. The reader may already begin to judge that a veil of obscurity should be drawn over the point in our story before us, but in this case there is no such necessity. I know it has been frequently quoted as a motto, "Frailty, thy name is woman," but the heaven-born virtue of Fanny Walbridge was proof against the dark machinations and treacherous baseness of one, to whom she had confided all her heart, and committed her every earthly hope. Though the shock of the direful conflict sunk her to a premature grave, yet she died in virgin purity, with the light of heaven's glory, through the promises of the gospel, beaming on her soul. But to come back

to my story ; William had all the while kept up his correspondence with Fanny, and now, in the consummation of his villany, he writes her of his recent good fortune, and as some old matters of business demanded his attention at S——, tells her that the day was probably near when they might realize all their anticipated happiness in each other's society.

It need not be said that the neat white farm house, in which Squire Walbridge now lived, was put by the attentive family in the best possible condition for the reception of the expected visitor.

It was a summer afternoon in August when a chaise drove up to the door, and it was announced to the various members of the family that Mr. At-horn had come. He had altered much in his appearance since he left ; but this was rather in favor of gentility of manners and address. But alas, they knew not how much altered was the character of his heart ! Fanny, in the simplicity of her kind-hearted affection, met him at the door, and greeted his return as that of her long absent lover. Near two years and a half had he been absent, but she had been repeatedly assured that she still lived in his affections. No attention was spared by Esquire Walbridge and his family, that could show respect to William ; and the anticipated visions of other days might have returned to his heart, were it not that it was callous to all moral sensibility and bent on the blackest purposes.

While Fanny rested secure in her long-cherished confidence in William, and welcomed him in his visit, as the hope of her future life,—while she hoped that

the great improvement she had made during his absence, and especially the devoted piety which she had begun to cultivate, would commend her to his regard, how did her heart sink within her, when she discovered the blasting spirit of dishonor and ruin floating on the whispers of his conversations! What a discovery! He who had pledged his heart so many years before, to identify his happiness with her own, for life, now, under the insinuating flatteries of professed affection, seeking her destruction! She had sacrificed everything of a temporal interest to him; had remained constant in her attachment during all his long absence; and to become qualified for the promotion of his happiness, had been the object of her most earnest solicitude and untiring exertions. But now her virtue, that light of all her charms, was demanded, and she was to be left like the scathed myrtle to the withering scorn of the world's just rebuke, and more than this, to the displeasure of her blessed Saviour—was to be left to bear the anguish of her reproach alone, unpitied, and forsaken. It was not a lover, but a vile wretch that stood before her! While these thoughts hurried rapidly through her mind, she rushed from his presence as from the jaws of a tiger. She had only strength to throw herself into the arms of her father, and beg his protection. * * *

The base lover, seeing his designs defeated, with deep chagrin skulked away from the house, and it is said that he left the town with so much precipitation, that his tavern bills were sent after him for settlement, to Salem. * * *

William kept up appearances of gaiety under his mortification ; for the day of remorse had not yet come with him. He continued his addresses to Miss Brooks, and in three months after his return from the country it was published through the gossip of tea parties that their wedding day was appointed.

The day at length came ; a splendid evening party was invited, and the house of Col. Brooks was illuminated from the garret to the cellar. Susan was arrayed in her splendid bridal robes and the company arrived with William At-horn, and all were prepared for the season of festive gaiety. The clergyman at length came and pronounced his benediction on the united pair. But while William was congratulating himself with the conquest he had made, and was counting its trophies of thousands from the estate of the wealthy Col. Brooks, a servant handed him the morning papers. He took them, and in giving them a passing glance, the first paragraph which struck his eye was the following :

“ Died in S——, Miss Fanny, daughter of H. Walbridge, Esq., aged 22. Beloved in life, she is not forgotten in death, and while the affections of parents wreath the laurel over the head-stone of her grave, she is embalmed in the hearts of numerous friends, and receives a more enduring crown at the hand of her Blessed Lord. She sought to live but to adorn the virtues of humble piety, and the calm peace which she manifested amid the agonies of death might well be coveted by the most gay and prosperous worldling. While the sorrows and trials of a wicked world were too much to be borne by her delicate and virtuous sensibilities, she complained not ; and with a meek, humble, and forgiving spirit, bid them farewell.”

The language of this notice could leave no doubt

on William's mind, that Fanny had fallen a victim to his own base treatment, and vile ingratitude. Long he seemed to be without feeling, but this reflection came to his heart. He, however, concealed his agitation, and when the wedding scene was over, he made preparation for settling in life, and pursued his business without manifesting any apparent interest in this intelligence. But the deep and soul-cutting impressions of that moment could never be banished from his mind, and the wan features of the dying Fanny were the image of his night dreams, and the treatment that had procured her death was the subject of his daily reflections.

It was afterwards learned that his impressions on this subject were correct. Though Fanny, in a measure, recovered from the first shock which she experienced, a wasting consumption soon made her its victim, and William At-horn had the character in the neighborhood which he deserved as the occasion of her death.

When prosperity is sought at the expense of principle, the retributions of justice seldom slumber. One week had scarcely passed after the splendid display at the house of Col. Brooks before his name was recorded among the bankrupts of the town, and the dreams of William At-horn all vanished in disappointment. He soon found that fashion and show could not be supported without an expense of property, and by his inventories he learned that the principal of his own estate was diminishing daily. Withal, his own intemperance and other vices soon de-

ranged his affairs, and five years had not passed before William and his wife were reduced to the extreme of poverty. Susan had been very little accustomed to the trials of the situation to which she was now reduced, and it need not be surprising that she became so peevish in her habits, and sour in her temper, as to banish every shadow of comfort from her presence. Besides domestic trials, William's present circumstances were a fit occasion to harrow up the deep remorse which for five years had preyed on his guilty soul. Under keen reflections on his guilt, disgrace and ruin, he left his home to return no more.

To hide himself from this bitter anguish and shame, was what constrained him to wander through the country as a miserable vagabond, and finally to do penance in the wilds of Vermont, by suffering in the solitary hermitage, whose site by the borders of the dismal swamp I have already referred to. I need trouble the reader with but few observations further. The retributions of providence for violated honor have been sufficiently illustrated in what we have related. Suffice it to say, that for ten years he lived, the wreck of manhood, a half reasoning and half maniac being, the hermit of this lone retreat. The reader, as well as the writer, can imagine how the darkness of the forest-clad hills which overshadowed his hut, reflected on his sensibilities the darkness of his own desolate heart; and how the mountain nymphs, which flitted upward with the shadows of evening, from the bottomless pool in the centre of the

Great Swamp, to the hills above, would have borne the features and have been regarded as the apparition ghosts of the murdered Fanny ; and how the owl, uttering her mournful screech by the pale moonbeams, and the mournful woodringer, sending its significant but soul-stirring death dirge through the valley, would give him the impressions that virtue had decreed these requiem notes, to the memory of one who had sacrificed life to preserve the purity of her altars. But I must leave William to his own dark reflections, for no one was with him. He was occasionally seen in his rambles abroad in search of food ; but as the people knew little of his history, they did not trouble themselves about the exercises of his heart. The most that is known concerning his death is, that his body was found in his hut, after he had been about ten years resident there, and was interred in a corner of the burying-ground. But the location is nearly lost, and no one cares to preserve its remembrance. He died alone, without the care or comfort of friends ; but there is still in being an old manuscript book, said to have been found in his hut after his decease. It is filled with broken and incoherent sentences, which are scarcely able to be deciphered. Sufficient, however, can be made out, to show that it was a sort of diary, in which is recorded fragments of his reflections. Towards its conclusion, there is written out more plain and full, this significant paragraph.

“ Murder ! yes,—this is thy crime ! ingratitude the instrument, and innocence the victim. These hands

are stained, this soul is black with guilt's pollution !
O that I could but die, and oblivion's shade might
cover me. But now my death-scene has come, and
I am here alone, to settle this dread account with
God. Blessed loneliness, thou dost hide me, dis-
tressed with these agonies, from the scorn of re-
proaching man, and none shall have to tell of the hell-
lit anguish, which consumes the life-cords of the
dying murderer of Fanny Walbridge."

THE NOBLEMAN'S BRIDE.

HOPE has her thousand visions, with colors various, from the light haze which hovers on the margin of the thunder-cloud, to the bright sea of dancing fires, reflected from night-fall's crimson sky, which illusion makes a part of earth's long misty valleys. Ah, blessed hope! thou art the solace of the soul, while man journeys through earth's weary wilderness.

So thought Herbert McCarney, when old Rhoderic McDougal turned him out into the pitiless storm of a December night, because he felt, what few would be ashamed to own, the deepest love for the old man's idol daughter.

Old Rhoderic had his seat in a wild deep glen of Scotland's darkest border—on the shore of Loch Fannich, far to the north, among the Grampian Hills, near the towering summit of Ben Wevis. If Scott has not given a description of this beautiful sheet of water, embowered by the ever-green mountain-forests of the dreary north, it is not because Loch Fannich is less beautiful than those he has so graphically sketched in his romances of highland life. In the days of the old Scotch regime, the shores of this lake were the seat of an old highland clan, and the mountain



E. Doherty. photo

J. C. Williams. engr.

CASTLE OF ST. JAMES

passes above had witnessed many a hard fought battle. But Scotland bartered for England's throne, and sold her own independence, with the nobility, titles, and glory of her clansmen-chiefs. The vale of Fannich sunk to a mere proprietorship, which Rhoderic McDougal held as a lineal descendant of an old noble.

Herbert McCarney was the son of a tenant of Rhoderic, who lived in a small cottage on the opposite shore of Loch Fannich from the old ruin of McDougal Castle. Mary McDougal was near the same age with Herbert. Though the circumstances of the parents were widely different, Herbert had been permitted to attend the same school, and the pride of wealth had never thought to interfere with the associations of childhood, until Mary's simple heart, in those guileless days, had made a friendship with the son of her father's tenant that was destined to ripen to a purer and more sacred attachment. In the playful gambols of their pastimes, they were as free and unreserved as two young and guileless hearts could well be. They rambled together over the sunny sides of the pastoral hills, and danced to wild Scottish airs, in gleesome merriment, on the well-trimmed green, before old Dougal's mansion. As Herbert's light canoe broke the silvery brilliancy of the quiet lake, and skimmed over its sleeping waters, it often bore the light gay form of Mary, with perhaps some half a dozen friends of her school girl days; and when her voice struck into some old war song of the Scottish border, and its rich and mellow tones

fell back with a deepening echo from the over-hanging hills, then Herbert sighed for Scotland's departed glory, that days when valorous deeds might claim the hand of such a maiden would return no more. Love, like a spirit from the phantom world, then hovered round his heart, and painted evanescent visions of light and shade, of hope and sad foreboding. For love, midst those wild hills, was the child of nature, and had all the modesty of a wood-nymph dancing shy around some woodland fountain. It was simple and guileless, and only studied to abide its time and fate, scorning the intrigues to which the hot-bed passions of voluptuous life descend, to work out ruin, where they cannot rule.

Thus matters went, for old McDougal, in his pride of wealth and hope of honor, had never dreamed but that the owner of Fannich's vale, who hoped to be the Lord of the Grampian Hills, could will and have it so, even to the heart's attachment of his dearest child. He knew nothing of the mysteries of the heart, and the deep fountains whence its friendships flow, and thought, to give his daughter to a young swinish miser of a neighboring estate, were easy, as any common trader in stocks or lands. But love lit up her fires in two congenial hearts regardless of old McDougal's sordid pleasure. Her soft enchanting song had found expression and a thousand tender sentiments from her breathing soul. Herbert and Mary had interchanged in frank and generous words the sympathies of a fond and pure affection. Still McDougal slumbered on, in his scheming dream, that

Mary's marriage would add a new estate to his already wide extended lands, or revive again the noble titles worn by his ancient kindred.

How happy were love, if her streams, like the sunny brooks of a summer landscape, might only have to shine and smile and pass right on in quietness and peace. But passion never found an even road; the more beautiful, pure and charming, the more 'tis made a prey to the vile and sordid interests of a selfish world. There are occasions, when the lover stands against his fate, like the cold-hearted duellist in face of death.

Thus Herbert McCarney, with a manly heart, stood before McDougal. There was a communication to be made—a development—a request to be preferred, on the result of which the poor young man had felt his fate suspended. He shrunk not, as his manly words revealed the burden of his heart to one who could realize only the sympathies of interest and self-love.

“You, Sir, may, or may not, be aware of the attachment between myself and your daughter Mary. It becomes me to say that we are pledged to the covenant of wedded life, when it shall be your pleasure to consent to our union.”

Old McDougal started up, as if the shock of an earthquake had been mingled with the winter storm that howled dismally from the mountain crags which overlooked Loch Fannich's glen. “Heavens!” said he, “has the son of a clod-pole robbed me of my dearest child? Ah, truant Mary, you shall be pun-

ished—no, you shall be protected. For it is settled, young scoundrel,” addressing himself to Herbert, “that the continuance of your father’s lease will depend on your absence from the country. For ten years your presence must not be recognized in all Ross-shire, or those you ought to love will be deprived of all the comforts of a quiet home.”

Fifty years had not taught the relict chieftain of an old highland clan what belongs to the kindness and civility of manhood. He did but certify the worth of young Herbert’s heart, and the baseness of his own, in making filial love the instrument to drive the youth, a fugitive to foreign lands.

As Herbert went out from the wing of the old ruin that McDougal found the only habitable part of his ancestral castle, the cutting sleet borne on a fearful blast almost deprived him of breath. The tempest passed, and died away into the distant howl of winds on the distant hills, the episodes of wintry storms. The air was fearfully cold and freezing, but Herbert lingered still around the castle wall, as if it were the tomb of all his hopes, and here a heart made desolate looked its last yearnings on a frowning world.

He was arrested in his fearful reverie, as he felt the kindly pressure of a well known hand, and the whispered accents of his Mary’s voice.

“Herbert! Herbert! why do you perish here? Your Mary is yours, for ever. I have been an unseen witness of your sad trial this fearful night.” A moment more, and the lovers had gained the shelter

of the old dilapidated tower, that stood over the uninhabitable part of the McDougal castle. A trysting place was this, on a winter night, to make sad the heart of love. But nay, the hour was sweet and precious that witnessed there the vows renewed between these young and ardent hearts. For Mary's love was, like the spirit of her kindred, of proud and gallant bearing, that braved with self-sacrifice the tide of war and the storms of wintry times. * *

* * "And," said Herbert, "shall I put in jeopardy the peace and happiness of my poor old father? Heaven is surely inconsistent in coupling such a sacrifice with the consummation of a love that is so much like the pleasures of the celestial world, that one knows it to be approved of God."

"No," said Mary with a sigh, "your father and your kind mother shall not be sacrificed. Our attachment will not make us the slaves to do evil, to injure or sacrifice those who have lived and suffered for our welfare.

"We can wait," said Mary, with a swelling heart, and wiping a tear-drop from her beautiful dark eye, "with the persuasion that goodness and virtue will yet be rewarded with the consummation of our dearest wishes. We must part, indeed, but we shall meet again; and Rhoderic McDougal will yet acknowledge many a kind deed from the hand of Herbert McCarney. His old age will become a partner to our love, and his dying words shall bless us."

Mary uttered what might be thought a too sanguine hope. But she knew more of her father's heart,

than he, himself, had discovered ; and besides, she had a lover to reconcile to a long and cruel sacrifice. She knew more ; that in his personal character, Herbert possessed her father's confidence. It was only the titles, the estates, or the worldly position, that he lacked, to make him acceptable to McDougal, as the pride of his heart. Mary's love prized more the noble heart than a noble name, and as she advised Herbert to yield to her father's wishes, she said, "when you think of me, remember that I live to make happy your dear mother, and your kindest of fathers."

When this interview was passed, with its kindly plighted vows and affectionate adieus, Herbert pursued his way with cheerfulness over the frozen surface of the lake, to his father's cottage—nor could the bleak and desolate prospect of a winter night have power to make him sad.

We have not time to tell of the hopes and fears that mingled in the purposes of Herbert McCarney, as he made arrangement to find in India's land a fortune and a name, worthy the descendant from an old clansman, that figured in the wars of the Scottish border. Nor of the precious stolen interviews, at the old trysting tower, whose dilapidated walls and sombre gloom rendered it a more fitting place for communion with the dead, than that of youthful loves.

The scenes of India's land, in all their bland and softening charms, we leave unsketched, as well as feats of British arms, which made the footholds of the British power in Indian seas.

Suffice to say that Herbert there figured a soldier brave, and bore the ensigns of his country's power to the walls of many a hostile city. * * * *

Loch Fannich's Glen looked sad when Herbert McCarney was no longer the light and master spirit of its youthful circles. But all, save his dearest Mary, were left in ignorance of his hopes or plans. It was enough, that she was faithful to her vows, and sent him frequent tokens of her heart's abiding constancy, and treasured up the transient scrolls that sketched the rugged war scenes in India's mountains, or by its blood-stained rivers. The vows of kindly charity towards old McCarney and his sickly wife were more than executed by Mary's hand. Her presence was often the light and joy of the old man's cottage home, where passed the friendly talk, the confidences of Herbert's fortunes.

We pass some three years on, in the progress of our story, till on another bleak and wintry night, the storm howled horrors over Loch Fannich's Glen, when old Rhoderic McDougal sat in the little parlor, that had once been the library of the old castle, with Mary, who was reading him some favorite romances of the middle ages. The restoration of titles to the families of some discarded noblemen, through the intervention of a marriage treaty, was the topic of a paragraph just finished.

"Ah!" interrupted McDougal, "there is an illustration of my wisdom, in requesting you to make the acquaintance of the young Lord C——. Did I not fear that your cold and indifferent manner towards

him, when he made the tour of these borders, has disgusted him, I should wish that in our contemplated visit to Edinburgh, we might again meet him to renew our acquaintance."

"As he appeared to be your friend, I did, and shall hereafter, endeavor to treat him with kindness," said Mary, thoughtfully. "But your daughter has but one heart to give, and this"—

She interrupted herself and forbore to add, "is the invested treasure of one who is far away." She hastily brushed away a tear, as the night reminded her of the storm when Herbert was driven from the castle by her angry father.

McDougal was thoughtful, too, and embarrassed. The topic accidentally introduced revived a long train of unwelcome remembrances. Three years had passed, and nothing had transpired to further his plans, which he had associated with Mary's marriage. It was half in hope that, in his visit to Edinburgh, some incident might transpire, affecting his plans, that the journey was contemplated. Indeed, he had learned the interest which the young Lord C—— expressed in, what he playfully called, the rose of Loch Fannich's vale. And more, it was a fact concealed from Mary, that the noble Lord had written to old McDougal, and proposed an interview with himself and daughter at Edinburgh, or such place as he might appoint. McDougal's words were mere attempts to read his daughter's heart.

Mary read on, still, what told of noblemen of imbecile minds and coward hearts—and then, the noble

deeds of those ignobly born. These last were pictures that her heart could cherish ; for sure, thought she, my Herbert has a lofty soul and powers of mind, and knowledge, too, that shames the name of this Lord C——, with his packs of hunting hounds, and game-cocks trained to cruel sport. The heart exulted with a noble pride, when she thought of Herbert, and knew his valorous deeds in India's wars.

But these topics were not in unison with McDougal's plans, so they passed unheeded, while his mind seemed lost in deep abstraction.

He roused himself at length, and asked abruptly, "So, Mary, you would not be the bride of my noble Lord C——, the best of England's noble blood?"

"No," said Mary, feelingly. "My life is thine, my father, but not to trade away in sordid schemes. An humble grave within this lonely glen, with heart sincere and honor pure, I'd rather choose, than purchase a short-lived mockery of gaiety even in the palace of England's king, by breaking plighted vows to my own dishonor, and thine too, my father."

"Plighted vows, indeed ! and who asks heirship to the old estate of Ben Wevis' mighty chiefs of highland fame, that were your ancestors, my daughter ? Who but such as brings the title back we lost in the Stewart wars !" said Rhoderic, while his eye made emphases with flashing fire. "And then," he added, sternly, "none, none of plebeian blood can dream of thy hand, my daughter—none, except he bring the title, my heart's cherished hope."

Such stern, relentless violence of speech, forbade

the timid girl to speak of Herbert's valorous deeds in India's climes, as she half designed to do. She turned away her face to hide her tears. Ah! beauteous tears, indeed! love's precious tokens—the jewels of the heart, cherished so dear for one in distant climes. She felt depressed and sick at heart, to think how little kindly friendship had her father for his cherished child.

She put her volumes by, and sought to hide her grief in her lonely chamber, made sad that night with music of the howling storm. Many a flood of tears bedewed the pillow of her couch, but sleep at length came over her troubled soul. A paradise of dreams mocked all her griefs, and the sad moanings of a winter night.

She saw the Ganges in its rolling flood, and all the bland and beauteous scenes of India's clime. The war scenes of its mountain borders seemed wrought in golden clouds of richest hue, to the glory of England's sons. The din of war, the mingled battle sounds of thundering cannon and of tramping steeds, with deep-wrought martial airs from music bands, seemed wrought in charms to please this timid maiden. And why?—her dreams described the leader of these gallant hosts, arrayed in martial state. It was her own dear Herbert; and as he spurred his steed into the thickest of the fight, his countenance was calm, serene and noble, even amidst the storm of battle.

This darkest night, with all its brilliant dreams, at length was passed away—the winter, too, went by and spring, so charming to the borders of the frozen

zone, put on her robe of green, with mingled beautiful flowers. It was then McDougal sought in a distant tour the bracing air and reviving fragrance from the verdant fields. As his coach rolled leisurely along, tracing its winding way by highland streams—beneath vast piles of broken hills—his faithful Mary rode by his side, and scanned the various scenes, or talked on pleasing themes, to beguile the tedium of the weary journey.

“And should we meet Lord C—— at Edinburgh?” said old McDougal, broaching again his favorite theme.

“We’ll treat him kindly, sure,” said Mary, blushing.

“And what if he return with us *my son*, and you his bride!”

“You jest, dear father. How could I aspire to such a name” (she would have added) “when the streams of noble blood no longer flow in Loch Fannich’s Glen:” but this was the tender point on which her father grieved. She spared him as a tender daughter would, inspired by filial love.

“You long have known my heart,” she added, modestly.

“All, save the person of your secret choice,” said Rhoderic, drily.

“You know, indeed, I hate your sporting lord, with but his ancestors to make him great or noble—whose mind is frivolous as a child’s, and barren as the autumn heath—who has nobility without a soul, whose heart is stirred only by passions of the darkest hue.”

"And still, you'll treat him kindly?"

"For your sake, father."

"But not to marry him?"

"No, why should I think of that?"

"Because he asks a father's influence to entreat your hand."

"Indeed!"

"And I have pledged it."

"Pledged it in vain, my father, it cannot be, as I have told you long ago."

"Ah, think of duty, daughter, think of our fathers' graves; their noble dust will bless you when to their tombs you bear the title of their ancient line."

"And if another come, shrouded in glory by his *own* valorous deeds, would you receive him, father, and could you love him as a worthy son?"

"Yes, if he had the titles."

"But let the titles pass—if he deserve them, 'tis all the same. Who would not prefer the acts and fame of Bruce or Wallace—yes, simply William Wallace, to any titled name, bought with servility to Hanoverian kings, of foreign blood and birth?"

Rhoderic McDougal was silent under this appeal, for yet he had a remnant left of Highland pride, that loved the independent glory of old clansmen chiefs.

From day to day McDougal's coach rolled on in its plodding journey. But not again was this unwelcome theme brought up to pain his daughter's feelings.

We find them next at their journey's end, in the dusty, crowded town of ancient Edinburgh. Lord C—— was heard of there, but dark and doubtful was

his fame. Report spake nothing of his life and deeds, as if a den of horrors lay concealed, that none might dare to open.

McDougal and his daughter found at a very noted ancient hotel, the entertainment and repose they so much needed after the fatigues of so tedious a journey. But the old man seemed disturbed in his feelings by some unknown cause. Even at nightfall he was often seen sauntering about in the suburbs of the town, regardless of his personal safety. On one of those occasions, while he seemed to be courting solitude in the crowded street, he felt a sudden pressure at his elbow, and the same moment received a blow on the head that felled him to the pavement. It was too dark to recognize individuals, and this conduct only intimated the character of those about him. He struggled to free himself, but in vain; he felt a hand at his pocket, and thought he observed the faint outline of a dirk aimed at his heart. He felt that he was a dead man, and a thought of fearful interest as to the fate of his dear daughter rushed through his mind. But a moment passed before he felt his assailant drawn back as by the interference of a friendly hand. A struggle ensued a few paces from him, and a sound followed as of a man falling heavily on the pavement, with exclamation in a deep agony tone, "I am a dead man! Oh! I have deserved all and more than this!"

By this time McDougal had recovered sufficient strength to arise to his feet, and he faintly discovered the person who had interfered to save his life, extend-

ing his hand as if to congratulate him on his narrow escape.

McDougal thanked him in the warmest and most affectionate terms, and expressed his purpose to give him a suitable reward for his bravery and disinterested services. "You have killed him, I suppose," he added, "but what else could be done here? The scoundrel would have failed of his prey had he killed me, for I had left my money at my hotel. I must request you to go with me there, that I may give you some token of my gratitude for your kindness, which I can hardly hope fully to repay."

"Sir," said the stranger, "my duty requires that I should see you to your lodgings, but as to reward, your gratitude rewards me sufficiently already." The police by this time were on the spot, and after noting down the residences of witnesses, several of whom were near by, but took no part in the transaction, they took charge of the body of the slain robber, and suffered McDougal and his deliverer to depart. When they came to lighted streets, McDougal discovered his deliverer to be a person of gentlemanly deportment and kind and obliging spirit. From his wearing a military undress he naturally inferred that he belonged to the army. Coming to the hotel the stranger would take a kindly leave of McDougal, apprehending that farther attentions might be interpreted as seeking the reward the old man had promised. When he would not be persuaded, McDougal pressed him to call on the following day, adding that it would be a pleasure to his daughter to see the

man who had saved the life of her father. "And here," he continued, "you shall have a token by which we shall know that you are the identical person who has done me such a kindness to-night. This," said he, as he drew from his bosom a locket, "is the likeness of my daughter; it happens to be the only thing I have about me that will serve this purpose." The stranger took the locket and presently vanished from sight, and old McDougal went almost breathless to his rooms to tell his daughter of his dangers and of his narrow escape.

"And did you not inquire the name of your deliverer?" said Mary.

"No," replied her father, "I gave him your locket, and he has promised to bring it you again on the morrow."

"Thank heaven! I shall see him then, and express my deepest gratitude," said Mary.

"Yes," replied her father, "and you will see a gentleman, too, who is worthy of your admiration. He seems to be a military officer, and his bearing is manly and honorable, such as would have been the pride of the Highlanders in their most gallant days."

The excitement of the evening with Mary and her father had been such as to leave either but little disposition to sleep for the remainder of the night. By the rising of the sun the old man was looking over the balconies of his parlor as if to discover the approach of the disinterested stranger.

The stranger, I may observe here, when he came to his lodgings, had the curiosity to look at the like-

ness, that seemed to have been given him as a pledge of the gratitude of its original. He was surprised and affected with various emotions, and on discovering the name, Mary McDougal, on the margin, he altered his purpose, for reasons that will hereafter appear, and determined to accept a reward at the hands of old McDougal.

An early hour on the following morning saw the stranger again at the door of the hotel where old McDougal lodged. The old man greeted him as he approached with a cordial welcome, and said his daughter would presently prepare their rooms for his reception.

"I have brought again the token which you gave," said the stranger. "If it resemble the original, my heart would prompt me still to ask the gift of such a jewel; though I refuse reward for what I've done."

"In one so honorable I scarce fear guile," said old McDougal, thoughtfully. "If gratitude shall move my daughter's heart to such a gift, you'll have my blessing on your wedded life."

"But stay," replied the stranger, "my name and character must first be known, and here they are in a paragraph of the London Times, and in this instrument written in King George's hand." The paragraph from the Times, McDougal read as here below :

"*The force of Genius in procuring successful Fortune.*—The most interesting topic of conversation in court circles, for the last few days, has been the restoration of title to an ancient Earldom in Ross-shire,

Scotland, and the endowing it with the crown lands of the county, that were confiscated at the close of the Pretender's rebellion. The fortunate recipient of this distinguished honor was known in the Highlands, a few years since, by the name of Herbert McCarney. He was a poor but respectable and virtuous youth, and during three years' service in the wars of India, he has risen to the highest military honors, and has given a glory to the British arms in the northern provinces before unknown, and worthy of the best days of Cornwallis or Wellington. He has verified the proverb of living much in a few years, and we rejoice that he has been early rewarded for his faithful services. *He left town for Edinburgh this morning.*"

McDougal's heart melted as he saw one whom he had treated so cruelly, thus sent to be his benefactor, and to save his life from the hand of a ruthless robber. But more confounded still, when he read in the morning papers, the notice of the events of the previous evening, and found the young Lord C—— whom he would have made his son, and given to him all he had on earth, was in fact, the robber slain, by Herbert's hand, in self-defence.

McDougal's tears were many, and his heart melted to penitence for the past, as he made the vow to leave his dearest interests and all of this uncertain world, to the free care of a watchful Providence.

But need I here relate the passionate and tender greetings of the long absent lovers: their tears had

had their day, and now the smiles and joys of life were pure and chastened.

Thus while Mary chose a virtuous and manly heart of humble birth, he made her even more than the proprietor of Loch Fannich's Glen—the *bride of a Noble Earl*. And his was not an Earldom that had come of blood, but was created for himself, by his own manly deeds. Another week and old McDougal's coach, with Mary, and her new found lord, wended its way along the winding road that led through lonely glens and moorlands drear, back to Loch Fannich's shores. There at the old McDougal castle, Herbert and Mary made their solemn vows to cherish all the rich endearments of their early love. And the long halls around their trysting tower were built again—again were merry with the song of mirth, as in years gone by—that cheered the aged parents midst life's winter scenes, and wrought affection's garlands for their graves.

THE PILGRIM'S GRAVE.

I CAME to the spot where the Pilgrim slept,
And pensively stood by his tomb—
From the lone stillness a soft whisper crept
“How sweetly I sleep here alone.”

The tempest may howl, and thunders may roar,
And storms fierce and black may arise,
Yet calm 's the Pilgrim, his sorrows are o'er,
The tears are all wiped from his eyes.

In days of his youth, with anguish and fear,
His heart in deep penitence burned,
Lest the Saviour insulted should heed not the tear,
Where his love so long had been spurned.

Light broke on his soul, his passions were calm,
His heart was subdued to the Lord,
He felt himself lost, but mercy's kind arm,
His sin-ruined soul had restored.

But when the God of his fathers he sought,
And prayed for a sin-ruined world,
Of fierce persecution, the mark he became,
Whose shafts, thick and deadly, were hurled.

Blood-hounds of bigotry growled in his ears,
And lighted the faggots to flame,
That fearfully burned regardless of tears,
And threatened to blot out his name.

The Pilgrim in vain, the land of his birth,
Besought for relief from his foes,
But, lo, there was left him scarce upon earth
A shade of retreat for repose.

America's dreary, desolate shore,
Then welcomed the Pilgrim to come,
Where Bishop nor Priest should haunt him no more,
In his lonely wilderness home.

He came, in his heart, a pillar of fire,
His pilot to the land of the blessed,
Made lovely the rock in this wilderness dire,
As his home, his hope, and his rest.

Joy kindled his bosom, there was light in his soul,
Although the bleak wilderness frowned,
And on the lone coast, the stormy waves rolled,
And winter howl'd dismal around.

Not for a kingdom, a state or a throne,
Or earthly possessions, or name,
The Pilgrim forlorn thus wandered from home,—
To worship his Saviour he came.

He came, he prayed, and labored and died,
And sighed, the poor Indian to save,
His spirit afar o'er death's gloomy tide,
Triumphant looked over the grave.

His spirit departed, his ashes are sleeping,
Beneath this rough stone in their heather clad rest,
While the light of his life its vigil is keeping,
Till his dust is re-clothed and crowned with the blessed,

Sleep on, blessed Pilgrim, thy spirit in glory,
Shall whisper thy dreams o'er this lonely lea ;
Thine offspring, a nation shall bow here before thee,
To catch from afar o'er death's sullen sea,
The Pilgrim's wild song in the land of the free.

A SCENE IN THE PYRENEES.

CORPORAL K—— (who now figures as a good-natured overseer of a cotton mill, in a retired town of New England, with forty boys and girls, from ten to eighteen years of age, under him, and who reverence the pussy old Scotchman, as the good genius who presides over their fortunes) was for ten years attached to the army of Wellington; first, in the Peninsular war, and last at the battle of Waterloo. He was attached to the forty-first regiment of dragoons, and held the post of corporal for several of the last years of his service.

If Wellington was a great and successful general, he seems to have acquired in his early East Indian campaigns a stern inhumanity in disposition, that almost paralysed those softer qualities of the heart, which usually endear a successful commander to the soldiers who share with him the fortunes of war.

Never shall I forget the strange enthusiasm with which K—— spoke of his old commander. There was the fire of honest indignation in his words, and the dark blood rushed to his cheeks. "Heaven," said he, "should never suffer that man to come to a

natural death, for the innocent lives he sacrificed in the Pyrenees!"

There are few that can estimate the sufferings of the British army in Spain. They were left by their own country, principally to the resources of Spain for subsistence. That exhausted power not only neglected to provide for her faithful ally, but actuated by a spirit of jealousy, thwarted Wellington's best tried schemes for opposing the common enemy.

While the army was stationed in the Pyrenees, the half-famished soldiers were guilty of some depredations on the premises of the peasants, of which complaint was made to Wellington. He determined to make examples of the guilty; and made proclamation to that effect. A few evenings after, three English dragoons, among whom was corporal K——, were surprised while feeding their jaded horses with hay, that had been plundered from the rick of a neighboring peasant.

K—— was at a little distance from his comrades, and commencing an instant flight, he hoped that he had not been recognized, so as afterwards to be identified.

The next day the sun arose, calm and beautiful. All was quiet in the English camp. K—— affected a cheerfulness responsive to so lovely a morning. Meeting his friend, sergeant H——, "This is a delightful morning," said he, playfully.

The sergeant shook his head. "It is, corporal," said he. "Where were you last night?"

"Nowhere in particular," said K——. "Why do you ask?"

"My good fellow," said the sergeant, "I fear it will be 'all day' with you before the sun goes down. The peasants have been in, this morning, and made complaints;—at ten o'clock the corps is to be paraded, and they will return to identify the culprits—and then, you know"——

The old war-worn soldier shed tears, which flowed freely and fast, at the anticipated fate of poor K——, who had so long been his kind-hearted and jolly companion. Ten o'clock arrived. The corps was paraded so as to cover, with double lines, three sides of a hollow square, leaving the front open for the convenience of the terrible execution, that had been decreed against the offenders. The peasants had already commenced the review, for the purpose of identifying the culprits. They were first to pass along the front line, and having carefully scrutinized each individual, they were to return, and examine the next with like care. Poor K——'s heart died within him; but he had a friend in his captain, who, by a well-ordered device, contrived to save him. Before the peasants approached, he ordered him to exchange places with the man in the rear—and when they were approaching in the rear, K—— had resumed his former position. So, in fact, he was not exposed to their scrutiny, and escaped, to the joy of the whole regiment. But that was no time for gratulations. The two comrades, who were not more guilty than corporal K——, were identified. The

commander ordered them to advance in front of the lines. In a moment, the death volley, that rolled its dismal notes up the dark ravines of the Pyrenees, told the sequel of their fate. Wellington had written afresh the rules of discipline in the blood of two of his most gallant and devoted soldiers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHAT name, like this, can awaken the patriotic sympathies of millions? The virtues of Washington have been the theme of panegyric and of song for almost a century; yet the theme gathers freshness and pathos from the progress of time. The poet returns to it, grateful as to the fountain of his pristine inspirations. The orator, when he dwells upon it, seems removed to a celestial land, so beautiful and sublime, so patriotic and pathetic is the hallowed imagery with which it inspires his soul—so far are his sentiments removed from the bigotry of this scheming and selfish world.

So universal is the patriotism inspired by the memory of Washington, that the least imputation against his fame would inflict a pang in the hearts of the lowest as well as of the highest grades of the American people. It would be like the slandered fame of one's departed father, or the imputation of dishonor to a mother's grave—like the sacrilege of scandal upon the heart's most tender and cherished friendship—like wantoning on the reputation of the faithful and affectionate wife, the lovely and dutiful daughter, or of those who bore the image of purity in the eye of our youthful affections. There is but one sentiment that this name everywhere suggests—"Washington,"

the greatest and the best ; not merely as a warrior and a statesman, but in the purity and virtue of his private life. The rural pictures of his childhood have become a part of the household instruction of the land, while his own household in his riper years is made the example, almost, of an earthly paradise.

But few, at the present day, appreciate the difficulties and magnitude of the great work which the father of his country accomplished. The principles that sustained the Revolution were indeed in the hearts of the American people, but it required the name and the deeds of Washington to give hope and confidence in their ultimate triumph. There was in the popular feeling an impulse of opposition to British oppression ; but it required the patient and persevering influence and labors of Washington to raise and discipline an army for efficient service. No one can read the history of the Revolution, and appreciate the true condition of the country, without the conviction that we owe our independence, with the preservation of the free principles on which it was started, to his skill and bravery and patriotism.

A Napoleon might, perhaps, have gathered the scattered fragments of physical strength from the different sections of the exhausted country, and have successfully opposed the foreign foe ; but our liberties would have been demanded as the price of his services.

Washington was great as a gallant warrior and a successful statesman, but greater if possible in the integrity and honor of his own heart. For in his faith-

ful integrity he guarded that liberty that has made us a great nation.

It was contended by the enemies of liberty that a popular government was impracticable, and it was prophesied that the Presidency would speedily become the seat of a practical despotism, and that the influence of a crown and assumed royalty would be invoked to sanction the usurpation. But as the immortal Washington, in espousing the cause of the oppressed colonies, against the patronage of a British Court, showed himself superior to personal ambition, so when the clouds which hung over his prospects and that of his country, were dissipated by his glorious achievements, and the prospect might have enkindled the unhallowed flame; his ambition was still to be the servant of his countrymen, and to set an example of virtue and patriotism worthy of himself to be copied by future generations.

The least inconsistency with a high and virtuous patriotism was never permitted to tarnish his laurels. When the war was ended he surrendered his sword of command to the representatives of the people; and when he had administered the government with ability and effect for the space of eight years, the retirement of domestic life was craved as a release from the cares and anxieties attendant on its responsibilities. The sun of his being sank to its rest in a cloudless sky, and seemed to go down but to consecrate his illustrious life in the nation's memory.

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